



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

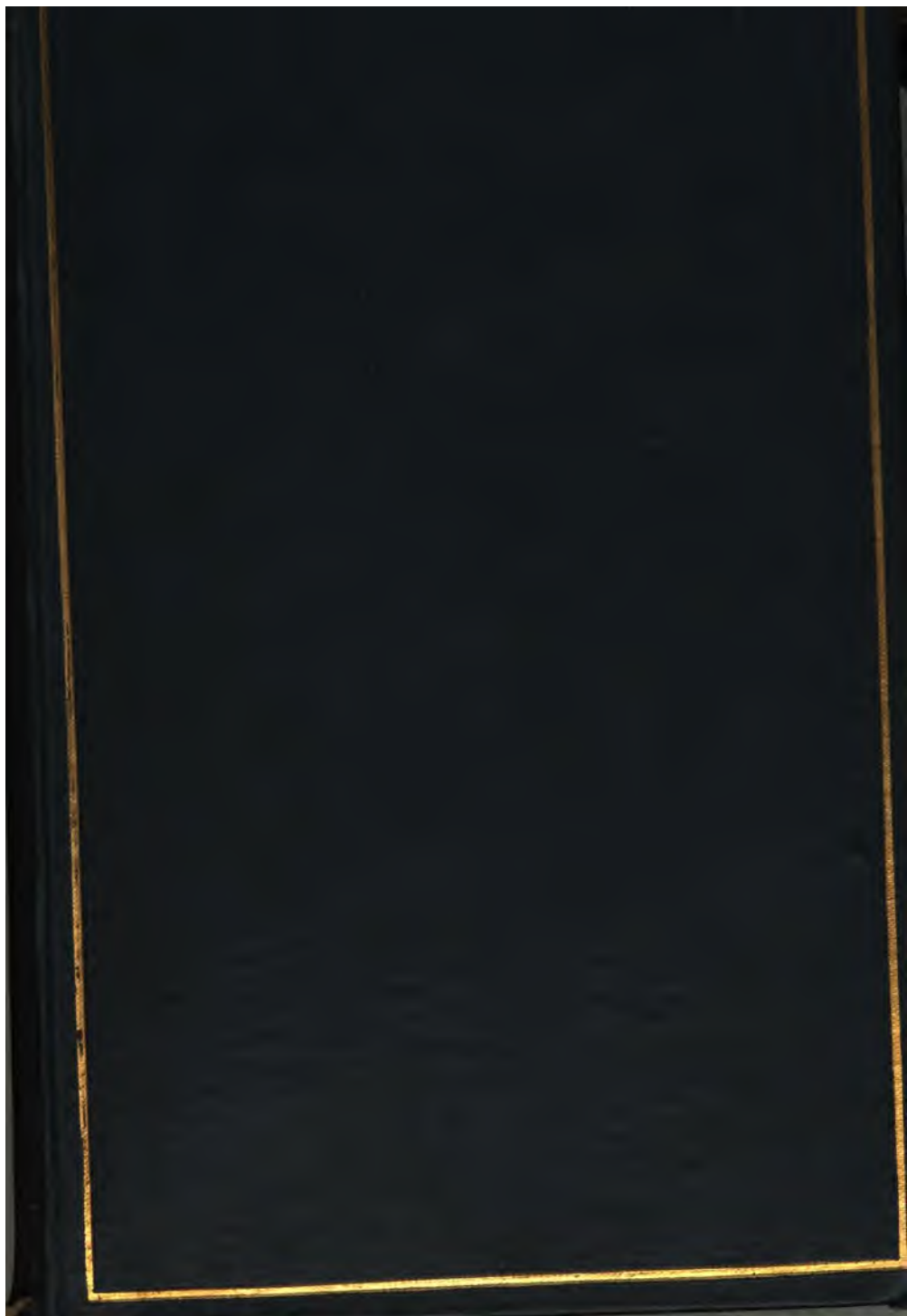
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

‘ But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain’d,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.’

Paradisæ Regained, b. iii. 88-93.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN:

A DRAMATIC POEM.

BY
CHARLES WELLS.



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



London:
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.
1876.

280. / . 472.

LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

PREFATORY NOTE.

IT is said that all books find their level sooner or later; and indeed one would not willingly believe that anything of the highest worth can in the end be rejected by the judgment of men. Yet some great works there undoubtedly are which never seem likely to win their due place in general repute. How it is that they miss of fame it were hard to say; but some cross chance has nevertheless thrown them out of the straight way to it which we should have thought natural for them to take, and triumph; and time, that sets to right so much, forgets to settle their account with the celebrities and publicities of their day. Some books, like some men, seem to have come into the world with the brand of mischance on them for birthmark. Otherwise it would hardly be needful to refer any reader, at the distance of more than half a century, to an early sonnet of Keats for introduction to the name of Mr. Wells. This sonnet, written before the author's friend had himself come forward as a poet, remains almost the only indication extant,

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

grace, a beauty indefinable, which belongs only to the infancy of genius as it belongs only to the infancy of life. To a reader of the age at which this book was written it will seem—or so at least it seemed to me—‘perfect in grace and power, tender and exquisite in choice of language, full of a noble and masculine delicacy in feeling and purpose;’ and he will be ready to attribute the utter neglect which has befallen it simply ‘to the imbecile caprice of hazard and opinion.’ Even then, however, he will perceive, if there be in him any critical judgment or any promise of such faculty to come, that the style of these stories is too near poetry to be really praiseworthy as prose; that they relish of a bastard graft; that they halt between two kinds of merit. At times they will seem to him almost to attain the standard of the *Decameron*; yet even he will remark that they want the direct aim and clear comprehension of story which are never wanting in Boccaccio. That perfect narrative power which sustains the most poetical stories even of the fifth day of the *Decameron*, keeping always in full view the simple prose of the event, is too often lacking here. And the youngest reader will probably take note that ‘there is a savour of impossibility (so to speak), a sort of incongruous beauty dividing the subject and the style, which removes the “Stories after Nature” from our complete apprehension, and baffles the reader’s delight in them;’ that ‘even the license of a fairy tale is here abruptly leapt over; names and places are thrust in which perplex

the very readiest belief even of that factitious kind which we may accord to things practically impossible: English kings and Tuscan dukes occupy the place reserved in the charity of our imaginations for kings of Lyonesse and princesses of Garba; the language also is often cast in the mould of Elizabethan convention; absolute Euphuism, with all its fantastic corruptions of style, breaks out and runs rampant here and there; especially in a few of the more passionate speeches this starched ugliness of ruff and rebato will be felt to stiffen and deform the style of the same page which contains some of the sweetest and purest English ever written.' On taking up the little book again in after years he will also discern the perceptible influence of Leigh Hunt in some of the stories; and that sweet and graceful essayist, much of whose critical work, and not a little of his poetical, retains its charm to this day, a soft light fragrance less evanescent than it seems, had set no good example in his short sentimental narratives for any pupil to follow. One or two at least of the younger poet's stories, had we found them in the 'Indicator' or some other of Hunt's magazines, we should, I think, have set down as somewhat thin and empty samples of the editor's hastier work; in others there is a fresh and exquisite beauty which is due to no inspiration but his own.

But, in whatever degree the undeniable presence of minor faults and mere stains of carelessness may excuse the neglect of Mr. Wells's prose stories, no

such plea of passing defect can extenuate the scandal of the fact that to this day his great dramatic poem remains known perhaps on the whole to about half a dozen students of English art.

The first part, ending with the sale of Joseph to the Midianites, is written throughout with a wonderful ease and stateliness of manner which recall the more equable cadences of Shakespeare in his earliest period, before he had as yet thoroughly absorbed the beneficent influence of Marlowe's more grave and ambitious example. There is a certain sweet tenuity in the continuous melody of the verse, an evident disposition to rest too easily contented with the first forms that offer themselves to clothe the first fancies, an ignorance when to stop and where to breathe, a facile indulgence in superfluity of speech, from which the greatest of poets could not disengage his genius without the discipline of time and work. But then, here is also an inborn instinct of style, a simple sense of right, which will not allow the stream of speech to grow harsh or turbid for an instant. Here is a solution of the problem which baffled the aspiration and the endeavour of one of our greatest poets. 'There's such a divinity doth hedge our Shakespeare round,' said Coleridge, 'that we cannot even imitate his style.' He had tried to reproduce it—we must take his word for the fact without hope of further evidence—in the style of his *Remorse*, and found in the end—another assertion which taxes our faith as rudely as it violates our reason—that he had throughout

been treading in the steps of Fletcher and Massinger. Be that as it may, the hedge which defied the vaulting ambition of that sovereign master of lyric verse has been fairly cleared by the younger rider whose early feat in the race of song found so few spectators to applaud it. There are lines even in the overture of his poem which might, it seems to me, more naturally be mistaken even by an expert in verse for the work of the young Shakespeare, than any to be gathered elsewhere in the fields of English poetry. Take these, of the setting sun:

A god gigantic, habited in gold,
Stepping from off a mount into the sea. —(P. 7.)

Two such lines, and there are many such, would suffice, with a certain school of commentators, to establish the unquestionable partnership of Shakespeare in the Elizabethan play which should contain them. The pure dramatic quality is perhaps best shown in the characters of Reuben and Issachar, where the poet has found least material for his workmanship in the original story. Especially the rough spite of this latter, as deep and bitter as a cooler or more patient hatred could be, is so well given that his part stands out distinct in our memories till the end; the 'strong ass,' hard and blunt, readiest to strike and slowest to suffer. Jacob again is a clear and vigorous sketch; all excess of weakness has been avoided, and the baser aspect of age and fondness kept out of our thoughts. There is a genuine force of dramatic effect in his sudden

appearance and upbraiding of the brothers (p. 13). And this passage of Joseph's speech (p. 15) has in it a grand Elizabethan echo:—

Would they be envious, let them then be great,
Envy old cities, ancient neighbourhoods,
Great men of trust and iron-crownèd kings;
For household envy is a household rat;
Envy of state a devil of some fear.
E'en in my sleep my mind doth eat strange food,
Enough to strengthen me against this hate.

The next scene, though less effective at first sight, is well placed as an interlude of rest before the harsher action of the drama. The scenes in which Joseph is taken and sold, and the forged news of his death broken to his father, may be commended for a high dramatic insight and delicate justice of arrangement which can only be understood by a straightforward reading.

There is something in the description of Rachel (p. 35) which recalls the luxury and exuberance, if not the vigour and concentration, of Marlowe's sweet and fiery raptures. As fine, but in another fashion, is the speech of Reuben which follows it; full of thought and pliant power compressed into brief grand words. But indeed verses as good as these might be gathered from all parts of the first act, especially in the scene where Joseph is taken from the pit and offered to the merchants—

Swarthy Egyptians, yellow as their gold,
Riding on mules;

a scene which abounds in passages fit for citation; for example, the description of the costly wares and trading life of the Ishmaelites; and later in the play we may note the imprecations of Reuben on his brethren (too much prolonged it may be, but rich in splendid verses and weighty turns of thought); the gradual breaking of the evil tidings to Jacob; and the lofty prelude-music of the chorus before the second act. But the crowning triumph of the poem is to be found there where the kernel of the whole story lies.

Only once before had such a character as that of the heroine been given with supreme success, and only by him who has given all things rightly, in whom there was no shadow of imperfection or failure. In the Cleopatra of Shakespeare and in the Phraxanor of the present play there is the same imperious conscience of power by right of supreme beauty and supreme strength of will; the same subtle sweetness of speech; the same delicately rendered effect of perfection in word and gesture, never violated or made harsh even by extreme passion; the same evidence of luxurious and patient pleasure found in all things sensually pleasant; the same capacity of bitter shame and wrath, dormant until the insult of resistance or rebellion has been offered; the same contemptuous incapacity to understand a narrower passion or a more external morality than their own; the same rapid and supple power of practical action. All women in literature after these two seem coarse or trivial when they touch on anything sensual; but in *their* passion there is nothing

common or unclean; nothing paltry, no taint of vulgar sin or more vulgar repentance, can touch these two. And this the later poet, at least, has made out of the slightest and thinnest material possible; his original being not only insufficient—the very bare bones of conjecture, the suggestion of a skeleton character—but actually, as far as it was anything at all, so associated with ideas simply ludicrous and base that the very name of ‘Potiphar’s wife’ has the sound of a coarse by-word.

To prove by special reference the truth of what has just been said would be the most inadequate kind of evidence that could be offered; but it must surely be evident to any reader that the manner of Phraxanor’s entrance (p. 105) is a noble and most dramatic introduction, worthy of Shakespeare’s own art and judgment. Nor is there any note of weariness or decline in what follows; but the passion of these scenes is managed with such a noble temperance and so just an art, that a first reading will perhaps hardly suffice to show the author’s lofty mastery of his own genius. Such wealth and such wisdom in the use of it, such luxury and such forbearance of style, are in the highest Elizabethan manner.

In the next scene Phraxanor reasons of love with an attendant, whose character, the very dimmest sketch possible, is designed seemingly as a relief to her own. There is a flavour of sentimental chastity in the few speeches allotted her which makes them feeble and flimsy enough; but this weak emptiness of

the girl serves somehow to set off and exalt the splendid sensuous vigour of Phraxanor's share in the dialogue. This passage at least (p. 113) has the absolute ring of Shakespeare ; 'pure fire indeed.'

Attendant. Then, madam, you would say
That there is nothing in the world but love.

Phraxanor. Not quite ; but I would say the fiery sun
Doth not o'ershine the galaxy so far ;
Nor doth a torch within a jewell'd mine
Amaze the eye beyond this diamond here
More than the ruddy offices of love
Do glow before the common steps of life.

There are in the same scene two magnificent passages of prolonged and subtle rhetoric, finer perhaps as pieces of conscious and imperious sophistry than anything in the way of poetical reasoning that has since been done. The first, a panegyric on the potency of love and masterdom of woman (p. 114). The second (p. 117-119) is deeper in thought and more intricate in writing than any other speech in the play. It is a subtle plea in defence of inconstancy in women ; this inconstancy, as governed and directed by art and practical skill, being (in the speaker's mind) the substitute for that laborious singleness of heart and devotion of the will to bare truth which make a man the stronger by nature of the two, but which a woman cannot (it is argued) attain or retain without violating her nature and abdicating her power upon man. The queenly sophist then turns back the discourse to questions of love, handling (as it

were) her own heart delicately, and weighing beforehand the power of her senses to bear pleasure ; and at length, after all this noble repose of preparation, Joseph enters with a message from his master. This scene is throughout managed with such supreme dexterity that one overlooks the almost ludicrous or repellent side of it, for which Mr. Wells is not responsible. The temptress here is not repulsive, and the hero is hardly ridiculous. These are touches of weighty thought and keen perception not less noticeable than the continuous effusion of verbal luxury; the quiet heavy malice of this is as worthy of Shakespeare as the elaborate and faultless music of the passage on love which precedes it (p. 131).

Phraxanor.

I have a mind

You shall at once walk with those honest limbs

Into your grave.

It would be superfluous to remark on the marvellous grace and strength of what follows—the subtle rapid changes of passion, the life and heat of blood in every verse, the sublime intense power of contempt which seems to make the written words bite and burn, the swift dramatic unison of so many sudden and sharp fancies of wrath with the aptest and most facile expression. Perhaps, however, the chief success is still behind ; for after the return of Potiphar it must have been a labour of especial difficulty to keep up the scene at the same pitch. Nevertheless, the writer's power never flags or falls off for

an instant, from the moment when Phraxanor turns from Joseph towards her returning husband :—

My injuries rejoice ;
I turn my back on thee as on the dead.
—Ah ! give me breath.—(P. 146.)

The picture of Joseph's fidelity (p. 150) is as fine as her invective; but the sudden turn at the end is worth many pages of luxurious eloquence.

Phraxanor. Will you praise him, my honour'd lord ?
Potiphar. Why so ?
Phraxanor. Because he never must be prais'd again.

This is another of those instances of reserve which abound in Shakespeare only. Touches like these occur in Webster, but hardly in any third dramatist. Cyril Tourneur perhaps has hit here and there upon something of the same effect. The hesitation of Potiphar to believe a charge so incongruous as that laid upon Joseph is admirably given ; not less admirable is the explanation of Phraxanor (p. 152, 153). Joseph's vindication of his father's honour from the taunts of both wife and husband is another noble and quotable passage ; and the fierce brief inquisition of Phraxanor which follows it is as dramatic as anything in the great preceding scene.

From the departure of Phraxanor (p. 163) to the end of the play, the interest of it is rather in the poet's power of workmanship than in the subject-matter ; as indeed could not but be, taking into account the reaction which must follow on such

scenes as those in the house of Potiphar. Yet it should be noted that the famine in Canaan, the triumphal procession of 'the swart Pharaoh full of majesty,' and finally the advent of Jacob, are all done into words with admirable and equal vigour; and further stray lines and sentences of exquisite worth might be picked out and strung together till half the book were transcribed.

But this is no part of our task. Now that the poem is here at last unearthed and restored to the sight of **men**, those who will may judge how far the qualities displayed in its highest parts, the capacities implied throughout, fall short of those requisite for a poet who would win in the hardest of all its fields the highest palms reserved for the masters of his art. I should be loth to think that mere accident or mere fashion had such power for evil in the world of imaginative **work** as in the world of actual experience; but, **considering** of what precious things that did once **exist** the **stroke** of sudden chance or the influence of **gradual** change has undoubtedly deprived us, we may reasonably fear that the powers which have robbed humanity of so much that it once possessed, may have robbed it also of possibilities not less precious than these foregone possessions. It is probable that the author, it is certain that the reader, of this poem cannot say what fruit the genius which inspired it might have borne, had that genius ever found space to work in and students to work for. It remains only for those who are capable of serious regard for his art

to pay, as I do here, the tardy thanks of a later generation to the veteran who, after winning his spurs so early in so high a field, retired, without further struggle or pretext, to await for more than half a century, with 'the wise indifference of the wise,' the ultimate award which should concede or reject his claim to a crown worth many that have flourished and faded between the morning and the evening of his life.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

B

81

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

JACOB, *the Patriarch.*

REUBEN.

SIMEON.

LEVI.

GAD.

ASHER.

DAN.

JOSEPH.

JUDAH.

ISSACHAR.

ZEBULUN.

NAPHTALI.

BENJAMIN.

} *Jacob's Sons.*

PHARAOH, *King of Egypt.*

POTIPHAR, *a Ruler.*

Pharaoh's Butler.

Chief Baker.

Steward.

PHRAXANOR, *Potiphar's Wife.*

Attendant on Phraxanor.

*Ishmaelites, Magicians, Officers, Attendants, Ambassadors,
Guards, Egyptians, Harvestmen, &c.*

ACT I.

Prologue.

IN the dim age when yet the rind of earth,
Unworn by time, gave eager nature life,
Zealous to furnish what the seasons wore
That in a vigorous brightness flourishèd ;
When light and dark and constellations bright,
The splendid sun, the silent gliding moon,
Govern'd men's habits ; taught them when to thrive,
To rest, and sleep ; till, full of temperate years,
Rude in their art, and ignorant of all
Save passions and affections wild, untaught,
They sank like giants in an earthy pit,
Leaving the generation of their days
'Twixt grief and reverence to mourn their loss
And miss them from the village and the field ;—
God's voice (that mingled up the beauteous world,
Inlaid pure heaven, and sweetly colour'd it ;
And with the wondrous magic of the clouds
Enveils the sacred flooring evermore,
Without bright golden, but within more rare)
Was then upon the earth and with men's ears
Creating reverence and faith and love.—

Jacob was gone into the vale of years :
And like an oak that standeth by a hill,
Whose sinuous trunk begins to fret to dust,
And sapless knots fail in their iron strength ;
Whose wrinkled branches drying up with age,
Stiff to the winds, with top emblanch'd and bare,
Though but poor spoil to winter in its leaves,
Yet still it casts a shadow o'er those slips
That from its acorns dropp'd into the earth
From time to time, and settled, flourish there
To keep its memory fresh in seasons new
When it is wither'd to the sodden core,
And all its beauty faded from the earth :
Like to that tree that faileth on the hill
Is aged Jacob with the wither'd arms.
And like its fruit that chanc'd to spring and grow,
Are Jacob's sons that put their promise forth ;
And like the guardian shadow from the tree
Is Jacob's yearning full of love for them.
To Bethel was he come with all his host,
His herds and flocks, and men both bond and free,
By God's command to sojourn in the land.
Down in a valley deep and overbrow'd
With sloping pastures skirted round with beech
Shadowing the grazing cattle in the breeze,
E'en in this vale of Hebron did he halt,
And set his tent (rude habitation)
To wait with patience the will of Him
Supreme in Heaven, on Earth ; for He had said
' Thy seed shall grow and flourish in the land,

Outnumbering the sea-sand. Grace shall be thine.
My countenance is with thee. Go, and live.'

Of all his sons, Joseph, a gentle youth,
Tender in years, graceful, and full of strength,
Pleas'd Jacob most ; most fill'd his doting mind,
Nourish'd his sight, and charm'd his doubting ear.
Well might it be ; for he was yet the child
Of his declining years, reflecting on
His youthful vigour in those days now pass'd
When the grown men Reuben and Simeon
Were yet but children gleaning in his corn,
Merry, and apt to profit by that lore
(Or rather simple industry) that kept
The image of their Maker fine and clear
With wholesome viands, food of a beaded brow.

Rachel his wife, and Joseph's mother, died
Midway between this Bethel and her home ;
And solemnly she was laid up in earth
Hard by the highway, and a pillar set,
Call'd by her name ; a tomb of elder years,
Old monument of man's affection!
For this he lov'd young Joseph, but the more
That he was kind and tender to his sire ;
Sober'd his youth, and calm'd his sprightly tongue ;
And like a mantle warm and comfort-lined
Cover'd his father from all outward frets ;
And love for love return'd in such a sort,
So full of reverence, mild, and duteous,

That it flow'd blandly from his genial breast
And mingled in his being, making his sire
Taste the sweet sympathy of unripe age,
Which could not be in those his other sons
More old, more independent in their love.
But there was mischief to this human faith
Born of the very goodness that it bred,
For Joseph's brethren fretted on the lip,
Wrinkled their brows, and smote upon the earth
With boisterous foot, whence envy leaped out.
The best would group together in the shade,
And sitting 'neath the eglantine and vine
That wreath'd a verdurous trellis through the vale,
Would scoff at Jacob's love, that still was spilt
(As they would say) unequal on that side
Where Joseph kept his stand. Envy, the slug,
Had ta'en its second change, and like a worm
Stray'd from its blinder chrysalis the brain,
And nimble as the blood that scours the veins
Lay keenly gnawing in their rancour'd hearts.

The shepherd beats his bell; the tranquil herds
Lowing obedience, from the dimpled spring
(Where the bright flowers disturb'd with their sweet
breath
Tremble like starry gems in Dian's hair),
Slow wind the hill, and in their stakèd folds
Snuff the fresh straw and scent the keener wind,
Crook their sleek knees to welcome night's repose.
The Sun while sinking from his daily round

Had starr'd the heavens like a fiery flaw,
Showing his glory greater than the west :
Glancing the Moon and frightening her faint beam,
Across the barrèd portals of the East
His fulgent heat reflected glowing fire.
The dying embers of the burnish'd king,
Now sunk behind the mountain'd hemisphere,
Were fading fast away. He was declin'd
(Not like pale Cynthia to her bath, a lake
Rich in its violet sward and jasmine bowers),
A god gigantic habited in gold,
Stepping from off a mount into the sea :
The evening breeze that whispers of repose,
And fans the crimson'd marygold to sleep,
Grows sharp and brisk ; and silence on the light
Gains step for step, as light retires to shade.
The tawny harvestmen from yellow fields
Their sweet repast, their lated meal enjoy
Hard by their tents, beneath some ample oak,
Or vine, or fig-tree burthen'd with its fruit
And fragrant to the air. Now Jacob's sons,
Who kept their herds and cattle on the hills,
Retire from folding to their father's tent.
Lo ! Joseph meets them with a welcome smile,—
A basket on his head with purple grapes
O'erswelling from the brink, and o'er his cap,
And hair, and shoulders, hanging gracefully,—
Shows like an angel, youthful, beauteous.
Stifle your passions, curb your spleens, young men ;
Dull not this image of your father's mind

By vaporous suggestions of his youth
Which oversteps you in the old man's sight.
Look on his youth ; be older, and be wise.

SCENE I.—*Outside of Jacob's Tent.*

Enter REUBEN, SIMEON, LEVI, JUDAH, ISSACHAR, ZEBULUN, DAN, NAPHTALI ; *and* JOSEPH *meeting them.*

Issachar.

The weed is at the threshold of our tent
To sting us as we enter. My eye is gall'd,
Seeing how merely all our frowns are lost
And overlaid in his smooth courtesy.

Reuben.

My brother, you say right. Like to the wind
That gently sleeks the rugged lion's mane,
Sings in his ears, and daunts his savage eye,
So he your anger woos with kindly breath,
Laughs out of mirth, and, looking in your face,
E'en wonders at your wrath.

Simeon.

This Reuben says :

Fruits of his milky disposition.
He counts as nothing all our father's love,
Regard, or praise, or ancient tenderness ;
The honour of attending on a flock
Increasing daily 'neath the watchful eye
Of a wise shepherd ; husbanding the grain
Craftily sown, with sweating labour gather'd,

And garner'd up with skill: all this is nought:
Knowledge of seasons, lusty pastures green
That fill the cow with milk and fat the lamb,—
The honour and regard which this should buy
Is cast about our brother like a mist;
Yet no more muffled than the goodly Sun
When he begilds the clouds. This new-found star,
This boy has all the praise, the labour we;
Till like a drone he slumbers in our sweets.

Reuben.

I've heard your speech, and freely pardon it.

Simeon.

'Tis just to hate, when love is canker'd thus,
And less than nothing swallows up the whole.
And let me tell you, Reuben, if you fall
Within the limit of my boisterous speech,
So that my censure graze your patience——

Reuben.

Come, peace. I pr'ythee, peace.

Simeon.

Nay, I will speak.

Reuben.

Hold, Simeon! thou'lt get no fear of me.
I am no child to rid thee of thy spleen,
Nor will I back one step for thee or thine.
Silence!—I do command thee. What art thou
Thou younger brother, second unto me,
That thus presumest on my temperance?—

Because my heart is milky, as thou say'st,
And I am nimble, full of exercise,
Not cold and sullen; laugh when the sun shines bright,
Sing, and rejoice, light as the summer air—
Out of thy gloom and stately pondering
Art thou at once to carve away the love
I bear thyself, my brother, and my sire;
To task my courage and to tempt it too?—
Oh, trust me, Simeon, I have a gall
(Though commonly 'tis overlaid with love),
And such a one, that had the father's son
Of any sire from hence through Canaan
But cast such sore and undeserving words
On my forbearance, had he thrice thy breadth,
And thrice thy skill, I would have grappled him
And ta'en his heart; but, Simeon, for thee,—
There is a past all precious to my breast.
Can I forget our childhood and our youth,
Our scorching labours in the furrow'd field,
The generous drops of emulation
That cours'd along our swart fraternal brows,
Reaping and sowing with a jealous zeal,
The merry winters under the same tent?
Count o'er the days we've fed at the same board,
The nights we have repos'd on the same skins,—
Thou wilt not wonder then to find my heart
O'erflowing thus in fellowship and love.
Can I forget the many days gone by,
The weeks, and months, and comfortable years,
And raise my hands in any other way

Than thus outspread to clasp thee to my neck?—
Lo! see young Joseph weeps.—

Issachar.

So do not I.

Reuben.

The worse for Issachar.

Joseph.

Alas, my brethren!

Come not to words for such a thing as I.
I am but worth your loves and not your wrath,
Which never shows but it augments my grief.
What have I done, or wherein thought amiss?
If to our parent I am dutiful,
It is because his happiness is mine :
I do no more than every youthful son
Should practise on the age of such a sire.
No end have I in this, indeed ; no wish
To put your image further from his breast,
Blemish your names (a thing I never thought),
Or place my childhood 'fore your graver years.
Perhaps you think your birthright tempts me on;
That I would work upon our father, so
That all your well-earn'd interest should to seed
While mine would bloom and grow?—Why, this is
weak :

For still the power is yours to take it back
(And justice too), for cozening the age
Of our good sire. Yet this must be the cause:
For nought else I have done, I'm well assur'd,

But tend my father as my duty bids.—
Forget your frowns ; and throw my innocence
Food to your hate, and grieve the while 'tis raven'd.

Issachar.

I have a mind to strike him.

Fudah.

Patience awhile :

Offer no spleen before our father's tent ;
Each one pass by him mute, and each unload
The burthen of contempt full in his eye.

Reuben.

Love, like the dew upon the myrtle tree,
Is thus bedashèd with a raven wing,
And swath'd in its own fragrance.

Issachar.

Witherèd be his heart. I'll lead the way.

Reuben.

Oh ! you do keep your pity in a cage
And whip it to a starv'd obedience.—
Our father comes. Forbear.

Enter JACOB.

Jacob.

What's this ?—Cannot I kneel

And breathe my evening prayer for your preserving,
But you will fright the Angel from my thought
With waspish clamour from your evil throats ?—

Come hither, Joseph.—Up, my boy ; ne'er weep.
Cast down the grapes, the fruits and figs you bear,
That were to sup their graceless, hungry lips ;
Down with them in the mire close to their feet ;
And since they throw away the love of men
As 'twere but the condemnèd rind of life,
Like their own oxen let them stoop and feed,
Befitting their wild passions ; for I swear,
Nought shall they eat or drink from off my board
Until the dawn : nor then unless their love
Be-curd and thicken, and their anger melt
Like icicles away.

Fudah.

We grieve, indeed,
That you, so partial, stint us of your love.

Jacob.

A lie !—a lie !—You envy this young slip.
Wilt thou teach me, thou climbing, scanty elm,
With joints unsettled, and with eye amaz'd,
Full of fantastic ignorance and youth ;
Me, who have kept my brow upon men's deeds
More than six times thine observation
(Being so much more thine age, six times as wise,
Stricken in body, but mature in mind)—
Will you tell me your love degrades you thus ?
Do I not know when favours are bestow'd
On young deservers, ye who lag behind
Make wings of envy, forkèd round with spleen ;
And, like the foul and ugly bats of night,

Fan him to sleep, and from an artery
Directly channell'd from the heart, you suck
More valiant blood?—I have a fear of you;
For envy might lead men to cast poor stones
At heaven while it thunders; death waits on it;
On hatred still it feeds and hideous dreams,
And, like a serpent, tracks its victim's heels.
In meanness it begins; proceeds to blood;
And dies of sallow horror by itself.
If it could take the glory that it kills,
It were more nobly bad; but bad indeed,
While it but sweeps it from before its eye,
And like a spider (but more like a flower)
Blends it to earth beneath a fretful foot.

Joseph.

Oh, sir! long time my brothers must have seen
That I may often grieve, but cannot hate.
But since more patience doth beget more spleen,
More tameness harsher words, more grief desire,
I shall take up the manhood they let fall,
Retreat to what defence of mind I have,
And, fortified with conscious honesty,
Tremble no more like to a troubled spring
That every hail-drop shakes with timid fear;
But front them and confront them as I may:
Like to a brother answering their rebukes
With all the sense and wisdom that I have;
Not like my father's bondmen in the stall.—
Why should I not? They act as if the world,

And all the nations wide, and cities wall'd,
Were no such things : as if this spot of ours,
Our fields, our cattle, were the all in being.—
Would they be envious, let them then be great,
Envy old cities, ancient neighbourhoods,
Great men of trust, and iron-crownèd kings ;
For household envy is a household rat ;
Envy of state a devil of some fear.
For me—this Bethel limits not my sight ;
For in imagination I can see
Countries beyond, nurs'd by the wit of man,
Wiser in harvest, greater in defence,
With state and pomp and majesty serene :
E'en in my sleep my mind doth eat strange food,
Enough to strengthen me against this hate.
With you, my brethren, I was binding sheaves,
When mine arose and stood in front of yours,
And yours bent grievous low unto the ground :
Nay, more, (yet think me not irreverent),
The sun, and moon, and the eleven stars
Sank, and obey'd me ; which is sure a sign
That I am greater than my sire and ye,
However passive in humility ;
Be it in love, or act, I leave to time.
Or Heaven of purpose put this in my view,
Or else my mind being troubled of the grief
Of your displeasures, vain of some great power,
Might fancy this in sleep. I do not know ;
But feel resolv'd no more to plague my heart,
While you, my brothers, treat me with such scorn.

Jacob.

Joseph, the eye of Heav'n is on thee :
Shall I and all thy brethren bow us down ?—
So be it, if the will of God be so ;
And this thy dream foretelleth such event.

Simeon.

The moon is risen : shall we in and sup ?

Jacob.

No—not with me ; your faces are too dull.
Moody displeasure sits upon your brows,
And conscious malice being over-aw'd
Turns short upon disgust. The time has been
When I have govern'd well the nimble flail
From morning until night ; bedash'd the grain,
And stiffen'd not with labour ; now I am old :
But could I borrow from my lusty youth,
This staff I carry here to stay my steps
Should strike obedience from you.—Go, and mend !—
Reuben, will you come in and sup with us ?

Reuben.

All honour to my father. I am pleas'd
To tend my brothers in the outward tent.

[*Exeunt* JACOB and JOSEPH.]

Simeon.

So—Reuben, is this well ? It cannot last.

Issachar.

Oh, surely not ; for those who run so swift
Must stop for want of breath.

Levi.

I know not, I:
Yet I do think our honest services
Deserve a better treatment than they meet.

Naphtali.

I hate this Joseph.

Fudah.

So, Naphtali, do I;
He frets me like a thorn beneath the skin.
Not Jacob's anger, nor a host of sires
Can breed so much affection in my heart
E'en as a drop of dew.

Zebulun.

Oh, I am sick!—
Why should a fellow here, made up of dreams,
With blue and beaming eyes and snaking hair,
Born after us so far, so green in years,
Vault like a nimble leaper at one jump
Between our sire and us, and charm his sight
Like to a subtle serpent in a brake?
As well to build a wall 'tween us and him !

Dan.

When I was young I was not spoiled thus.
Turn'd in the winter forth to break the ground ;
In burning summer made to drive afield ;
Fasting and thirsting, often have I cast
My weary body 'neath a shady tree,

Too overwrought to seek our shelter out.
What is this Joseph made of—this nice youth—
That he to manhood claims a daintier way ?
What are his limbs that they must clothe so warm ?
What is his head that it must lie so soft ?
What is his mettle, when the greatest deed
He ever does is, storm a wild bee's nest ?

Simeon.

Thou oracle and champion of all this,
Reuben, I prythee in cool reason say,
Out of thine abstract honesty of thought,
Does not our father 'bate us in regard,
Labour to lay it upon Joseph's head ;
And at all times by thought and word and deed,
O'erlooking us, reflect on him a worth
That he has neither earn'd nor yet deserv'd ?
Lastly, his passion borders on revenge ;
Suspicion leaps to serve him to the brink
Even of blood. He sees us like to shades
With instruments of death and brows severe
Ready to blight the image of the mind.

Reuben.

No more ! No more !—come, let us in and sup.
This awkward after-quest of thine bespeaks
The evil thou dost deprecate, as truth.
Shame comes of such equivocation.

Simeon.

This will not serve. Thou canst not answer me.

Reuben.

Nor am I bound ; for if I sometimes speak
For general quiet and the love of peace,
I bargain not to hunt each flying thought
That breaketh cover from thy brambly mind;
But since I see contempt upon thy front,
Forestallèd triumph in thy sullen eye,
I'll answer thee, and with the simple truth
Defend myself, defeat thy argument
That in quaint cunning terms doth challenge me.
I'll give thee ground, and shame thee.—Say, our sire
Garlands his sprightly Joseph with his love,
Keeps him like honey in the winter stor'd
To feast the scanty comfort of his age :
Old men are full of years and full of pain,—
The world's worn out, to them, a garment us'd,
And novelty, the salt of youth, is dead.
Say they can cheat rude sadness with some joy
That lives in fancy and beguiles the mind,—
Is he not cruel who such comfort lames
(Like a rich beggar of a precious thing),
Crying, ' Give me, I pr'ythee, thy regard ;
I am right worthy, and I cannot bear
To see thy dotage sloven'd on a child ? '
In sooth, I inwardly rejoice to see
The lucid pleasure in our father's eye,
(Like to the sun piercing a watery cloud)
When Joseph sings, or speaks a merry thought.
The pang of envy touches not my breast ;

And did you love our sire, you'd rather be
The most forgotten reed upon a pipe,
Than mar the harmony his choice could breed,
With the loud discord of your ill content.
Say Jacob's choleric and sharp of speech;
It ever was the trick of thwarted age.
Why, ye are choleric and wroth, though young.
And trust me, sirs, our imperfections
Will follow age, nor die before the man,—
Rather as weeds nourish'd by habitude,
That overgrow the rotten outer fence,
Augment with plenitude of years : while life
Is life, man to the last is ever man.
The common fault is yours, and this it is—
All excellence in others you expect,
Ne'er looking backward to the lack within.
What right have you, ye disobedient boys,
To tax our father, whether right or wrong ?
Is it his snowy beard that makes ye bold ?
His honour'd head grac'd with the remnant curls ?
His shoulders stoop'd, upholden by a staff ?
His body worn to keep you warm in youth ?
Is it because his love is old and good
That rear'd you up, gave you your flocks and herds,
And taught you how to tend them and to thrive,
And kept you from the stalls of other men,
Base bondmen hired for a scanty meal ?
Is it because he holds you dear and warm
E'en as the life-blood coursing through his veins ?
Trust me, my brethren, he hath goodly cause

(Though it appears not but to those who think)
Why he should hug young Joseph to his heart.
Rachel, his mother, perish'd by the way,
Whom Jacob lov'd with rare affection ;
And he, too, falling past his mellow years,
With earthly love grew fond of this same youth,
And as men cling unto the hope of life
E'en in the awful passage of stiff death,
So age doth fondle o'er the acts of youth,
And half re-lives those joys and hopes again ;
When memory from dark oblivion calls
So long supine our former selves to life,
Making an hour of such deep repose
Worth all the life to come. Indeed, indeed,
Such things as these will meddle with the heart.
Come, brethren, let us in and woo our sire,
For it is dangerous, and tempting Heaven,
To harbour hate, where duty bids us love.

Simeon.

Well, I will go, yet 'tis against my will :
My feet obey your words ; my mind remains
In stubborn pain, the prisoner of my breast.

Issachar.

This honey'd Reuben steals away my brain.—
Well, I will in ; be gay and cheerful too ;
That he may think my anger cheaply bought
For a few sugar'd words. Come! In with him!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Outside of Jacob's Tent.—Time, Noon.*

JACOB and JOSEPH.

Jacob.

Keep thou this counsel sacred in thine ear,
For 'tis a treasure richer than a star.

Joseph.

Sir, I am prone to love it, apt to think,
To find fresh proofs ; and I have wonder'd oft
How many tribes and nations overlook
God's greatness in His works, and cast the praise
Upon some lifeless object deified—
Out of the grossness of their earthward mind.
To me a simple flower is cloth'd with thoughts
That lead the mind to Heaven.

Jacob.

Why, that is much :

There is no work, the meanest on the earth,
Matter, or thing, but 'tis so nicely cast
By the great Master-hand, and so set off
In beauty's mask, or else consistent truth,
That he must have a mind that's all contempt,
Jealous, and crude, who could deny the task
To have been pattern'd by a Deity :
Or else his knowledge, aiming past the heavens,
Falls back upon his ignorance and dies.
Many there be who worship certain stars,
The ruling planet, or some lesser light,
Or some rude image wrought of their own hands,

Being brimful of self. Ill sense of being,
To scorn the giant and applaud the dwarf,
Because the first is greater than ourselves ;
And keeps imagination in the slips,
While Faith, a prisoner wrapt about in chains,
Stands blind beside. Oh, lowly ignorance !
To think the Being, who could fashion us,
Give us impassion'd minds, affections strong,
Put fire into the sun, and poise the world,
Garnish the seasons, and clothe all the earth
Varied and beauteous, and over all
Cast such a canopy as this above,
Would meanly hide Him in an idol's shrine,
Dire object of His malediction !
Better to think in holiness and love
That God looks on our earth invisibly,
And fills the mighty space above our heads,
Splendid and glorious in His majesty,
More than the mind of man dare ape to think.

Joseph.

Late as I lay upon a shock of corn,
With musing eye following my dreamy thought,
Likening the clouds to cities far away,
A falcon sail'd majestic in my view:
This way and that he turn'd his peering head
(Like a besieger in a peaceful town),
Keen and sagacious, bent on shedding blood:—
Herein, said I, doth God proclaim Himself;
Blending His excellence in varied powers

All tending to some purpose apt and wise,
An object answer'd and an end attain'd ;
Yea, more than man seeing can comprehend,
Or, comprehending, can admire enough,
Being a brighter image last design'd
And form'd to rule and govern; be obey'd
By all earth's creatures, subjects of His will.
I doubt not God's existence nor His power,
Am touch'd with reverence, and touch'd with love.
The golden mazes of the serpent's scales
Dazzling the light and foiling the sun's beams,
Odours of violets blooming in the spring,
The bird that chuckleth in the musky vale,
Silence and sound, the tranquil light and shade,
The orient sunflower, and the blossom'd spray,
The dell and mountain, waters bosom'd wide,
In wordless eloquence unto the heart
Speak of sweet grace, and power, and beauty rare.
God did descend to form such excellence ;
We must ascend to comprehend it done.
Then what is He who mouldeth all these things,
Merely, as 'twere, for exercise of truth ?
And what are we who look on them and die ?
The children of His mercy ? nor forlorn
And cold into our bosoms will return
Our mortal yearnings, seeing we're allied
To all the truth and beauty He has made;
For He who fashion'd us from forth His love,
Made us so fair, surrounded us with good,
Out of His love will think of us in death.

Jacob.

Joseph, my comfort, thou beguil'st mine ear—
Yea, and my eyes of some few gentle drops :
I bless thee from the middle of my heart.
Yet, Joseph, there is one thing far above
Matters extern and objects of the view ;
It is, the mind of man, frank fellowship ;
A fair affection brac'd and bounded in
By honesty and love, in word and deed—
Yea, more, in thought and look,—yea, further still,
E'en in the faintest limits of surmise :
Never to bear thy neighbour hard in hand,
Nor break thy faith, nor trespass on his peace ;
So as thou hop'st the Power above will deal
With mercy to thine imbecility.
This must be thine ; then will thy hours be glad,
Joyful thy days, thy years be long and full :
Calamity, the giant of the earth,
Will know thee free, and veil his iron club,
Saying to sorrow, ' Visit not that man,
He looks beyond us :—Ill men fear his frown ;
All good tongues drop of manna to his praise.'

Joseph.

Years and desire, conducting in their hands
Knowledge and wisdom, will sow full my time
With the fresh seeds of this most ruling truth ;
And God, the master both of it and us,
Seeing a simple and a willing child,
As helpless as a flower in the blast,

Will give me patience to sustain those rubs
That stand betwixt a mortal and his grave.

Jacob.

Amen ! Amen ! Oh, Joseph ! what a joy
Thy words diffuse over my latter life.
Thy voluble tongue, sweet as a viol play'd
To heavenward anthems in a mellow eve,
Lives in my contemplation with delight.
Thy tongue is but the scholar of thy heart,
Repeating faithfully what that records.

Joseph.

Sooth, there is no such merit in all this
(Though to do duty claimeth some fair praise);
For merit breedeth its own sweet reward,
As vice and folly do their sting and chains.
The little commerce I have had doth show
There is an honest beauty in the world,
Which he who loves, is lov'd again by it;
Reflecting, like an angel, in such sort
The merit, worth, and value of our deeds,
As evil never knows, nor e'er can taste:
Therefore 'tis wise and gainful to be just,—
Bringing so large a price as fair content
(A brooding dove within a patient heart).

Jacob.

Live faithful to this precept, and be great,—
Go to thy brethren (down in Shechem's vales
They keep their herds this day) and bring me word

How they have found the pastures and the springs;
And if their cattle thrive upon the ground.

Joseph.

Thy blessing. — I am gone.

[*Exeunt* JACOB and JOSEPH *severally*.]

SCENE III.—*A Vale at Dothan.*

REUBEN, SIMEON, LEVI, JUDAH, ISSACHAR, ZEBULUN,
DAN, NAPHTALI, *as Shepherds.*

Reuben.

This Dothan pleases me : the air is sweet;
The plain brow'd by the alpine forest round
Escapes the burning glances of the sun:
The faded leaves of autumn nourish it,
Laid by the wind like summer's winding-sheet,
Begetting vigorous substance for the spring,
So that the herbage and the greener food
Thrive within rankness.

Zebulun.

The grass is thick with flowers upon crisp stalks
Full of the juicy virtues of the place:
A rainbow garland for the brow of spring
With globèd clover full of honey-dew
And sweeter than the cowslip.

Issachar.

It is well :
But I prefer the hardier mountain-side,

That's dry and bleak and rough and barely clad.—
The sickly flowers of the o'er-moisten'd flats
But pulp your cattle with a sullen rot.
This guarding wood fencing the rush of wind
Still keeps the evil close about their hides ;
The hollow blast that rolls about the hills
Would blow them whole and hardy.

Naphtali.

Was it not

In some such place as this, since many years,
When we were taking honey through the woods,
Some dozen wolves, whetting their gory fangs,
Had got about a heifer hunted down
And mangled to the bones : then we leapt in
And with our travelling staves with iron heads
Gave battle to them, having made a ring ;
And, spite of savage opposition,
We put such mettle in our dangerous play,
As slew them all ?

Dan.

I do remember, too,

That Reuben had a cloak made of their skins
In honour of our sport ; or rather that
We thought him coward, and to trembling given,
But found the sinews of his courage grew
Stronger with danger ; for that Issachar
Being beset, having more work than hands,
He leapt into the peril, and thereby
Drawing their fury chiefly on himself
Defeated it.

Issachar.

It was brave work, I swear.

Simeon.

No, do not so.

Issachar.

What?

Simeon.

Swear : Reserve thy oath ;
For lo ! now by the brow of yonder hill
Comes one who more deserves it at your hands
Than idle thoughts.

Issachar.

I had no oath to swear ;
Or if I had, whoe'er he be that comes,
It could not be forestall'd. I have no feud,
No quarrel now in hand with any man.

Simeon.

Bethink thee, and then look.

Zebulun.

'Tis Joseph comes !

Issachar.

If it be so, I do recall my peace ;
Not leaving so much to my fingers' ends
As keeps the stone from flying from my hand.
What then ? Are we not even to be fear'd ?
Why comes he here to trouble our repose ?

Simeon.

Oh! what cares he? Our hate and his content
Are bond and free: we ever bound to frown,
While he is pleas'd to smile because we frown.
He doth usurp our place and privilege,
Counting the dew-drops of our cares and pains
With young and wanton eye, most like unto
Some steward's son: keeps tent within the shade,
Or when the day is damp or overcharg'd,
Or the presumptuous sun looks hotly out,
And airs for appetite in soothing eves,
Which needs is sickly, being got as 'tis,
Of idleness, not sweating industry;
Wherefore his dishes must be nicely sauc'd,
While we crib in the hedge, and dip at springs.

Issachar.

I love my dog somewhat, for he will share
My watchfulness and patience; but were he
To have reserv'd, the profit of my thrift,
The sweet and priceless virtue of my gains,
House in a cage of gold, and on the woof
Of soft Egyptian cloth, supinely stretch'd,
Slumber in gorgèd sloth, while I was tim'd
To face the elements,—I could not loathe
His carnal and detested privilege
More than I do this brother Joseph's face,
Who looks so sightly on our grievances.

Simeon.

Yonder he comes. Look at him, Issachar.

How merry and how wayward in his walk,
Poising his staff for very idleness.

Issachar.

My eye already dooms him.—It is he.

Naphtali.

That coat of many colours which he wears,
Spotted about with our dear father's love,
Is foully spotted ; for in every one
A favour sticks that's gather'd at our hand,
And in its place neglect and scorn are left,
Making him rich and proud in the array
That's borrow'd of our smiles and temperance.

Dan.

Our coats be of one colour,—so should his.

Issachar.

Why let it then, nor mumble o'er your wrongs
Like feeble women at a friend's decease ;
But raise your hands and brush your grief away.
That coat he honoureth with all his heart
Should wear its livery. If it were steep'd
In sundry drops of blood let loose from thence,
Its colour were more comely to our eyes.
A puling, whimpering boy—he is no more—
And he to keep our number on the fret
With all this bone and sinew on our side !—
I have no patience that we are so tame !

Dan.

Go to ! I am not tame—that's not my case.

Zebulun.

Nor mine.

Levi.

Nor mine.

Simeon.

And yet this is not all.

Some little we could bear and wink upon :
To be the puppet of our father's age,
Keep house, the stores o'erlook, the vintages ;
All nice employments (far too nice for us):
Yet, with a stretch of patience this could pass,
And he might live, and we could bear his sight:—
Not so when, thus o'ersurfeited with ease,
He takes exceptions to our wearied worth,
And sleeps to dream that we are but his slaves,
Must all bow down and kiss the earth to him ;
In musing visions artfully contriv'd
That throw a glory round about himself,
Casting on us the shadow of contempt ;
Poor worms that crawl about in Heaven's face
Most disobediently to plague his eye.
We are not fit for heaven or earth, forsooth,
While he's the dainty image of the world.—
This Joseph dreams that we are slaves to him :
Our sire cries, ' Well—ah well ; it must be true,
For Joseph, whom I love of all my sons,
Hath found it in his sleep.'

Issachar.

He feeds too well ;
He is too full of blood, too sleek and fair,

Whereof these fat and oily thoughts are bred ;
We'll purge them off by letting forth his blood,
And, knowing that he loves to sleep and dream,
Forget the stop, and let him bleed to death.

Reuben.

[*Aside.*

What shall I do alone among these curs ?
To fight against them were to lose us both ;
To weep were but to play a feeble part,—
Excite their mirth, and move them to contempt ;
Unless, indeed, each tear that I let fall
Would prove a knotty club (ah, that it could !).
Surely, my brothers, you are not so bad, [*Aloud.*
So bloody, so unnaturally given,
To wish to paint your envy-chasèd cheeks
In the deep crimson that sustains the life
Of him, your brother and your father's son!

Issachar.

You may try, Reuben : I will not be mov'd.
Your tongue's a pipe that unto this old tune
E'en playeth by itself : we're tir'd of it,
(I marvel much that it was mute so long) ;
But sith we heed it not, why, let it play.

Reuben.

Oh, Issachar and brethren ! Do but think
How noble, now that you have got revenge
Close in your palms, 'twould be in you to say
(Turning sweet pity to your gentle hearts),
' Our brother wrongs us ; but the boy is young,

And years will teach him how to honour us
For our forbearance and superior power.
Our father, too, whose grief will bruise his heart,
Losing the flower that his eye did love,—
Shall we not think of him and spare his son?
He thought of us, and kept us in the way
Of industry, which leads to happiness;
And since but prattling children at his knees
Up to this hour, save only in this thing,
Hath shar'd his pleasure and his hopes with us;
And with that stuff with which his bosom swells,
Love and affection, hath beguil'd our days;
Making our path of life both plain and smooth.
For his sake therefore we will spare his son;
For ours, that in the many years to come
We may contemn remorse, and live at peace.'

Issachar.

Double excitement plays upon my frame,
For, Simeon, I am famish'd with this air:
Shall we browse first on food, or on revenge?

Reuben.

Join one of you a gentle breath with mine:
You'll gain more happiness in Joseph's love
Than sullen joy in his destruction.

Judah.

Not I, indeed; I value not his love
At the poor siftings of our granary.

Simeon.

Reuben, he doth condemn us of his birth;
For as the virtues and the evils oft
Descend from sire to son, so he doth take
A deep exception to our fellowship,
That was decreed him ere he was begot.
Rachel, the beautiful (as she was call'd),
Despis'd our mother Leah, for that she
Was tender-ey'd, lean-favour'd, and did lack
The pulpy ripeness swelling the white skin
To sleek proportions beautiful and round,
With wrinkled joints so fruitful to the eye.
All this is fair : and yet we know it true
That 'neath a pomane breast and snowy side
A heart of guile and falsehood may be hid,
As well as where the soil is deeper tinct'.—
So here with this same Rachel was it found :
The dim blue-lacèd veins on either brow,
Neath the transparent skin meandering,
That with the silvery-leavèd lily vied ;
Her full dark eye, whose brightness glisten'd through
The sable lashes soft as camel-hair ;
Her slanting head curv'd like the maiden moon
And hung with hair luxuriant as a vine
And blacker than a storm ; her rounded ear
Turn'd like a shell upon some golden shore ;
Her whispering foot that carried all her weight,
Nor left its little pressure on the sand ;
Her lips as drowsy poppies, soft and red,

Gathering a dew from her escaping breath ;
Her voice melodious, mellow, deep, and clear,
Lingering like sweet music in the ear ;
Her neck o'ersoften'd like to unsunn'd curd ;
Her tapering fingers rounded to a point ;
The silken softness of her veinèd hand ;
Her dimpled knuckles answering to her chin ;
And teeth like honeycombs o' the wilderness :
All these did tend to a bad proof in her.—
For armèd thus in beauty she did steal
The eye of Jacob to her proper self,
Engross'd his time, and kept him by her side,
Casting on Leah indifference and neglect ;
Whereat great Heaven took our mother's part
And struck young Rachel with a barrenness,
While she bore children : thus the matter went ;
Till Rachel, feeling guilty of her fault,
Turn'd to some penitence, which Heaven heard ;
And then she bore this Joseph, who must, and does,
Inherit towards the children all the pride
And scorn his mother had towards our mother :—
Wherefore he suffers in our just rebuke.

Reuben.

[Aside.

So : if they date their grief from thirty years,
And slur the very beauties of the dead
To prove some cause why they may hate enough,
I may go prate unto a waterfall.
If they would change their pity for the gall
Of some wild tiger, I had better hopes

To touch their bosoms with compassion
By pitiful complaints and gentle words:
For when an evil deed is thus abroach,
The will predominant the judgment blinds;
And he who seeks to lay it with advice
Feeds and provokes it to a pride of power
Which nothing but superior power can tame.
The will doth push itself beyond itself,
And full of madness doth provoke to ire
By its own act, to fret and carve a way
To all destruction. Mercy is but a spur
To goad on faster to its red design;
And sense feeds on the senses. To tell them plain
Of what they are, advise them of their vice,
Expose themselves unto their proper eye,
Were just, and yet not wise. It were, indeed,
By casting a contempt upon themselves,
To put them furiously to hate the truth;
Seeing that Virtue never looks so ill
Unto the eye of Vice (that's sick of good)
As when it tempts it to rebuke itself,
And to respect the object of its scorn. —
'Tis here the villain doth put on his cap,
And plumes him proudly on his tyranny.
More virtue gets more passion; penitence
Sits all forlorn before the armèd will,
Contempt and malice being accessary.
So this young boy's simplicity would be
A greater mark to tempt the avenging knife
Than all the grief they boast. Bad passions are

Like a prolific poison in the blood,
And grow of their own nourishment so fast,
That all the man but lives unto the end
To which they point. Whence can the sweetness come
Of living to do vilely? For the thing
We do ourselves, in others we should scorn;
Yet in ourselves 'tis worshipp'd as a God
To whom we sacrifice. Alas! it is
A way to me most crookèd and unlearn'd.
Fear is the only thing to make them blench—
I would it thunder'd!—

Simeon.

The musing Reuben meditates some stop.

Issachar.

Oh, let him muse!—his most vexation is
Only a gnat unto a lion's ear:
He will not wail so loud to wake us up.

Reuben.

Ye bearded men, with nervous, sinewy limbs!—
Ye demi-giants! who from forging breasts
Toss through constrainèd nostrils splenetic winds!
Ye shepherds, and young herdsmen of the vale!—
Oh, Jacob's sons and Joseph's brethren!
Have ye no trembling? Have ye not a fear,
Ye heartless butchers of this patient lamb,
That star-blasts will strike through you where you are,
Or the spell'd quaking of the tremulous earth
Swallow you whole in its remorseless womb?

Think ye those bloodied hands will not draw slant
The storm-bolt in its fury, spite of prayers?
Oh, think, ye men condemn'd! the hand of God
Is open, ample, merciful, and just,
And doth o'erburthen human love with good;
But it is also valiant, great, and wise,
And with a rod of fire doth scourge those slaves
Who take the life of man, and play with blood.
Say that He spares you and He lets you live;
Your days to come are rotten at the core:
Your memory would fear its exercise;
Ye would hate food, for it sustain'd your lives;
And groan in heaviness, and weep and wail,
Till you should find some cave wherein to die,
And end a forfeit life of slothful pain.
Oh, Issachar! my brother, is it not
Better to stop and shun the punishment,
And live to love and honour thy old age,
And find a grave out through the joys of life?
What think'st thou?—

Issachar.

Why, that my hand is stronger than thy tongue.

Reuben.

Your thoughts are like an egg, that's hard to hatch,
Part blood and vapour, and a callous mass.

Simeon.

Our senses tire of waiting on thy tongue,
Nor are our passions in a state, I think,
For such-like music; so we neither fear

Nor love thy speech, alike indifferent,
But think thee fool, and weaker than a child
In suffering evil that thou mightest end.

Issachar.

A little honey will not catch our wit :
A little fear will never scare our will.

Simeon.

We will no longer linger o'er this deed.

Issachar.

But do it, since occasion is at hand.

Reuben.

Will you stand in the lightning when 'tis done?

Issachar.

Let that appear—— [Enter JOSEPH.

Here is the gentle youth—

Art thou not weary, Joseph, with thy walk?

Simeon.

Aye, is my brother? Will he take my stool?

Issachar.

Why, what brought you good heart, my merry boy,
To search us out? Surely you thought us sick
At heart to have your gracious company.

Levi.

How could our father spare you from his sight?
I marvel he should let you travel thus
Through long and dangerous tracks; yet at your age

I was sent forth, nor wind nor weather stood
Betwixt my labour and my journey's end.
But you're more choice, are made of rarer stuff,
Fashion'd for some great end, and should be kept
With nicest care from dangers most remote.

Fudah.

Though I embrace you not, believe me, youth,
I'm glad you are amongst us—and alone.

Zebulun.

And so am I.

Dan.

Indeed 'tis kindly done,
To tempt fatigue, leaving thy smoking meat
To dip with us and eat of our cold fare;
It argues love and condescension rare
In one who lives so fair and lies so soft
And hath such pampering dreams of his great worth,
To visit such dull herdsmen as ourselves,
Living by common means to common ends,
Who have but hardly simple things to give,
Unworthy one so nice and choicely bred,
Who needs must scorn our single-colour'd coats.

Joseph.

Whate'er you mean, I thank you, brethren.
Our sire commanded me to use my speed
To go and dine with him.

Issachar.

I thought as much.

Naphtali.

And will you go?—that is, will fate permit?
Did you ne'er dream that we have leave of fate
To put his mantle on invisibly
And use his wand and power?—In sooth, I'm glad,
Yea it delights me much to see you here.

Joseph.

I am no judge of art; nor can I find
Why you should use it to a boy like me:
And yet your speech of love and tenderness
Sounds hollow, faithless, and unnatural.

Issachar.

Ha! Are you sure of that? perchance you dream.

[*Strikes him.*]

Joseph.

Oh, cruel Issachar!—I will not weep.
No, though my eyes burn up, I will not weep.

Issachar.

A vision clouds them o'er.

Simeon.

Alas! poor boy:
What shame and anger flush at once his cheek!
I needs must pity him; and yet I think
This side is livid and of sadder hue,
So that it shames its fellow.

[*Strikes him.*]

Reuben.

[*Aside.*]

Hateful curs!

Zebulun.

Oh, fie ! to let this reverend youth stand thus,
No taller than our girdles. Set him up
Upon the highest stool, that he may look
More than our equal, and more like himself.
In his next commerce with his heavenly guide,
Perchance he'll throw an idle word away
Tending to favour us.

Levi.

In hopes whereof,
Being exalted thus, I bow my knee
Before thee—Prophet!

Zebulun.

Hail, Prophet !

Dan.

Hail !

Naphtali.

All hail !

Simeon.

Here, I have gather'd thee a crown of weeds;
Thou may'st not stoop—I'll put it on thy head.

Joseph.

Oh, mean and vicious ! Oh, ye savage men !

Issachar.

Ho ! stop his mouth—and do not let him speak.

Simeon.

[*Kneels*

Sweet image ! secret chosen at God's hand,
Out of thy grace and wondrous greatness hear,

And hearing, grant a boon to one who kneels
And almost kisses thy inspired foot.
I pray thee let me live upon this earth,
And breathe this air and nourish me with food;
Which being granted, seeing 'tis not fit
That one so mean as I should dwell and live
Beneath the same roof with thy holiness,
Let me commend thy purity to heaven,
The proper house for one so far divine;
But, sith thou canst not enter there with life,
I will commit the act of love I owe,
And fit thee for thy journey.

Dan.

How he holds
His stubborn courage swelling in his eye!

Levi.

Now would he surely brain us if he could.

Judah.

See what a store of gall he has reserv'd
To sauce his pride when he should come to power.

Zebulun.

He bandies scorn for scorn.

Dan.

We were all dead,
Did but his inspiration serve him.

Naphtali.

Slave!

Levi.

A minion—a vicious minion!

Fudah.

Ho! spoil his pretty coat.

Zebulun.

You dreamer!

Fudah.

Boy!

Zebulun.

Call down your deity.—Where is your deity?

Fudah.

Impudent boy!

Dan.

Presumptuous!

Levi.

Disdainful!

Naphtali.

Proud to thy brethren!

Issachar.

No more—down with him!

Joseph.

Great God! Ye will not murder me?

Issachar.

Oh, no!

Ask our clubs.

Simeon.

Strike him down !

Reuben.

Hold ! Hold ! Hold !

Simeon.

Keep Reuben back, or down with him as well.

Levi.

Let loose the dogs on him.

Issachar.

Be warn'd—be warn'd.

Reuben.

Dear Issachar ! one word—Sweet Simeon ! but one—
If I exceed a minute in my speech
Knock out my brains—let me have that, I pray.—
I see when men are bent on shedding blood, [*Aside.*
Like a vast engine that hath many works
Turn'd by a master-wheel, they're forc'd to wrench
And chafe their courage to the highest pitch.
There's a prelusive pause that harbours fear
About this yeasty working to the act—
A sort of let that shuns its premises ;
And so that they could wipe the stain away
They would be glad to find the object gone,
The breast reliev'd from its prodigious freight,
And no blood sticking on them. How is this—
The cause, my brain, and the preventive means?—
Quick—quick.—The will is but a coward at heart;—
(Unless 'tis deaf and savage like a beast's,

Where conscience wakes the will sins on its knees)
—And lack of reason upon nature acting
Doth force a courage that is bold and false,
That gathers resolution in the dark,
Like a blind giant hungry for revenge.
Teach but the will a way to act in full
Upon the object without shedding blood,
And reason then looks in on prejudice;
And reason will not let man murder man.
Why, then, the coward shows himself, and puts
The secret knife into its sheath again;
Great Conscience is task-master to the will,
And lets it forth as men hold bears in chains
To have them back, and whip them at the fault.
They would not care if he were snatch'd to heaven,
And send no envy after.

Issachar.

Come, Reuben, waste thy speech.

Simeon.

And be not tedious.

Reuben.

My brethren, you mistake : I do not plead
For Joseph's life : I have no such intent.
Your general judgment and your stronger power
Teach me much greater wisdom. This I say :
It were a pity to shed Joseph's blood,
And put the crimson stain upon your hands,
When you have easier and safer means
To work your will on him and cause his death.

Close on the borders of the wilderness
There yawns a dangerous and delvèd pit,
From which no man alive can make escape,
Being deep, and dark, and hollow on all sides:
Now, since you seem to think the boy deserves
At all your hands a fatal punishment,
Suppose you cast him down into this hole,
And let him perish ; then chance and time must share
With you what blame there may be in the act;
For hunger kills him in this case, not you.

Issachar.

What say you, Simeon ?

Simeon.

It is a tempting pit.
I know it well—a panther lay there late—
A very tempting pit !

Reuben.

In your old age, when this fierce fire's burnt out,
And its charr'd ashes scatter'd to the winds,
Your memory will breathe unstain'd with blood.

Issachar.

Then be it so.

Simeon.

He will have time to pray,
And sleep, and dream, and hear beasts howl, and
think
On the spic'd mess at home.

Levi.

I wish you joy
Of your good fortune since you rose this morn.

Dan.

Comfort go with you.

Naphtali.

Amen, say I.

Joseph.

Oh! Issachar!—

Issachar.

Be silent!—Stop his tongue—away with him.

[*Exeunt* SIMEON, ZEBULUN, and NAPHTALI,
bearing JOSEPH *out.*

Reuben.

[*Aside.*

Thank Heaven this goes well : if my design
Hold out as firmly as it has begun,
I shall have purchas'd hatred of these men,
Have sav'd my brother for our father's arms,
And spar'd him all that heavy weight of grief
That needs must hang about his Joseph's grave.
God's hand be with me still! [Exit.

Issachar.

Come, let us spread the cloth and eat of bread:
Fetch the dried figs and grapes, cast the sharp seeds
From peel'd pomegranates ripe and red as fire,
To ease our chaf'd blood. Appetite's in the air.

Dan.

Let us be glad and light of heart to-day;
Our enemy hath failèd in his craft,
And we at length are righted of our wrongs.—
Who kills the kid?

Levi.

That shall be Judah's care,
While I go gather wood to make a fire.

Judah.

Listen, give ear ! I thought I heard a bell,
And now again 'tis drifted with the air
That hurries from the east.

Dan.

What fragrance sweet
Doth slumber on the bosom of the wind
As it heaves westward ! Subtle and fresh it is,
As rich as flowers, and less sickly too,
Like ointment on an altar that is forc'd
By sacrificing fire, and fit for Heaven
To stoop and breathe upon.

Judah.

The angels' hair
(My father told me when I was a child)
Is hung with dew much like the seedy pearls,
And of an essence rarer than the sweets
That the winds gather in high summer's tide;
Surely one such invisibly hath pass'd
And shook his dripping feathers o'er our heads;
For nothing else could taste so fine as this.—

Dan.

Yonder's a storm of dust. What cattle, now—
What herdsmen may these be ? Strangers are come;
And this fine perfume that doth greet us hath

Escap'd from spice and aromatic gums,
Their precious freight from isles afar remote,—
The herald of their progress, for it still
Flies on before. Lo ! from this bank I see
Swarthy Egyptians, yellow as their gold,
Tracking their way along the mountain's side
Riding on mules ; and like the fleeting cloud
Their mantles hang about them loose and free;
While overhead a round of plaited cane
Is held to intercept the burning sun;
And the grey dogs, lolling their bleached tongues,
Slink 'neath the caravans, with travel griev'd.
Their camels all have bells about their necks,
Making a merry music as they go,
Slow-footing 'neath a weight of packages,
That, nicely rais'd, like to square towers show.
The dromedaries seem to sleep and walk,
And move, as they could creep on thus for ever.
Harness'd they are to waggons made of cane
(The light receptacle of rarities
To grace the palace of some foreign king)
Upon low wheels, bestain'd of either soil,
Lightly sustain'd, secure from overthrow,
Their lighter cargo so dispos'd with art
To gather power from the propelling wind.

Levi.

And bear they down this way ?

Dan.

To our very tent.

Issachar.

They must be merchants travelling from the east
That turn their goods to profitable coin,
And wander thus to cities far away,
Seeking to raise their fortunes on the wants,
Or else desires, of wealthy citizens.

Dan.

Albeit 'tis a rich life, though dangerous.

Levi.

That's not the best nor worst. Is it not brave
To see strange people, join with many men
Of many countries, lodge in wallèd cities,
And mix in throngs and gather'd companies ;
See their rejoicings, customs, state, and laws,
Their craftsmen, mode of labour, and affairs;
To hear their singing and their minstrelsy;
To please the eye with habits of bright hue,
With sports, and shows, and public sacrifice,
Relics of ancient days, and men-at-arms,
And priests, and officers of high degree,
And to behold a king? This is somewhat ;
More when the profit of the journey pays
Your liberty and living in the land,
And sends you home more gilded with their gold
Than is the bee from rifling the sunflower.
And yet, again, in all these journeyings
They dodge about between fell Danger's legs,
Who many times steps over them, and puts
His foot so near them that they shake with it.—

E'en in their safety they have grievances;
As, risk belonging to commodity;
And storms, and weariness, and toilsome ways,
And choking dust, and dull monotonies,
And scarcity of rivers and of springs
Wherein they perish of a feverish death,
Bar'd to the elements, and fretted sore
By ever sickening for the journey's end,
Or ere it is begun. Trust me, indeed,
I'd rather be a herdsman in this vale
Than take the evil with the novelty.

Issachar.

I cannot say I would.

Fudah.

A good thought this.—

Were it not better that these men should take
Our brother Joseph, sold into their hands,
And leave him bondman in some distant land?
Then do we 'scape at once his blood and death
(Which surely will rebuke us, being his flesh),
And he may take what fortune he may find.
Living so far from us, he is as dead,
And we are freed from his detested sight
Close as a grave could do it.

Issachar.

It is well.

Dan.

It is a tempting chance to have him hence,
And saves the crime.

Levi.

But let us keep his coat,
That we may dip it in a he-goat's blood,
And shock our father's eye with the belief
That we have found it, and the boy is dead
Of savage beasts.

Issachar.

Go to our brethren straight:
Say I entreat them to bring Joseph back:
And let them have full word of what we do.
[*Exeunt LEVI and JUDAH.*]

Enter certain Ishmaelites.

Issachar.

Stand there, ho ! merchants.

First Ishmaelite.

Strangers, what with us ?

Issachar.

Whence do ye come, and whither are ye bound ?

First Ishmaelite.

From Egypt we have been to Gilead
To gather dates and precious frankincense,
Pink cinnamon, and myrrh, and spicery,
And chests of fragrant medicinal balm
To work cool ointments for the grievèd flesh,
And lull the pain of evils and of wounds;
And now to Egypt go we back again
To profit of our toil. Such rarities

Are precious in old cities, and are priz'd
At sundry wedges of the purest gold,
That intercept us ere we reach the mart.

*Enter SIMEON, LEVI, JUDAH, ZEBULUN, and
NAPHTALI, with JOSEPH.*

Simeon.

The boy has felt the bottom of the pit,
But we drew for him, and have brought him here.

Judah.

Come, will you purchase at our hands a slave?
Of early youth, both fair and straight of limb,
Having alone a blemish of the mind,
A tow'ring spirit full of high disdain.

Second Ishmaelite.

That is a fault.—Great spirit in a slave
Threatens a sleeping master. Egyptian whips
May mend this vice in him.

Issachar.

Look on him here.

The pith that gathers in his youthful bones
In riper years will bear a burden well.

Levi.

First take his outer skin, his gaudy coat,
Which we may want to mind us of his loss,
And soak the tears up we shall shed for him.

First Ishmaelite.

I like him well. What barter wilt thou make?

Issachar.

At how many pieces do you value him?

First Ishmaelite.

Will you not rather take some woven cloth,
Purple, or scarlet bright; or bonnets trimm'd
With fringe of green that veileth off the sun!
I have some arms and implements of war
Well fitting to a nervous grasp like yours;
And ropes of pearls that sleep in bleachèd wool,
And native jewels fast in lavender
In a close cedar box of curious scent,
And work'd with our Egyptian mysteries.
Will you this charmèd staff, some spices rich
To steep your broth in fragrance, and endure
Your palate's moisture with high-season'd meats?
Or here are garments of the camel's hair,
The hides of bears, and various skins of beasts;
And broad Egyptian hats with eagle plumes;
Lances, and spears, and huntsman's garniture.

Simeon.

These dry Egyptians are like all the rest.
Strangers or not, man paints commodity
As though he lov'd to give its virtues up;
Dazzling your fancy with a gay report
Till you shall die of longing all this while.
'Tis but a shift to keep the money back,
And save it in the pouch. Gold is the thing:
Get much of that, and you may pick your way
Over the crouching world: this tawny key

Can open wide the secrets of all hearts,
And nature wears a universal smile ;
A hundred slaves with all their hundred wills
Are but mute shadows following your eye.
Gold is the ribs of power.

First Ishmaelite.

Why, there it is ! It is man's other self,
With that in hand I lead a charmed life ;
Without it I may starve upon my wits.
Did'st say thou would'st have coin?

Fudah.

Aye, merchant, aye.

The goods you give us would have each a tongue
To tell a secret that must not be known.

First Ishmaelite.

Say fifteen pieces, if it must be so.

Simeon.

Go to—you 'bate us, man ; you are too hard.

First Ishmaelite.

Sooth, it is square and just.

Simeon.

No, merchant, no.

The service of a fair and proper youth
Just in the flowery opening of the bud,
Would weigh against thy silver o'er again
In the school'd eye of some rich husbandman.
Remember that you purchase his whole life,
To bear your burthens e'en when grey and old.

Second Ishmaelite.

The city swarms with slaves, and men of bone
Barely exist by sweating through the day;
Save for the daily beauty in his mien,
I would not meddle in't. Say twenty, then.

Simeon.

Well, come and count them out upon this stone;
And take him off to serve thy countrymen.

Second Ishmaelite.

These are true pieces bearing Pharaoh's mark.

Simeon.

So—Now we are quit. Away—speed well, and thrive.

Joseph.

O Simeon!
Into thy bosom I will run for help.
I am thy brother; hate me ne'er so much,
But do not cast me forth to death and shame.
We may yet live blessing and to be bless'd.

Simeon.

Thy tongue has lost its charm.—Away—away!

Joseph.

O Issachar!
A trembling boy is shaken to thy foot,
E'en from the branch where he did cling for help.
Have pity on me: think when thou wert young
How 'twould have wrung thy heart to have been torn
From thy dear father and thy brethren,

And given to strange masters of strange tents.
A little while, and I was yet a child,
And many a time have sat upon thy knee ;
And many a time have kiss'd thy gentle cheek.
Thy name too was the first I learn'd to lisp ;
Canst thou forget these things, and do me scathe ?
Do not strive with me that I touch thy cloak :
There is no poison in these childish hands ;
I will embrace thy knees. Now we are like
To part, I feel how much I love thee, Issachar.

Issachar.

Would'st creep into my bosom through my ears ;
Let go my knees. Ah ! snake—let go, I say ;
What, wilt thou brag of power till the last ?
[*Strikes him down.*

Joseph.

Unhand me, Midianites, and let me go !
Those shrivell'd hands shall never bind these arms.
If it is profit that you seek in me,
My father for my ransom will give more,
Yea, twenty times, than any stranger will
For my poor services : merchants, you err ;
(Oh ! you have sorely hurt me, Issachar !)
My brothers do but jest with you in this.
Behold, they are seven men ; dost thou believe
In all their seven hearts there is no drop
Of pity ? Observe each manly countenance
Work'd by the ruling hand of God divine ;
And say, are they not maps of dignity

Brimm'd with high feeling, full of love as power;
Are not their bosoms quick, and therefore touch'd
With sweet affection for their fellow men?
Had I the inches I would punish you,
Daring to credit (though it doth appear)
That they are cruel and unnatural,
A sample of vile practice to all tribes.
This is not so, they are my brethren all;
I love them dearly e'en from first to last;
I have offended them, at which I grieve,
And this my fright is meant my punishment:
It is no more, I do believe it is;
Pray you think better of us, Canaanites.

Simeon.

You tardy merchants take him on with you;
We have no more of idle time to waste.

Issachar.

We have your silver; either bear him off,
Or we will take him to our wrath again.

Ishmaelite.

Nay, I must have the profit of my coin.

Joseph.

Oh, deaf to mercy! Oh, ye hard, hard hearts!
Nothing more cruel can you add to this.
Oh, spirit of my father, fill my pride!
Spirit of God, descend unto my heart!
I will not grieve, I will not sue to stay,
So that your power never shall rejoice.

Behold, I smile. Oh, Egypt! yea, oh, world!
In thy vast bosom will I seek for love.
However bitter, and how hard my fate,
Still I gain something which is comforting,
For I do leave more hatred, malice, wrath,
Amongst these brothers (which augments my shame)
Than ever I can find at strangers' hands.
Listen, ye men, how firm a voice I have,
'Commend me to our venerated sire.'
Forgive me, merchants, that I spoke you ill,
I am right proud to keep you company.
(Surely my heart will burst.—) [Aside.
[*Exeunt Ishmaelites with JOSEPH.*

SCENE IV.—*A Pit in the Wilderness.**Enter REUBEN.**Reuben.*

Oh! I rejoice so much I cannot call.
I see that dangerous evils are more kind
Than our own brothers; for this treacherous gap,
Form'd to betray men's footing, and to drown
Their fearful clamours in its cavèd womb,
Hath yet more tenderness to this young boy,
Now shelter'd in its dark and hideous breast,
Than in his brothers' hollow bosoms dwell,
With hearts of stone and pitiless revenge.—
What, ho! I say—Arise! and cheer thee up.
I come to rifle thee from Danger's arms,
Pale, and alarm'd; to give the warm embrace,
And sun thee in thy father Jacob's love,

Where thou shalt flourish with a holy truth
That hatred cannot blemish.—Arise ! I say—
So thou may'st smile on my affrighted love
That fruitfully did mourn for thee, like one
Who diggeth his own grave. But thou shalt live.
Thy crafty brothers have o'er-reach'd themselves;
And with a bosom full of zeal I come
To snatch thee quick from out this hollow tomb.—
What, ho ! there—answer, ho !—All still as death.
Ah ! surely they have stunn'd him with the fall :
But chafing him with bruised weeds and balm
Will mend that evil and restore the sense.—
The depth is cruel ! If he should be slain,
Take dreadful vengeance on their act, oh God !
Drop burning fire upon their guilty heads.—
And yet, methinks he cannot be much hurt ;
A fall like this would never kill a man,
Unless deserted specially of Heaven.
A treacherous silence that doth freeze my blood
Makes answer to the echo of my voice !—
How could they injure such a gentle youth,
So soft of speech, so wooing in his ways,
So wise and holy, and with such a mien,
That, did the angels teach men exercise,
They could add nothing, or of mood or grace,
To that which nature has bestow'd on him ?
Yet mothers say with a prophetic nod
They mostly lose these rarer jewels first.
If thou dost live, oh, speak ! or make some noise—
What, ho ! there—ho !— [*He descends by a rope.*]

SCENE V.—*A Vale at Dothan.*SIMEON, ISSACHAR, JUDAH, &c. *sharing money.**Judah.*

Yonder comes Reuben : hide the silver up,
And let us keep the secret to ourselves.

*Enter REUBEN.**Reuben.*

My gentle brothers, have you seen the boy
Since you did cast him down into the pit?—
I pray you tell me ; come, be plain and fair.

Issachar.

What would you know? We did desist our course
And turn our justice round at your request ;
Still you would govern us in this affair,
And still you are displeas'd.

Reuben.

You have not seen him, then?

Simeon.

No.

Judah.

How should we?

Reuben.

May the first thunderbolt that spurns the hand
Of the avenging archer of the clouds
Sink in amongst you ! And I would that now

A deafening storm from either corner raging
Made havoc o'er your heads!

Simeon.

What—what is this?

Reuben.

Oh, ye detested slaves! ye murderers!—
Blood—blood, ye dogs! that is your precious food—
Nought less than the deep current of man's life
Can hiss your passions cool. Do you not fear
Lest you should grow proficient in your trade,
And murder men till men are scarce on earth,
That Heaven will cramp you with some sudden death?

Issachar.

Madman!

Reuben.

You are a villain, Issachar!
Aye, raise your clubs and tarr your angry dogs;
For dogs or devils I will never budge
Till I have eas'd the spirit of my grief
By telling you with curses what ye are.—
Nay, Simeon, flourish not your threatening staff:
You are too mean for fear. I defy all.
Oh! had I got you in a narrow pass,
So that a single coward at a time
Might use his wrath against my careless life,
I'd bring you low past kneeling.—Child-killers!
I do so hate you that I have a mind
To strike thee, Issachar, unto my foot.
Bustle, and shift your stands—I will be heard:

And he that stirs a foot, or moves his staff,
Though but to wave it doubtful of offence,
I'll mar his manhood with so sure a blow
As deadly dealt as is the eye of fate,
And dangerously scuffle with the odds.
A giant well may fear a desperate man :
And ye do look so mean and impotent
That I should scorn myself for shunning you.

Issachar.

I ne'er was brav'd before.

Reuben.

That he who strives to justify his act
Shall die upon the spot, I say aloud ;
You are all villains, all.—Who answers, ho!

Simeon.

He dares and threats !

Reuben.

Listen, ye kites ! and hear yourselves proclaim'd.
The greatest of all villains is that man
Who doth debauch him in the greatest crime.
Mean theft and slander and ill-will are bad,
But they are virtues when compar'd with one
Which none but the gross villain doth commit—
'Tis call'd murder, and its act is this :—
By banishing all honour from its thought
(Pity turn'd forth to wander in the blast),
A heart as absent in the love of truth
As a cold stone within an iron chest,

It doth become so savage and deprav'd
That with a violent and wilful hand
The sleeping and the helpless it destroys
But as all villanies do boast a head,
A measur'd standard of enormity,
So murder has, which still seems white and clear
Beside the fratricide's inhuman act.
'Tis treating Heaven with a high contempt,
Who made man for its end, not for man's wrath;
'Tis touching Heaven with a cruel thought
To cast its love back into its own face;
Therefore you are a breed of abject slaves,
A team of villains, guilty of man's blood;
Hated of Heaven and to be shunn'd on earth.
Your names are curses, which henceforth I'll use
To vilify my thoughts.

Judah.

Why, how is this?

Young Joseph is not dead, but cast alive
Into the pit, which you yourself propos'd;
For all I guess, he's breathing at this hour.

Reuben.

Ah! where?—Ah! where?—For I have sought for him:
The pit is empty, and he is destroy'd
By some fell danger; helpless, and alone.

Issachar.

Why, then, chance had a hand in his decease:
And as you told us when you urg'd the thing,
Then chance is guilty of his death, not we.

Reuben.

I woo'd you with a lie, which you believ'd
Knowing it was a lie ; and, like a knave,
Sweeten'd your shaken passion to content.
You are not wont to give your senses up
At any beck of mine : why did you then ?
Only to compromise your villainy !
You wish'd his death, however it has come ;
And through your means it is that he is dead—
Wherefore you're written down a murderer.

Simeon.

And all this railing will not mend it now :
What we have done, is done, and there's an end.

Reuben.

Ye callous brood !—Oh ! never pray again,
Nor cast your faces to the open heaven ;
But stoop your bestial heads prone to the earth !
Clearness of seasons freshening our delights
Be to your senses but as marshy fogs !
The finer air to you be thick and damp !
Veil thee, oh ! sun, and temper not the winds,
When they come charg'd with pestilence and plague,
So they may strike them with their baneful breath,
For they have forfeited at Nature's hands
Partition in her bounty and her love ;
Therefore their spirits being thus reprov'd,
Having offended Nature's gentleness,
Shall die of comfortless and sad disease,
And rot upon themselves.

Issachar.

Oh! this is well.

Reuben.

Take from their food, oh, God! all wholesome taste,
Which Thou hast sent to nourish generous man;
That they may loathe to keep a life on foot
Sustain'd with such monotonous distaste.
And the deep relish of the wine they drink,
Oh! flavour with their fault: then it will force
The sense to ache, and curl upon the lip
Worse than when poison, or a cup of balm
Wherein a speckled viper hath been steep'd,
Meets both the gorge and eye.—Whene'er they sleep
Clothe them with heaviness and with mad dreams,
And fill their fancy full of objects dire,
Hanging their hair with agonising drops
Of retributive horror and remorse;
For they most carelessly have put away
All claim upon Thy mercy bountiful,
And for a little passion barter'd
Their title to Thy most paternal love.—
May they never laugh again!—

Simeon.

All this is vain!

Reuben.

Blight all their fortunes, and destroy their peace!—
A murrain be upon their cattle's lives,
Wether and lamb, that gather'd vultures may
Make house about their tents and in their sheds,

Gorging their food with eager discontent
While they shall sink and famish on the taint.—
Where'er their plough furrows the embrownèd slope
So rich and fruitful in its idleness,
Or dibble drills the pregnant-moulded earth,
Come wombless barrenness; and all the seed
They shower in the promise of the spring,
By harvest time turn to as many stones;
So may they never shear the curlèd wool,
Nor give a heifer for a sacrifice—
So that they never may enrich the eye
And scan the sober beauty of the corn;
Where on that golden carpet roll'd around,
Walks mother Autumn on the rosy eves
Coming to worship Summer ere she fades,
And see her fiery clouds and mellow leaves
And fruits luxurious yielding from the stalk,
And taste of the blown fragrance of the air;
And mount her throne of beautiful decay
O'erhung with flowers sicken'd of the sun,
Where she expires on Winter's icy hand!—
May all their labour an abortion prove,
And all their hopes sit brooding o'er their graves!—
So they may never smile in the green fields,
Sweetening their spirits at the combing hay;
Nor grieve when mute and perpendicular
Dispungings of the hollow-bosom'd clouds
Gutter the fruitful surface of the earth:
Nor joy when Temperance with silver wings
Sits pluming her bright feathers in the sky,

And eagles brood upon the thwarted oaks,
And larks and thrushes with deep, mellow throats
Rejoicing in the splendour of the scene
Make wanton in the echoes of the vale—
Oh ! never may the jocund harvest bell
(Inspiring all the spirits of our tribe)
Ring its sweet battery unto their ears,
Tuning the anthem voluble and loud,
Sacred to plenty for the garner full—
So they may wander with a doleful step,
In sullen sadness twin to heavy pain
Plucking a leaf of myrtle or of bay,
Not for the cap, but to tread under foot.—
Thus let them crave !—Bondsmen at strangers' stalls,
Where choking be their hire !—

Fudah.

This is enough.

Reuben.

Oh, God ! turn mercy to Thy angel's hands !—
Young Joseph was not pitied in the storm,
Therefore no mercy yield !—

Dan.

We can bear more.

Reuben.

The angel's fatal trumpet did announce,
Judging the highest vengeance to be wreck'd
On the chief criminal in God's reproof.—
Down with it on these brothers' guilty heads !

Issachar.

Give him his way.

Simeon.

Aye, let him take his round.

Reuben.

Be still, my sincere heart!—Oh! give me peace!—
Anger and tears contend within my throat
Like fire and water in contention mix'd ;
And passion smoulders in my very heart.
Oh ! I could weep that Joseph is no more
Till marble should be furrow'd with my tears—
Oh ! I could rave on your enormities
Till words were wanting me to name ye plagues,
Then like the forlorn image of despair
Sit dumb and think past words.—My passion cries for
blood !

Issachar.

It is a madman's.

Reuben.

Oh ! ye kites !

Naphtali.

What good

Can come of this ?

Reuben.

No good can ever come
Within the limits of thy crimson sphere.
Thou'st sorely wounded good, and therefore good
Will tremble in thy presence like a flower
That's ruffian'd by the blast.—Thou'rt shunable:

And good will rather perish from the earth
Than lay its perfect and congenial hand
Upon thy unblest head.

Judah.

I have a fear
He will betray us to our father's wrath.

Reuben.

Hast thou a fear? Thou wert a better man
Ere thou had'st work'd a cause to fear thy friends.

Simeon.

I fear his folly too.

Reuben.

Banish it then.
If 'twere a spotted leprosy, 'twere thine
Even to rotting. But since your foul disgrace
Like to a canker-worm would gnaw the heart
With shame and anguish of your reverend sire,
I'll keep the fiery secret to myself,
And leave your icy bosoms to promulge
Some subtle lie, which forg'd to his belief
Will raise a cunning ladder to his heart,
While he shall thank your griefs.—Oh! perfect slaves!

Judah.

This is the best.

Reuben.

Why, do I not say so?
And does not my device hug your desire?
Yet for this stead you are so far beholden,

That I must ask a boon as some return.
Tell me, I pray you, whence comes your content,
Like a cold fountain through a pool of stone?
For I am sick to drink of such a stream.
What shall I do, and whither shall I go,
To ease my pain, and shun my father's face?
What well were deep enough to hold my grief?
What secret place would hide my anguish up?—
You who have help'd me to this hard estate,
Oh! help me to some comfort. The poor boy
(Whom I shall never more hear speak again)
Lies mutely shrouded in my weeping mind,
With all his innocent look. Old Jacob, too,
Sobs at the sight and groaneth in my ear,
And wrings his hands, and ravisheth his beard,
And takes no relish in his faltering prayers.—
Oh! give me back my peace, ye envious men!
And gather up the thorns that ye have cast
Upslanting in my path of life to come.—
I am consum'd with passion, and but fool
My graver senses that should be my guides—
I have nowhere to go!— [Exit.

Levi.

Is this the May-born Reuben, whose low song
Ever beguil'd his hearers of some tears?—
Is this the gentle brother of our band,
The minstrel of all revels and all hymns,
The first to pity and the last to rave?
I never knew the compass of his voice,

Nor ever saw the fire of his eye,
Until this hour: nor such a swoln display
Of words and actions ever did I find
In any other man.

Zebulun.

I am amaz'd!

Issachar.

I had a mind to beat him to the ground.

Simeon.

A man may hide the dragon in his mind
For twenty years in torpid solitude,
Like to an earthquake 'neath a flowery plain;
But when commotion (bred of some rough cause)
Plays on the secret spring of his command,
Then the great giant passion rears his arms,
And wakes to know himself. Like the milch cow
Whose cub is ravin'd by the nightly wolf,
This Reuben runneth lowing up and down
Devoid of reason, blatant at the moon,
With all his instinct in extremity.

Levi.

The hand of Nature swayeth in these things,
And Reuben answers her in her design.
He is a man who loves his injuries;
Patience and meekness are his qualities.—
With such, their love is long and deep in growth
(Like to the rooted spurs of some fair pine
That spreads its beauties by the river's side);
But when the storm is up, all meekness then

Doth lose its privilege, while judgment faints
And patience curdles into feasted wrath.
They have no force to place against the force,
No temperance stretching into fortitude ;
But bind their hands unto their very grief :
Thus all their gentleness is set on fire,
Frighting its boasted guides of many years,
And madness triumphs in the overthrow.
There is no man so dangerous as he
Whose desperation doth condemn his fear ;
Except it be the cunning or the wise.

Dan.

Nay, waste no time in scanning his reproof :
We are the gainers, his the loss alone.

Naphtali.

One way we are reveng'd ; his grief is vain,
For that the boy still lives upon the earth.

Judah.

And all those curses he hath shed on us
Are blown to waste.

Issachar.

Why, let him go and mystify his days
With an ideal sorrow of the mind,—
His folly thus begets his punishment.

Simeon.

And his loud anger woundeth but himself.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Jacob's Tent.*

Enter to JACOB, REUBEN, LEVI, ZEBULUN, SIMEON,
ISSACHAR, JUDAH, NAPHTALI, *and* DAN.

Jacob.

Smile, smile, my Reuben, I am glad at heart.—
Levi, and Zebulun, my boys, good eve.—
My curlèd Simeon, and Issachar
With overwhelming brow, it is well done.—
Let me embrace thee, Gad, and Naphtali :—
'Twas kindly meant, my sons, to keep my boy,
My merry Joseph, with you in the vale.—
Trust me I love ye for't, and sent him forth
That he might court your anger to this pass.
How like you this same Dothan? Well, I trow.—
Ah! God is open-handed unto us!
Wherefore a grateful sacrifice we'll make
And offer with to-morrow's rising sun.
My gentle boys, I am so full of joy,
Finding your envy melted into love,
That I disdain my staff, and smile at age.
I us'd hard words and was a little mov'd
When last we parted : let it be forgot ;
I ach'd to do it.—Where is Joseph now?

Issachar.

I cannot guess !

Jacob.

Why, he was still the first
To run into my arms and clasp my knees.—

Ah! 'tis some merry sleight : you did expect
To find me thus in joy, and therefore have
Kept him without to work upon my love.
What, Joseph, there ! Thy sire is undeceiv'd.
Is it not true?—I pray you call him in.

Simeon.

I would that he might hear.

Jacob.

No more, no more.

For surely I did send him to the vale
Commanding his return, but sith he stay'd
You must have kept him in your company ;
For nothing less than proffer'd love of yours
Would tempt his disobedience to my will.
You see, good youths, I cannot be deceiv'd.—
Oh ! therefore call him forth. My joyful mood
Absorbs the very dulness of my age :—
Let us be glad this eve, rejoice and feast,
Mellow our spirits with a frugal hand
In generous wine.—No Joseph yet?

Simeon.

Oh, sir !

I fear to check your spirit with a truth
That being heard would bring you to a crutch,
And turn your tears of joy to tears of blood.

Jacob.

Simeon, beware ! you play upon my heart
It is a fragile instrument and old,

And hath been tun'd with love for many years
To thee and to thy brethren—so beware :
The strings are weak and yielding to the strain,—
A little cracks them. You do push your jest
Beyond a seemly feeling ; yet I'm not
Or mov'd, or anger'd, seeing it is sport
Intended only to alarm my fear
And force my joy more perfect.

Reuben.

[*Aside.*

How is this?—

Do our own virtues prove our traitors too?
Goodness invisibly beguiles a man,
And while the danger rocketh o'er his head
Enticeth him to play with faith and hope,
Already swallow'd in destruction's womb.
Thus Jacob fondleth with his misery
In promise of his joy, and is betray'd
E'en by the very purpose of his mind.
He holds himself as blind unto the truth
As if he knew and fear'd it.—Alas ! I do,
For he is old and shaken.

Jacob.

Will no one speak?—A cruel silence this.
Oh ! take some pity of my weary age,
Nor let me die betwixt my hopes and fears.
Some evil hath been busy with my boy,
And sad foreboding in mysterious gloom
Creeps o'er my vital warmth.—Reuben shuns me,
And Judah weeps aloud.—Will no one speak ?

Issachar.

Oh ! would my tongue had never known its use,
Or else had lost its office ere this hour!

Reuben.

I would it had.

[*Aside.*

Issachar.

For in my thought dumbness is virtuous
When speech must utter such a dismal tale.

Jacob.

Ah ! Issachar, your wintry breath doth rob
The current of my blood of that scant warmth
Which age requires for sustaining life.
The prelude of your speech grieves me so sore
And makes me tremble for the rest to come,
Like a poor prisoner waiting for his doom,
While the cold judge pronounces life or death.
But if it be, I run before my fate,
And my poor boy is wounded by some chance,
Nursing and watchfulness would bring him well :
And I am old and only fit to nurse,
And could be vigilant in such a case.
Thy love for me doth make thee dread the worst :
I pray thee entertain a cheerfulness.
All evils have some remedy, we know ;
This is not very great—it cannot be.

Simeon.

You cheat yourself, and tease your malady ;
Seeking yet shunning what you fain would know.
Now call your hidden fortitude around,

Arouse your courage, govern your despair;
And with a bravery fortify your ears,
That what I utter may not burn the sense,
Nor sear you to the brain.

Jacob.

Hold!—Mercy, pray!—

Oh! gentle Simeon, if thou would'st be lov'd
Or dearly honour'd in thy life to come—
If thou would'st have thy children dutiful,
Slay not thy father. Speak thou, Issachar.

Issachar.

Alas! dread sire, I know not what to do.
The story I must tell is all too sad,
And you have cursèd the proclaiming tongue.
We that do know the act, did not the act,
And therefore have not earnèd thy rebuke.

Reuben.

[*Aside.*

Oh! nature, nature; heavy, grievous hour!

Jacob.

Whatever is to come, one thing I know—
You do not feel for Joseph or your sire
As you should do in filial duty bound;
Else you would be too full of grief yourselves
To scan my wild replies. The weight is yours:
And having tied me to my reason fast,
Come, cast it on—down with't upon my head;
And, though it sink me, yet still pile it on.—
Yet I am not so weak, but, like myself,

Or like a mount I'll over-brow thy words,
And view their fall in the abyss below
While I am rear'd triumphant. I will not
Betray my manhood to a secret tale,
Nor shake at words of thine. I do demand
To have the inmost knowledge of this thing.—
Oh! say the truth—yet say not he is dead.

Issachar.

The boy of all my brothers you so lov'd,
Who slumber'd in your best affections,
And was the star of all your rare delights,
O'ershadowing me, with all your other sons,—
Your Joseph, whose deserts did win that place,
The highest and most worth to be enjoy'd,
And fill it to your measureless content—
Who did forgive us all our envious guile,
Was blind unto our faults, and rose the higher
In your discerning mind, for that he ask'd
For our forgiveness when you pleas'd to frown—
Even he is surely dead.

Jacob.

You see I'm firm :—
Though somewhat old, yet I can bear a rub.

Simeon.

There is no hope but what he says is true.
Look on this garment spotted with the blood
Of Joseph. We did find it by the way. [JACOB falls.

Levi.

You were too sudden in the showing it.

Issachar.

He only faints. Quick! let us bear him up.

Reuben.

Stand off, I say.—This is a pretty pass—
To bring your father swooning at your feet,
About a murder, too. This is well done.

Issachar.

You shall not shame us, Reuben, though you try.

Reuben.

You're sunk past shame into a deep contempt.
I will not answer thee, thou man of stone.

Judah.

Nay, Reuben, let us raise him from the earth,
And smother not your wisdom in rebukes.

Reuben.

'Tis better as it is. His pulse still beats,
Though with a motion dangerously at ebb :
If you do raise him, you but stop the flow
That his prostration sanctions : therefore, let be.—
What eyes but yours could bear a sight like this,
And not be blasted by the glowing brand
Of physical remorse, that fears to look
Behind, chain'd fast to what it loaths? And yet,
Half devil and half angel as it is—
Or rather angel in a ruin'd house—
I would entreat you all to lose no time,
But entertain the purifying guest

Who teaches us to hate our infamy:
For though its strong hand governeth a whip,
From the right arms of murderers' sinews wrought,
The other tilteth o'er a cup of balm,
That, coolly soothing, floweth through the wounds
As fast as they are struck. The callous slave,
Untouch'd with Heaven's mercy at his crimes,
Is but a counterfeit (no man of flesh),
Having a human impress, being as dead
As the dull earth of which he first was form'd.

Issachar.

When I do know that I have done a thing
Deserving of remorse, I will repent.
Our brother did usurp our privilege,
And practise on our quiet and estate;
And therefore we have put him on one side,
Into that place which he has fairly earn'd.
He marr'd our peace, being but one to twelve:
Wherefore our justice hath been square with him.

Reuben.

See how his eyes do flood with teeming tears,
His grief on nature acting past his sense,
And struck beyond all joy in days to come:
Foredoom'd to groan, and trace his heavy loss
Within the tempting records of the past.—
What can we now but go and dig his grave?
Which in my sense, is charitable far
Beyond a world like this.

Issachar.

I am not bound
To yield in sorrow at this load of woe ;
For it is selfish, and is paid to one
Not more deserving, and of fewer years
Than I and my wrong'd brethren. Were we dead,
A very little portion of this dole
Would fall to waste on us.

Judah.

Peace, Issachar,
And do not wrangle o'er our father thus.
It may be he may never rise again,
For he is sorely wounded at this thing.

Reuben.

Oh ! I did think my sorrow was so huge,
That not a corner was unfill'd by it ;
But, Judah, thou hast touch'd me e'en to tears ;
For the first word of kindness and concern
Has issued from thy lips. If I can e'er
Forget the cause why I should live to hate—
I'll love thee first.—Oh! taste the milk, my friends,
That flows from weeping Mercy's tender breast,
And lay your gall, that you may learn to soothe
The deep disquiet of your father's days.
The reverend image lying at your feet
Weak as a child, and hinting at a grave,
Loveth you more than you can ever think.
Those soiled lips that breathe upon the dust,
Blessing your tranquil sleep, have often laid

Their tenderest kisses on your baby brows :
Those arms, spread out like branches of a tree
Fell'd for its barrenness, have ever strain'd
Your bosoms unto his : that stray'd beard,
White as the robe of pity (goodly sight !),
Gathers obedience from every eye,
And does impart benignity to all;—
While, above all, those reverend hands supine,
Under the smiles of Heaven, have still laid
Their prosperous blessings on your bow'd heads;
Therefore I pray you, even for your love,
Since that we cannot wholly patch his grief,
Yet to attend it with devoted eye,
And minister affection as we may.

Judah.

You us'd no ceremony, Simeon,
And did affright him with the blunt display
Of that bestain'd coat. When he revives,
Use all the gentle language that you can.

Reuben.

See,—he breathes hard, and twitches at his brows ;
A feverish dew upon his temples beads,
And nature struggles into action.—
Now place the cushion gently 'neath his head—
So—raise him tenderly—he doth revive—
Nay, Issachar, no art; we three can do it.
How is it, sir. Look on thy comforters.

Jacob.

My brain is all commotion.—How is this?
Send Joseph to me.

Reuben.

Silence!—Do not speak.
His wits are dash'd a little from their sphere.

Jacob.

A mystery's upon me; but my grief
Openeth a door that letteth in the light.—
Oh! cruel reason, if thou wilt return,
For charity drive memory from thy train!—
What will become of me?—wretched and old!—

Levi.

Be patient, sir, and temper your lament.

Jacob.

Where's Simeon, I say? But now he stood
Waving a bloody banner in his hand,
Fell sign of carnage and of massacre.
Let him stand forth, and once more blast my sight
With the ensanguin'd garment of my boy—
How sad a sight to grieve a father's eye,
Worse than his dying blood from his own veins!—
Can I still see?—Will nothing strike me blind?
A sense so precious surely should not live
After a sight so rude; but since it does,
I'll keep it ever as a weeping cloud,
To wash this garment of its ugly stain,
Until it shall become as white and pure

As mountain snow, or wool imbued in milk.—
Ah ! meagre recompense !—Oh ! sorry shift!—
To fill the monstrous gap in my content.

Simeon.

Be patient, sir.

Jacob.

Sir, I will not be so.

I was all patience when my boy did live,
Was all content, and silence, and repose;
And shall I be the same now he is dead ?
Bless dull monotony, tongue-tie my grief,
And feel no sorrow for my doleful loss,
And smile upon old customs and affairs ?—
Oh ! I do loathe all habits that are pass'd,
All hours, and times, and practices of life;
And do more love the blood upon this cloth,
Than worlds of patience.—What should I do
With a heart so tough ?—

Reuben.

A little think on God.

Jacob.

Why, Reuben, so I do ; but now I know
Man's grief is greater than man's reverence:
Soon I will wipe off this extremity,
And pray forgiveness that I am so rude
To rave upon the treasure I have lost.
Patience sits brooding yonder in the sky;
I cannot reach it with this feeble arm:
Let it descend, oh ! Heaven, on my head,

For it doth burn as it would singe these locks
That count my years of service.

Judah.

Still this Death

Does ever cheat us of our dearer friends:
Or either we must fade into his gloom,
Or tamely see them gather'd up before.
The end of all our days is but to die.
Our life's a blank, oblivion, mystery:
A curious complex action upon time,
Which revelation can alone explain.
Since God and nature do demand so much,
Why let us not rebel in our complaint,
But yield to what in wisdom is decreed.
Had Joseph liv'd to look upon our graves,
That grief were his which now we spend for him,
And still he must have follow'd to the tomb;—
Therefore, by hurrying on so far before,
He loses but so many days of life,
Which at the best is but fantastical,
And doth escape the monstrous sorrow which
Would wait on our decay.

Jacob.

I am so sore,

That every good which tends to comfort me
Doth make me wince and shrink upon the pain,
Like rubs upon the rawness of the flesh.—
Why, what's all this unto my Joseph's face?—
His voice, which I shall never hear again,

That through my ear did steal unto my heart,
And stir it to the object of his speech?—
His sober eye tending to generous smiles,
Where I have seen the figure of my face
Imag'd as in his mother's, even Rachel's—
His youthful virtue and affection?—
His tenderness and yearning unto me?—
I am a father mourning a dear son,—
Oh ! never, never to return again
To bless my sight or soothe my dying hour.—
Mourn ye, also ; for you have lost a youth
Who would have been the honour of your tribe,
And was enthronèd in your father's heart.

Levi.

What can we do to moderate your pain?
The tyrant Sorrow spurns us and our cares,
And still will run his round.

Jacob.

You cannot tell
The kind of sorrow I am doom'd to bear.
No son did ever grieve for a dead sire
As fathers do at losing a lov'd child ;
Their sympathy is youthful, like their age,
And jointly form'd of love and duty mix'd.
Honour, respect, obedience sways their minds,
O'ertrapp'd by filial affection :—
But ours are ungovern'd qualities,
Liberal and unctuous as the dew from heaven ;
As instinct, hope, and fear, and boundless love,

Far-sighted watchfulness, and wakeful care ;
And fearful soundings in this dragon world,
To find them easy footings to their graves ;
And herald thoughts, sent wingèd with desire,
To bustle for their comfort and repose—
This is the service of our dainty love:—
While they grow up in wilfulness and ease,
Not noting all the workings of our hearts ;
Resting like stripling branches on our stem,
Free from the wind, and shelter'd from the storm.
I never heard of any father's son
Who griev'd himself into his father's tomb ;
But well I know, and clearly do I feel,
That a dead son preys on a father's life.
It is a law balanc'd by Nature's hand,
Docile to reason, bred of circumstance.—
Youth, like a jocund wanderer, starteth forth
To take his venturous journey in the world,
And ever as he goes he culls those joys
And pleasures growing in his onward path
(Not dull'd by insipidity and use),
Keeping fast hold upon the clue of hope ;—
The music in the future that he hears
Restrains his backward gaze, where all mischance
Is shook unwelcome from his memory.
But when grave Time showers from his shaking hand
The snow of age, o'ersilvering the crown,
Mingled with notions of eternity,
Then taketh he his stand upon the hill,

Viewing his downward journey, that doth stretch
Into oblivion, through the vale of tombs;
Gathers his mantle o'er his thoughtful brows,
O'er-reading all the way that he has pass'd,
And loves the world (like an old parting friend)
As feeling he must fade from his abode;
And calls the circle of his comforts round,
Counting them over with a jealous eye;
And maketh much of them, and still doth cling
The faster as he steps into his grave,
Hopeful of heaven, yet tenable of earth.
Then think what vivid sorrow I must feel,
Whose strength has fail'd me in the stress of days,
To have my child thus ravish'd from my breast,
Whom I have look'd upon so many years,
Who was my flesh, and did inherit all
The grace there is in me, crown'd with his own.
I thought to leave my image on the earth,
Fairly o'erflourish'd in my goodly boy,
And therein to re-live my date of life,
And teach his fellows that old Jacob still
Was honour'd, by reflection, in the land;—
But he is dead, and I am left to mourn,
And tire on pangèd recollection.—
Ah! do you weep, my boys?—You have good cause.

Fudah.

These words of yours do touch us very near.—
Father, perchance young Joseph is not slain,

But being beset by beasts, did shed his coat,
And is miscarried in some unknown place,
And fled away alive.

Jacob.

Nay, Judah, nay!
Sorrow is all that I have left me now—
Oh! cheat me not of that!—The boy is dead.—
Conviction long hath waited at the gate,
And I was deaf, refusing entrance;
But now that he is master of the house,
Peace glideth in to keep him company.

Judah.

'Tis hard to say what is become of him.

Jacob.

That I can tell, triumphant o'er my woe:
He is a spirit, purified from taint,
Catching a glory from the court of Heaven,
And brighten'd o'er by an angelic light,
Shot from the dread magnificence within.
He tends the threshold of the mighty gate,
Amid a host of wingèd messengers:
Angels adoring catch the whisperings
Of the unearthly and mysterious hymn,
Tending to glorify the name of God,
And sweeping round His throne.—Oh! were I not
His father or his kin, I should rejoice
In his high exaltation. Yet, alas!
I am but flesh, therefore my feeling will

Still war against my judgment and my sense.
Better serve God in Heaven than on earth:—
Yet I do envy Heaven of my boy,
And crave to have him here about my side,
Though he were taken from the blissful sky:—
Carry me in, for I am very weak,
And let there be no noise.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Prologue.

SUDDEN authority in those inur'd
To forcing of offensive offices
On men, in stubbornness and discontent,
Begets a churlish spirit ; like to his
Who tames a bear with hunger and with blows,
Turning its nature to his purposes.
Treatment like this young Joseph did receive
At the Egyptians' mercenary hands ;
Who in their power did indulge themselves
In bitter threats, in grudgings and contempt.
These things do little where the greater are ;
For Joseph was departed from himself
Like one who sleeps and dreameth of events ;
Or with imagination fondleth still
In pain and passion on a former joy :
And as he journey'd still he turn'd his face
Towards bright Canaan and its misty hills :
And as the evening time of folding came,
Of morning prayer and brotherly repast,
His eyes did pierce to heaven thro' his tears ;
And all his features struggled with sharp pain

To wear obedience to the will of God,
And overtop his sorrow in content.
So selfish was he in this heartfelt grief,
And so resolv'd to be obedient
In all mischance that should befall to him
(Seeing he had sought favour at His hand
Who cannot know us without patience),
That he still bore a cheerful countenance
In all his drudgery and offices ;
Turning rough speeches with a gentle look,
 wooing respect by execution ;
And by forbearance and a temperate tongue
Stealing from out the bosoms of these men
The sting of anger and the fang of wrath.
So as their journey did decrease in leagues
Their favour and their love did cleave to him.—
At length they left the forest and the hill,
The wholesome green, and on the barren sands
Crept on their burning way, where man ne'er comes,
Save the marauder sweeping o'er the plain,
Upon a palfrey fleetier than the wind,
Fearful of officers and men at arms—
Like as the ostrich watchful from afar
Measures his flight, and aids him with his wings,
Screaming towards the desert hard pursued,
Urg'd by the horsemen's javelin and bow
Who seek his rolling feathers for their pride :
So flies the bandit, coursèd by his fears,
Bearing large wine-skins from the city gates
To his companions in the wilderness,

Who curse with parchèd lips his long delay ;
With faces freckled black by the fierce sun,
And hands that hunt the lion and the man.
They cleanse their scimitars of stainèd blood
And hang their scalding armour on the boughs,
Midway within a rugged precipice
Browing the raving cataract beneath,
While overhead the grey clouds sail in light
Like drovè camels dreaming in the sun.
Long time their wheels indent the weary miles,
And many signs and landmarks still remain
To cheer their sickening courage and fatigue ;
And oftentimes they scare the wary mule
And gather'd vultures (sign of carrion),
Gorging on what the bear and wolf have left,
Greeting disturbance with a deafening cry ;
While sailing warily to distant strands
They stand and safely watch the slow retreat ;
And where a barren rock doth forkèd rise,
Old eagles perch'd, unwearied of the sun,
With dreamy eyes returning his regard
As tho' his dazzling fire but lull'd their pride :
Meanwhile their eaglets in the gushing spring
Which Providence has wisely planted there,
Mapping its way upon the level sand,
Bathe their young wings. In this immensity
Upon the droughthy sands doth silence dwell—
And wandering winds are lost in loneliness—
Sweeping its level surface without end ;
Like to a drove of wolves who miss the track,

And wind a circle and shoot forth again,
Perplexedly in a maze monotonous
Howling their savage discord at the moon.
The fiery heat doth beat against the ground
In a reflective waste of golden light ;
Nor tree, nor shrub chequers the tedious blank :
Like a dull stain curs'd o'er with barrenness
Sear'd in the angry glances of the sun.—
Anon they come unto the oozy Nile,
Where the sweet wind doth dally with the sedge,
Peopled with insects strange—of gorgeous dyes,
Where the secretive sun conception breeds
Over the ebbèd bottom, that engluts
The fecund grain ; so that pale Fear almost
Possesseth watchful Famine of his being ;——
River of speckled snakes and adders blue,
And thriving birds that forage in the slime
To nourish nestlings on the sandy plain,
Tiring the wing towards the wilderness,—
Of armèd crocodiles, whose scales defy
Sol's penetrative beams, in slothful ease
Slumbering upon the bosom of the stream,
And as a cloud drifts to the tide of air,
So they in shapeful course obey the flood.
The alligator there in rushy mew
Doth snare the supple weasel to his jaws,
Scenting the mangled carrion in his throat.—
The golden snake out-rollèd like a cloud
At sunset, when the umber sand gleams red,
Teases the restless spirit of a hawk

Who hath descended on his craven food,
And with his ardent eye by fear illum'd,
And blacker in its lustre than a swan's,
Charmeth his object with his dazzling gaze,
Fencing his shifts as valour doth contend
With certain fear, seizing his faint regard
Until the victim yields to nature's law :
The valiant prisoner with the yellow spurs
Drops from his prey, is prey'd upon in turn.
And now behold ! the guard come scouring in
With slacken'd bow athwart the shoulder slung,
Cross'd by the taper lance, whose pennon red
Plays like a flickering flame upon the wind.
Three times they note upon the drowsy horn,—
Joyful announce that water is at hand.
The o'erwrought camels by their eagerness
Had long proclaim'd the presence of fresh springs ;
Never more welcome was the cry of land
To mariners bewilder'd on the main.—
And now farewell fatigue and languishment ;
The many gaps that weariness had made
In their long line of march were soon fill'd up,
And silence dull was chang'd to cries of joy.
As the wild hymn to Isis shakes the air
The kneeling camels yield their burdens up,
And scour away a swift instinctive course
To crop the rare and straggling tufts of grass
In the vicinity of water pools.
The tents are pitch'd, the horses are all stak'd,
And the square bales of merchandise up-pil'd,

Show like a circling compact city wall.
Now as a swarm of bees when an eclipse
Surprises them with artificial night,
Come pouring in, wedging the entrance up,
Encumbering all the wax-built avenues
And golden galleries of their citadel,—
So here, oh! wonder, where so late entwined
Young Silence and old Time slept side by side,
On this forlorn and barren wilderness
A populous city on a sudden springs,
Teeming with man and beast all full of life,
Bustle and movement in their enterprise.
Now nature's cravings being satisfied,
Behold Fatigue, so lately scared aloof,
Once more approaching with a stealthy step,
And all, enamour'd of its soft embrace,
Yield to entranced slumber, shadowy dreams,
Fantastic reflex of their wanderings,
Form'd of the vastness of the elements;
Light now becomes more solid, never dark
When blinded by a heavy summer dew,
Barely opaque, and nature's murmurings,
Or rather the mysterious life of night,
Mingling is lost in an oblivious calm.
Thus gentle night into day's mantle glides;
It is no more than if the golden day
Enfolded her within a silver veil,
Or when the diver 'mid the coral rocks
Sees many a fathom through the liquid main.
And now with wakeful and accustom'd eye

The guards, attended by their wary dogs,
Form a wide circle round the encampèd host
To keep their weary watch : and as the hours,
Though to the sleepers but a single link,
To them an endless ever-dragging chain,
Touch close upon the middle of the watch,
The dogs give sign of interruption.
No sound, or near or distant, strikes the ear
Upon the velvet carpet of the sands.
See yonder sombre mass advancing swift !
Is it the fleeting shadow of a cloud,
Or else a compact herd of prowling beasts ?
Perhaps, dire danger on these barren plains,
Banded marauders on their wingèd steeds,
Who, having track'd their victims through the day,
Come now to fall upon them in their sleep,
And fill the air with cries of blood and death.
But suddenly they stop in mid career
As though aware of man's vicinity,
These nightly wanderers in the wilderness,
Seeking from far a change of pasturage ;
The guard whose heart beats fast and audibly
Already hath his horn upon his lips,
And the keen hound, scarce by a gesture stay'd,
Crouches half buried in the indented sand.
All needless caution, for the intruders turn
With rapid flight towards the mountain'd west,
Are sudden lost in dim obscurity.
But though the camp still slumbers undisturb'd,
'Tis not for long this sweet oblivion

For the vex'd guard who rocks him to and fro
On the uncertain balance of his spear,
At odds with sleep, with eyes weigh'd down, subdued,
Whose sense of hearing lingers on the edge
And painful confines of half consciousness,
And blendeth with its fading powers :—a noise
Like a loud whispering hangeth in the air !
As it approaches nearer it becomes
Like the north wind when rushing through the trees,
Thence to a roaring and a hissing sound
As when the storm makes havoc in the sails
And cordage taut of some be-tossèd ship,
In answering discord to the seething waves ;
Now he looks up, behold, in darken'd space,
As a huge dragon stretching many a rood,
The birds of night as blended into one,
In the obscurity themselves have made,
Bent on their measur'd migratory flight,
Wing their slow way across the desert sands,
Aweary of the forage they have left,
Shunning the inhospitable Dead Sea shore,
Where fish nor fowl make willing residence,
Shaping their course with oblique certitude
Towards the ever-teeming fruitful Nile.
And now the advance guard wheels above the camp,
Sweeps a wide circle and descends more near,
With a prolong'd and simultaneous cry,
Gives notice to the myriads who respond
With deafening clamour warping on the air,
Rise higher and hold on their safer course.

The camp is rous'd in wild bewilderment,
All rush in terror madly to their arms,
As sudden fallen on the day of doom.
The morning sees them once more on the march,
And many a weary day and lingering night
Is still betwixt them and their journey's end.
At length they cross and leave the unctuous flood ;
Dreamy Egyptians in the outer field
Scatter the grain in swollen idleness,
And yonder towers and turrets now arise
From parch'd Egypt's city, rude and old.
The Egyptian shouted and to Joseph spake :
' Since I do find you worthy of your hire,
Courteous and willing in your servitude ;
Withal endued with a fair knowledge, far
Beyond your young experience and your years,
I shall dispose you to some officer,
Some man of state and good ability ;
Whereby the comfort of your life to come
Will be increas'd by trust and fair regard,
E'en as you rise in favour with your lord :
And I shall gain a profit better worth
Than were you barter'd at the common mart
For common hire.'—Young Joseph but replied :
' God's will be done.'—But this benign intent
Was thwarted by the malice of the chief
Into whose hands young Joseph fell by lot,
And as if fatally he was decreed
To drain the cup of anguish to the dregs,
Was without mercy driven to the mart

With every mark of barbarous cruelty.
Might it not be design'd by Providence
That Joseph's patience and humility
Should merit the reward and dignities
Reserv'd for his high exaltation ?
To an Egyptian lord of great estate
Nam'd Potiphar, the captain of the guard
Of Pharaoh, king of Egypt—unto him
Was Joseph sold a bondsman to his will.
But Potiphar (a man of gentle blood),
Seeing young Joseph's merit, put him straight
Into some trust, and by degrees increas'd
His favour and regard (following desert).
So Joseph lived in honourable bonds,
The steward of his household and affairs.
Meanwhile his grievèd father mourn'd his loss
As tho' he had been ravish'd from the earth.

SCENE I.—*Potiphar's House.*

POTIPHAR and JOSEPH.

Potiphar.

Wear this gold chain.

Joseph.

You honour me, my lord.

Potiphar.

Young man, my pride is lesser than my truth,
And fair desert should be respected well,
But most of all when native in a slave.

This chain I give thee, not to pay thy worth,
Only to honour it ; for I have found
Since thou hast had mine office in thine hand,
Thy government has brought me more respect,
More honour and renown, than ever yet
Did wait upon mine own ; and hence I know
Thy God is with thee, that thy office thrives,
And I am made partaker of the good ;
Wherefore I love and honour thee as much
As wert thou born my brother. Thy respect
Has been to me as great as ever child's
Was to its sire :—Faith, it is very strange—
It seems man's pleasure is allied to tears,
For my eyes burn to talk upon thy love,
As tho' I did not leave thee here in trust,
But were about to quit thee without date,
Forecasting final separation.

Joseph.

My most just lord !

Potiphar.

I must go hence to-night :
The king doth send me on an embassy ;
Yet I go not while thou remain'st behind ;
Therefore the offices and trusts I leave
Sleep in my ear as things already done.
Use my house freely ; tend my lady's will :
Thou'lt find obedience in my trusty slaves,—
Therefore command thy pleasures. Thou hast earn'd
A fair and honour'd fellowship with me,

Wherein I gain : so fare thee well, and peace
Be ever with thee, guardian of my house. [Exit.

Joseph.

How have I earn'd a happiness like this?
Patience, great God, was all my quality;
Thou hast rewarded me beyond my worth.—
Ah ! 'tis the way of bounteous Providence
With those whose stubbornness doth cede to peace:
And he who bears repeated trials well,
With gentle and rebukeless temperance,
Under the angel's wing doth take his stand;
And for his faith and human fortitude
Meets his reward on earth.—Oh ! patience,
I never will forsake thee, though this joy
Were turn'd into a moan—protect me still. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Potiphar's House.*

Enter PHRAXANOR and JOSEPH.

Phraxanor.

Ha—ha—ha!—

I check in my laughter; dost thou notice it?
Can'st tell me why?

Joseph.

Madam, I have not thought.

Phraxanor.

Wert thou to guess on the left side of me
Thou'dst wake the knowledge.

Joseph.

How so?—I do not see.

Phraxanor.

Because my heart doth grow on the left side.—
A grievèd spirit oft beguiles itself
With laughter and affected idleness ;
But all this while a perilous weight will hang
About the breast, threatening its boasted peace ;
And, like Time's finger on the dial's hand,
Will stop it at the hour.—Ah, me !—alas !
My mirth was of my head, not of my heart,
And mock'd my patience.

Joseph.

I am griev'd at this.

Phraxanor.

Nay, no physician e'er did heal a wound
By grieving at the hurt. Yet a white hand
O'erspreaded by the tendril veins of youth
Hath quieted a lady's gentle side,
And taught her how to smile,

Joseph.

Madam, indeed

A simple thing that's honourably fair
Doth match my understanding and my wit.
A complex riddle I could never learn,
And am amaz'd at your astrologers,
Who fancy they foretel the act of Fate,
By virtue of their gravity and beards,

With pondering eye still searching in a cloud,
With consecrated wand of ebon wood
Still groping for the jewel in the straw.

Phraxanor.

Oh! wise on the wrong side. If you would learn
Strange matters, never choose a woman's tongue;
For I perceive you still do swerve aside
From tutoring of theirs.

Joseph.

Would I could catch
The motive of your words. My duty bids
To answer you becoming my estate.

Phraxanor.

You might be pleas'd to catch it from my eyes—
Do they look anger'd?

Joseph.

Gentle, to a fault.

Phraxanor.

They match my heart, for I have passions, sir;
And did I catch them pregnant with a spleen,
Fiery or tame, or when I would command
Their lustre to be tempting with encouragement,
To any friend that's dear unto my breast,
I'd pluck them out.

Joseph.

Madam?

Phraxanor.

They are fair eyes—
I know they are. For I have often paus'd

At eve of sinking to the silken bath
With maiden admiration at their power
Reflected in the water like twin stars;
Yours bear upon their colour.

Joseph.

Madam, you did
Command me to your presence, and I pray
If you have cause for my attendance here
Yet make it known unto your servant's ear.
I've learn'd of my lord's kindness the respect
Due to your honour'd service, and believe
That though he is far distant from his home,
His heart remains with me and my good trust.

Phraxanor.

Joseph, no more of that !

Joseph.

Madam, alas!

Phraxanor.

Thou dwell'dst in Canaan, said'st thou ?

Joseph.

Madam, I did.

Phraxanor.

What kind of air ?

Joseph.

Warm and congenial.

Phraxanor.

Indeed ?—I've generally heard that men
Are favour'd of the climate where they live.

Bethink thee—surely our hot Egypt has
Swolten thy recollection of the place.
Thou’rt like a man that’s nurtur’d upon ice,
Fed with a spongy snow, and rear’d upon
A mountain’s top where winds do freeze the air.—
Congenial, said’st thou?—There’s no drop that’s warm
Coursing another round those purple veins.—
Here, let me touch thy hand—it is cold—cold—
I’ve Egypt’s sun in mine.

Joseph.

Pure fire indeed.

You do mistake ; my hand is not so cold;
Though I confess I’ve known it warmer far,
For I have struggled against heated blood,
And am proficient in forbearances.

Phraxanor.

Indeed? Are women’s wits, then, merely dust
Blown by a puff of resolution
Into their doting eyes?

Joseph.

Wit is but air—

For dust the queen becomes ; if she be good,
She breaks to gold and diamond dust, past worth,
The proper metal of a perfect star :
If she be not, embalming is no cure.

Phraxanor.

Come, Joseph, how you play upon my words—
Nay leave this wrangling—thy small mouth in sooth

Was made for sweeter talk. Nay, throw aside
This ponderous mask of gravity you wear,
Or give it me, and I will cast it forth
To where my husband governs his affairs;
It will not reach him, nor be recognis'd
More than if he were blind.—Come here, I say—
Come here.

Joseph.

What would you, madam? I attend.

Phraxanor.

Why, put your fingers on my burning brow
That you have stirr'd into this quenchable heat,
And touch the mischief that your eye has made—
Do it, I say, or I will raise the house.—
Why, that is well. Now I will never say
A sudden word to startle thee again,
But use the gentlest breath a woman has.—
Aye, now you may remove your hand—yet stay—
I did not say withdraw it—you mistake :—
You are too jealous of the wondrous toy ;
Leave it with me and I will give you mine ;
I hold it as a bird that I do love
Yet fear to lose.—Fie on that steward's ring—
Now should it slip, 'twill fall into my neck.

Joseph.

My lord did order, ere he left the house,
That certain merchants should be furnish'd forth
Of the king's stores, and of his proper trust :
They do attend me, and I must not let

The keys rust idly at the steward's side.
To honourable service I am bound,
By duteous love unto our honour'd lord;
And this is just; therefore I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Phraxanor.

Scar'd like a timid dove when suddenly
A human face looks in upon its nest!
Now should I be reveng'd of mine own face,
And with my nails dig all this beauty out,
And pit it into honeycombs.—Yet, no:
I will enjoy the air, feed daintily,
Be bountiful in smiles, and grace my charms,
As the blown rose is beautified by leaves,
Which else shows barely 'mongst the barren twigs:
For he who will not stoop him for desire,
Strides o'er that pity which is short of death.
What! to be pitied where I would be lov'd!—
Go to—I rather would be scorn'd outright,
Nor lose myself in looking for my loss.
The spring is full of flowers where to choose;
And independence is the art of love,
As giving no temptation unto power,
Which in the untouch'd heart grows to contempt.
She is a fool who beats her milky breast
To find the pleasure which her lover wears
As careless as the feather in his cap.
This boy is young, honest, and virtuous:
But he is also beautiful to see.
It cannot be that honesty which lives

Like to a beggar—or a miser, more—
Minute by minute weighing of itself,
Should quench the property of youthful blood.—
I'll hang my arms, love's trophies, round his neck;
No premature dull winter in his hand
Will strike the citron from so fair a tree;
Nor will autumnal languishment decaying
Leave me to sicken on so fair a stalk.—
Vaporous desire like a flame delay'd
Creeps with my pulse and babbles of its bounds,
Too mean, too limited a girth for it.
Impatience frets me—yet I will be proud,
And muse upon the conquest ere 'tis won—
For won it shall be.—Oh! dull Potiphar,
To leave thy wife and travel for thy thrift,
While such a spirit tendeth her her wine.
Ho—give me music, there!—play louder—so! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Potiphar's House.*

Enter PHRAXANOR *and* Attendant.

Phraxanor.

Dost thou despise love, then?

Attendant.

Madam, not quite;

A ruby that is pure is better worth
Than one that's flaw'd and streak'd with the light:
So is a heart.

Phraxanor.

A ruby that is flaw'd
Is better worth than one that's sunk a mile
Beneath the dry sand of some desert place:
So is a heart.

Attendant.

Then, madam, you would say
That there is nothing in the world but love.

Phraxanor.

Not quite : but I would say the fiery sun
Doth not o'ershine the galaxy so far ;
Nor doth a torch within a jewell'd mine
Amaze the eye beyond this diamond here,
More than the ruddy offices of love
Do glow before the common steps of life.

Attendant.

It is a knowledge worth the stooping for.

Phraxanor.

The soul's supremacy admits no sex :
I am a woman, and am proud of it.
We are content that man shall take the lead,
Knowing he ever will look back on us
With doting eye, not caring how he steps.
Walking thus blindly, we may guide him so
That he shall turn which way shall please us best:
So we can beckon him where'er we will,
And lead him ever round about his grave,
And in whene'er we list.—
All matters that are greater than ourselves

Do trace their secret graces to our hands.
For glory captains struggle in the fight,
And play against the bulwark of the foe
The o'erbrowng engines in the stubborn siege;
But love doth brace the garland on his head,
Making proud victory sweeter than it is.
What warlike prince did doff his laurel yet
But he did cast it in some fair maid's lap,
Saying, ' My greatness I commit to thee,
Mistress of it, and me, and my proud heart ' ?
He who has won whate'er he still desir'd,
Strewing his path with flowers of sweet success,
Is yet a poor and melancholic man,
Sad as a beggar craving in a porch,
Being denied the woman he does love.
Love doth attach on independency :
Bravery of suits enriching the bright eye,
Sweetness of person, pleasure in discourse,
And all the reasons why men love themselves;
Nay, even high offices, renown and pr ise,
Greatness of name, honour of men's regard,
Power and state and sumptuous array,
Do pay a tribute at the lips of love,
Fetching their freshness and their darling grace
From woman's approbation,—waiting still
Close to her elbow till she please to smile
Upon the cause whereof the man is proud,
And say that it is well : our witchery
Doth claim their rarity, as our prime jest:
Tho' but the footstool of a royal king,
When we betray and trip him to the earth

His crown doth roll beneath us.—Horses have not
Such power to grace their lords or break their necks
As we, for we add passion to our power.
They think us gentle, second unto them,
And blind them to the wheels whereon we work.
Our will is the strong rudder to our bark ;
Our wit, the sails ; beauty, the swelling tide ;
Caprice, the tackle, serving to all winds,—
Tho' light as nothing, yet it tells like truth ;
And constancy, the anchor that's upheav'd,
For ever falling and yet never struck.
Thus do we voyage o'er the fickle world,
Marking our image upon every wave,
Still moving onward to what port we will.
Ay, there it is ! who can control our wills ?
Judgment and knowledge, grey-beard wisdom, are
Devoted straw unto our burning will.—
We will not fear : and if we spy a toy
We'll reach it from the moon, with sudden hand—
Why—what shall stop us in our enterprise ?

Attendant.

Madam, your speech is fire.

Phraxanor.

Doth it burn you ?

Attendant.

I did not think that I had liv'd so long
As I have liv'd.

Phraxanor.

Indeed !—why do you blush ?

Attendant.

Because I never dar'd to trust my thought,
And, lo! it has escap'd.

Phraxanor.

Do you, then, love?

Attendant.

In sooth I ever fear'd to call it love:
I knew a minstrel who had fallen in love,
And, though he sung the more his plaintive notes,
Yet never was he merry any more.

Phraxanor.

A wanton waste of frail mortality
To keep the portal of a sepulchre,
And wet a pleading lute with mellow tears,
And hoop the heart with melancholy strains!
That man does dote upon his very grief;—
The gaudy-colour'd story of his mind,
Imagination, is his bed-fellow;
The past and future being both forgot,
The precious present running all to waste.
There is an ancient fashion in the world,—
E'en sigh and choose again.

Attendant.

This may be well.

Phraxanor.

It is the fivefold custom of the day.

Attendant.

One flower in my bosom were enough,
And I have got one in my memory

I would not part with for a wilderness.
Oh ! it is delicate and lovely too,
Beyond the grossness of this heartless world.
Your pardon, madam, in all your chronicles
I never knew you credit your own sex
For perfect truth.

Phraxanor.

Because it is a fable.

Attendant.

I hope not, madam.

Phraxanor.

Nay, it is a fable :

Give me your arm over these ivory steps,—
I'll sit in my lord's high seat, and prove it so.
Truth is sublime ; the unique excellence ;
The height of wisdom, the supreme of power,
The principle and pivot of the world,
The keystone that sustains the archèd heavens ;
And Time, the fragment of Eternity,
Eternity itself, but fills the scale
In truth's untrembling hand. His votaries
Belong to him entire, not he to them ;
The immolation must be all complete,
And woman still makes reservation.
Our feeling doth resemble the king's coin,
No counterfeit, for it doth bear our weight,
The perfect image, absolute, enthron'd :
Now, the king's coin belongs to many men,
And only by allowance is call'd his :

Just so our feeling stands with circumstance.
Whene'er the king doth give a golden mark,
The addition is the image of himself.
'Tis so with woman's feeling—mark me well ;
'Tis true we have the power to love and hate,
Indulge antipathies and sympathies ;
But power to pierce through thought to absolute truth,—
Man's reasoning imagination,—still
Is compromis'd in our maternal sex ;
Ours is a present, not an abstract power ;
And, with it, so much art, which, in a woman,
Did never fail to make a giant kneel.
If Art and Honesty do run a race,
Which tumbles in the mire ? Ask those who starve.
Love is the purest essence of our souls,
And who can tell how many modest maids
Have paid its tribute in an early tomb,
The martyrs of our proper sacrifice !
Question the practice and I do avouch,
So marr'd is Nature, that this constancy
(The rarest jewel that the world can boast)
Is the fine failing of our weaker sex ;
For men affirm, and I believe it too,
That Truth is greater than the world beside :
Therein we flag, herein our weakness faints :
Meekness and patience, tenderness and love,
These qualities are our inheritance ;
Knowledge and wisdom, love of truth and power,
Are the strong engines in the heart of man.
Our chiefest virtue is our fortitude :

Yet maids who die in love do lack it much,
Showing the world a bauble to their griefs.
Our chiefest power is our stubborn will,
Which we do lack the constancy to check,
Seeing it is our agent and not Truth's,
A giant dwarf, to forage for ourselves.
Therefore, since Truth requires that I should lay
Me prostrate at her foot and worship her,
Rather than wield her sceptre and her power,
I shall be bold to follow mine own way,
And use the world as I find wit and means ;
And as I know of nothing but old age
To bound my will, so nothing will I fear.—
But I waste words : you do not understand.

Attendant.

Madam, assuredly your speech doth sound
Like sense—I cannot tell——

Phraxanor.

Silence, no more.

Suppose you did expect the man you love
To wait on you about this place and time,
What habit and behaviour would you use?

Attendant.

Were I, like you, a lady of estate,
I would adorn my brow with a bright star
Of crusted diamond's lustre—stain'd with gold,
Like to a frosted sunflower, when the morn
Blinks in the east, and plays upon its front.
My hair should bear a tiara of bright gems ;

And all my velvet should be loop'd about
 With colours blending into harmony.
 I would sip water fragranc'd with sweet gum,
 To give my breathing sweetness. Half reclin'd,
 I would receive him with a free discourse
 Which he should lead, wherein I'd acquiesce.

Phraxanor.

Ah, child ! there lies more mischief in a smile
 Than in the king's own house, and all his waste
 Of wreath'd gold and weighty jewelry.—
 Come, help to dress me straight.

Attendant.

What fashion, madam ?

Phraxanor.

The sultry hour well suits occasion;—
 That silk of gossamer like tawny gold—
 Throw it on loosely :—so, 'tis well ; yet stay,—
 See to the neck ; fit thou some tender lace
 About the rim. The precious jewel shown
 But scantily is oft desired most,
 And tender nets scare not the timid bird.
 A little secret is a tempting thing
 Beyond wide truth's confession.—Give me flowers
 That I may hang them in my ample hair ;
 And sprinkle me with lavender and myrrh.
 Zone me around with a broad chain of gold,
 And wreath my arms with pearls.—So—this will do—
 And in good time, for yonder Joseph comes, [*Aside.*
 Which saves me the command to bring him here :
 Give me a cup of wine.

Attendant.

Amber or purple?

Phraxonor.

Amber with the spice of Araby.—
I hear his measur'd yet elastic step
Staidly advance along the corridor,
And from this damask'd alcove unobserv'd
Can contemplate his beauty as he comes.
What thoughtful wisdom in that face of youth,
Blending in sweetness and in harmony;
An eye that beams with gravity and fire,—
Too much of that:—that must be tam'd, subdued
To the great secret,—charm'd to oblivion:—
That marble front a veined tablet fair,
Whereon my lips shall trace my history;
His hair of that rare tint, nor black nor brown,
Of olive amber'd in the sun's bright rays,
That love to linger in its massy folds,
Which o'er his shoulders, like a vexèd wave,
Rolls in disorder'd order, gracefully
Meandering and curling on itself.
Youthful perfection, like a bursting rose,
Glowing into manhood, and yet lingers still
In the proportions fine of moulding power,
Partaking of the flower and the bud.
A living grace, repose in action,
O'erclouds him like an element divine:
A fabled angel waiting for his wings,—
Surely this man's inspir'd!—
In his retiring modesty lies hid

A secret charm of native innocence.
Ah! too much virtue is a naughty crime
That never yet grew old in this grey world.
Oh! for an artist with a subtle hand,
A soul inflam'd, ahunger'd of renown,
To deck my chamber with this undrap'd grace!
Lo! I find nature is a novelty,—
The silken study of a courtier's life,
Fading before this youth's simplicity.

Enter JOSEPH.

Joseph.

Madam, so please——

Phraxanor.

I'll hear thee by and by.
Myrah, depart; yet stay, and first arrange
My sandal, that unseemly doth escape.
Higher still there, where the transparent silk
Tapers towards the ankle. Have a care;
Let me not have to chide this fault again.
[*Exit Attendant.*

Joseph.

Madam, I have a message from my lord.

Phraxanor.

Put that to rest. Give me that golden box,
Tis fill'd with precious spikenard, queen of scents.
[*She spills it on his head.*

Joseph.

Madam, what must I say? My state is low,
Yet you do treat me as you might my lord
When he besought your hand.

Phraxanor.

Must I get up,
And cast myself in thy sustaining arms,
To sink thee to a seat?—Come, sit thou here.
Now I will neighbour thee and tell thee why
I cast that ointment on thee.

Joseph.

I did not

Desire it.

Phraxanor.

You did ask me for it.

Joseph.

Madam!

Phraxanor.

You breath'd upon me as you did advance,
And sweets do love sweets for an offering.
My breath is sweet and subtle, yet I dar'd
Not put my lips half close enough to thine
To render back the favour; so I say
The obligation did demand as much—
Why, what amaze is now upon thy face—
Will nothing please?

Joseph.

Madam, your arm—pray move.

Phraxanor.

You peevish bird—like a sick eagle I
Could fain devour, but may not.

Joseph.

I beseech you,
If you respect your place, or my fair name,
Undo your prisoning arms and let me go.

Phraxanor.

Tremble to fear the woman you might love.

Joseph.

Indeed, I would far sooner honour her.

Phraxanor.

Cold, cold, still cold ; I eye you like to one
That dieth in my arms : beware you chill
Me too : you do a wrong, and herein court
Much danger. I would risk the world for you ;
But blow me cold with your sharp frosty breath,
And these same arms that gird you round about
May turn to bitter chains. We are most dear
In our affections ; in vengeance most resolv'd.

Joseph.

Madam, I have a spirit beyond fear.
God knows the duty that I owe your lord
Would break my heart did I commit this sin.
But madam, hear the reason that I have,
Why my lord's honour dearer is than life.
I do remember me, when first I came

Into this land of Egypt, fugitive,
Forlorn, and wretched, bruised at the heart,
An iron collar round about my neck,
Degrading mark of bitter servitude,
Stall'd in the press of slaves upon the mart,
Brimful of misery unto the crown,
Forlorn, cast out, abandon'd, and bereav'd,
A certain man did look into my face,
As though to penetrate my very soul.
By slow degrees conviction work'd on him,
And through my sufferings he read my heart,
And all his features melted at the sight.
A sacred pity stole into his eyes,
That dwelt on me in gentle tenderness.
Oh ! balm of sweetness, what a holy joy
Pour'd like a flood into my thousand wounds
Of soul and body's sore affliction,
Whereof I languish'd in my pilgrimage !
With his own hands he drew my collar off,
Nor barter'd with the merchant for my price.
He took me to his house, put me in trust,
Justly and wisely kept his eyes on me,
Weighing with care my actions and desert,
And by degrees receiv'd me to his breast,
O'erloaded me with benefits, and chang'd
A chain of iron for a chain of gold,
A wolf-skin kirtle for a purple cloak,
A life of wretchedness for one of peace,
A broken heart to love and tenderness.
This man, so full of human charities,

Had many precious treasures, which he gave
To me in trust, but far above the rest
Was one in which all others were absorb'd,
As in a holy consecrated shrine,
Source of his life, his honour's nourishment,
The loss of which would be a fell decree
Of shame, despair, and infamy, and death.
Madam, this honour'd, honourable man,
Was noble Potiphar, your lord and mine.
Need I add more?—
I pray you let us talk on common things.

Phraxanor.

Neither I am not beautiful, perhaps,—
Set up to be the universal fool.
Why, here's a waste of parti-colour'd words—
High-sounding phrases, empty eloquence.
'My lord ! my lord.' It scenteth of reproach.
Sir, have a care—blood waits on insult, ha!
One way or other I will have your heart.

Joseph.

[*Aside.*

This wondrous creature is of faultless mould,
And grace plays o'er the movement of her limbs,
Her marvellous beauty irresistible,
A double charm, abandons languishment,
In soft repose, hints at oblivion.
In motion her imperious dignity,
At secret hours, might dictate to the king.
A most unscrupulous voluptuousness
Mars Nature in her marvellous qualities;

A fascinating monster, fatal equally
In action or reaction of her love ;
Fair flower of poisonous perfume born to kill.
Never the demon had an agency
Where he had nought to do in work that's done.
Take pity on yourself, on me, on him— [Aloud.
On me, for you would hate me mortally
When once you were awaken'd from this dream,
To see the hideous monster you had made.
So utterly impossible this seems,
That I am prone to think it is a feint
To try my truth and prove my honesty.

Phraxanor.

Ah! 'tis a feint that burns my body up,
And stirs my spirit like a raging sea.
Think you to pay in words?—deeds—deeds!
For I can tell you that you have in hand
One who will have no debts.

Joseph.

It is enough.

'Tis time this hopeless contest had an end.
I have borne this besieging patiently,
Still hoping to arouse your modesty.
Oh! do not force the loathing that lies hid
Within my gall to rush into my face.

Phraxanor.

This is the greatest blessing that you shun.

Joseph.

Or the worst sin.

Phraxanor.

Oh! weigh not with such scales.

Joseph.

Oh! madam, have a care.

Phraxanor.

Listen, or else

I'll set my little foot upon thy neck;—
Thou art like a beautiful and drowsy snake,
Cold, and inanimate, and coil'd around
Upon a bank of rarest sun-blown flowers.
My eye shall be the renovating sun——

Joseph.

Madam, forbear: I'm sick to think on it.

Phraxanor.

You overdo this art, for Nature sure
Never did put disgust upon a lip
So near a woman's: an empoison'd cup
Might curdle all the features of thy face;
But this same blandishment upon my brow
Could never chase the colour from thy cheeks.

Joseph.

Love, being forc'd, so sickeneth the sense,
That dull monotony is nothing to it.—
A pallid appetite is sweeter far
Than shock'd modesty and fierce distaste.

Phraxanor.

You are too dead a weight.

Joseph.

Why, let me go.

Phraxanor.

My arms are faint ; smile thou, they're ribs of steel.

Joseph.

The sun ne'er shinèd in a pitch-black night.

Phraxanor.

Oh! ignorant boy, it is the secret hour
The sun of love doth shine most goodly fair.
Contemptible darkness never yet did dull
The splendour of love's palpitating light.
At love's slight curtains, that are made of sighs,
Though e'er so dark, silence is seen to stand
Like to a flower closèd in the night ;
Or, like a lovely image drooping down
With its fair head aslant and finger rais'd,
And mutely on its shoulder slumbering.
Pulses do sound quick music in Love's ear,
And blended fragrance in his startled breath
Doth hang the hair with drops of magic dew.
All outward thoughts, all common circumstance,
Are buried in the dimple of his smile :
And the great city like a vision sails
From out the closing doors of the hush'd mind.
His heart strikes audibly against his ribs
As a dove's wing doth freak upon a cage,
Forcing the blood athro' the cramped veins
Faster than dolphins do o'ershoot the tide

Cours'd by the yawning shark. Therefore I say
Night-blooming Ceres, and the star-flower sweet,
The honeysuckle, and the eglantine,
And the ring'd vinous tree that yields red wine,
Together with all intertwining flowers,
Are plants most fit to ramble o'er each other,
And form the bower of all-precious Love,
Shrouding the sun with fragrant bloom and leaves
From jealous interception of Love's gaze.—
This is Love's cabin in the light of day—
But oh ! compare it not with the black night,—
Delay thou sun, and give me instant night—
Its soft, mysterious, and secret hours ;
The whitest clouds are pillows to bright stars,
Ah ! therefore shroud thine eyes.

Joseph.

Madam, for shame !—

Phraxanor.

Henceforth, I'll never knit with glossèd bone,
But interlace my fingers among thine,
And ravel them, and interlace again,
So that no work that's done content the eye,
That I may never weary in my work.

Joseph.

Would that my lord were come!

Phraxanor.

Thy hair shall be
The silken trophy of the spirit of Love,
Where I will lap, fair chains, my wreathèd arms.

Joseph.

What's to be done? Madam, give way, I pray you.

Phraxanor.

Beware ! you'll crack my lace.

Joseph.

You will be hurt.

Phraxanor.

Oh ! for some savage strength !

Joseph.

Away ! away !

Phraxanor.

So, you are loose—I pray you kill me—do !

Joseph.

Let me pass out at door.

Phraxanor.

I have a mind

You shall at once walk with those honest limbs
Into your grave.

Joseph.

Are you a lady, madam ?

Phraxanor.

I was so, but I am a dragon now :

My nostrils are stuff'd full of splenetic fire ;

My tongue is turn'd into a furious sting,

With which I'll strike you—Ha ! be sure I will.

Joseph.

Madam, I did desire you no offence.

Phraxanor.

Death and perdition, no!

Joseph.

Your love is lost on me,
And I refus'd your offer; which was wise.

Phraxanor.

Oh! was it so? have you so much scorn left?
Unload it in my lap—let me have all,
That I may hate with cause. Malice is proud,
Nor yields to trifles—nay, despise me more.

Joseph.

I ne'er despis'd the lady of my lord,—
Only her vice.

Phraxanor.

My lord—my lord—canst thou
Not mouth that word distinctly from my lady?
My lord!—He surely shall be paid full home
That honours lords above a lady's love.
Thou hast no lord but me,—I am thy lord:
And thou shalt find it, too—fool that I was
To stoop my stateliness to such a calf
Because he bore about a panther's hide.
That is not blood which fainteth in thy veins,
But only infant milk. Thou minion!
Bought up for drudgery with idle gold,
How dar'st thou look or wink thy traitorous eye,
Much less to think, when I command thy will?
Oh, impudence! to scorn a noble dame!

Were't not that royalty has kiss'd my hand
I'd surely strike thee.

Joseph.

Madam ! be temperate.

Phraxanor.

Who bade thee speak, impudent slave? beware !
I'll have thee whipp'd.—Oh ! I am mad to think
That ever I should bring myself to scorn
For such a stubborn minion as thou art.
Ha !—thou mere shadow—wretched atomy !—
Fill'd full of nothing—making a brave show,
Like to a robe blown with the boastful wind—
Thou worse than ice, for that melts to the sun—
Disgrace to Egypt and her feverish air—
Thou shalt not stay in Egypt.

Joseph.

I grieve at that.

Phraxanor.

I am chang'd. Thou shalt stay here—and since I see
There is no spirit of life in all this show,
Only a cheat unto the sanguine eye,
Thou shalt be given to the leech's hands
To study causes on thy bloodless heart
Why men should be like geese.—A pretty pass
I've brought my dauntless spirit to. These knees,
That ne'er did bend but to pluck suitors up,
And put them out of hope—Oh ! I am mad—
These feet by common accident have trod

On better necks than e'er bow'd to the king;
And must I tie them in a band of list
Before a slave like thee?

Joseph.

Still I look honestly.

Phraxanor.

Thy looks are grievous liars, like my eyes;
They juggled me to think thou wert a man.
If seeming make men thou art one indeed.
Seeming, forsooth! Why, what hadst thou to do,
When thou might'st feast thy lips on my eyelids,
To hang thy head o'er thy left shoulder thus
(Like to a madman doting on a straw
Past the wide wonder of the precious world),
Blinking at Honesty, and so beguil'd
With its full semblance stuff'd with nothing real;
While I, like a congeal'd icicle
Or some dull yew-tree brooding o'er a grave,
Was shunn'd avoidably?—Thou Honesty!
Like the arm'd tooth within the gilded snake,
Making its beauty fear'd and yet admir'd,
For that its poison is of precious use,
Thou that mak'st nothing of a dame like me,
Show me thy proper pet, that when one such
In all her soberness may meet my eye,
I may prepare to burn her with my gaze,
And twit her with my scorn.

Joseph.

Honest women

Are made of tender stuff, and yet too tough
To warp or quail before the eye of vice.
Madam, have you no shame?

Phraxanor.

Nor will not have :
When crownèd with success, shame laughs aloud;
When conquer'd, shame is of itself asham'd.
I am grown childish and inconsequent ; [Aside.
Why, what have I to scan that's critical?
My wounded spirit is benumb'd and bruis'd,
And seeks to lose itself in wandering.
I may be vanquish'd, but never will be weak.
Thou art not form'd to love, but ever to be lov'd.

[Aloud.

Joseph.

[Aside.

This fascinating danger walls me round,
Leaving no door that's open to escape.
She's gone too far for one who ne'er recedes,
And her blind passion, as a torch illum'd,
Will ne'er recoil before explosion.
A single hope remains invisible,
A silken thread to carry all this weight.
Could I allume a virtuous fire in time,
We were all sav'd ! Ah ! feeble enterprise,
Dangerous as hopeless : Eloquence and Truth
Befriend me in this dire extremity !
'Tis true there is a common name call'd love ; [Alou
But love and love is union opposite,
Two flames of different colour and of heat,

One that consumes and one again that charms,
Pure element of continuity.
Fancy's inconstant idol still remains,—
All is not love in sensuality,—
A day's beginning and a month to end.

Phraxanor.

Why, here is heyday logic! 'tis this hour
That I am born; through all my flowery youth
I have been following a miracle,
A solid, consequent, substantial dream;
Ha! ha! forgive me, Joseph, that I laugh;
Thou art the strangest nothing I e'er saw.

Joseph.

As nothing, then, let me be entertain'd,
And leave me to my own oblivion.
Seeing that nothing can commit no sin,
Enough for me my insignificance.

Phraxanor.

I am not curious, yet fain would catch
This light aerial exposition.

Joseph.

And to what end? Alas! it were in vain;
In measure we advance our roads divide,
And only tend to the Antipodes.
Your soul and body own but one idea,
Nor mine: each tendance,—light and darkness dire!

Phraxanor.

Now by all nature I *am* curious.

Lest you suppose me taken in your net
Of phrases form'd of silken gossamer,
I pray you deign to aid my ignorance.

Joseph.

The first great attribute is modesty,
Source of self-government and self-respect :
'Tis ever delicate—in giving all
Seems to give nothing, hence equality ;
Consciousness absorb'd in sympathy
Is ever present abnegation,
And therefore generous in tenderness ;
The fire that burns is intellectual,
So mind and body are combin'd in one—
Altar of constancy, high honour's throne,
Where reigns in confidence its lord elect.
This said, 'tis virtue,—all unsaid is vice,
Be it within or else without the laws ;
The heart is not a gallery to hang
A line of portraits equal fair and false,
A gaudy history of sin and shame.

Phraxanor.

Is there still more of this most precious woof ?
The spinning out would take a summer's day.

Joseph.

Yes, madam, there is more : still a last word
To waste like those that have preceded it,
One supreme thought that you have never had,
One that my courage fails me to divulge
Without your special approbation.

Phraxanor.

Joseph lack courage?—Joseph's courage fail?
I of all beings cannot credit that;
But since you say in doleful verity
I am the source of this fine energy,
Not only I consent, but do command.

Joseph.

Wedlock, altho' abandon'd and forgot,
Still lives in archives and in chronicles;
Word of reproach to all duplicity.
Why marry, being free? Is't that to-morrow
May mock to-day,—that the reputed son
Should shame the sire,—a living lie to all
Posterity,—inheriting the curse,
Dishonouring the line of ancestry?
Passion cosmopolite poisons the eye,
And demons pass for gods,—the vicious,
The vile, the abandon'd, and perchance *the slave!*
Depository of a glorious race,
There breathes not on the earth a nobler man
Than your large-hearted and confiding lord.
Think on your vows! Be constant and be wise!

Phraxanor.

Well, have you ended? Is there nothing more?

Joseph.

Or rather, madam, nothing has been said.

Phraxanor.

Grace! Grace! You grow so dull and tedious

That if it were not for my traitorous eyes
You'd cure me of this passion thro' my ears.
Speak, and be brief.—

Joseph.

There lacks equality :

If, madam, with a virgin heart you woo'd,
Unknowing all in native innocence,
Seeking a virgin heart to correspond,
Tho' somewhat bold, a fascination still
Might breed compassion, sympathy, and love
Wherein a shock'd imagination
Had neither rival nor co-partnership.
Yet you ask all ; and think it much to give
(Enthron'd on your offended dignity)
A yet divided subdivided half,—
A soul beyond a body, if you will,
But rather say a soulless body's zest,—
A self-consuming sacrificing fire
Without an echo to its egotism—
(Still I insist there's no equality)—
A flickering and vacillating flame,
Feeding the summer embers of the blood,
Where spring and autumn are alike unknown,
And winter waits with palsied icy hand,
Eager to gather up the parch'd bones,
And prematurely cast them to a grave
Where gapes eternity!——
I am not the senseless creature you suppose,
But stand upon my honour, and will have
Substance unshadow'd—either all or none.

Phraxanor.

The great magician has laid by his wand,
The circle of his magic art is run.
Would you have my opinion of all this?
'Tis—that we waste our time on idle words.
Oh! I have been a fool to rave about—
I have mistook my passion all this while.
Thou implement of honesty, it is
Not scorn but laughter that is due to thee.
I'll keep thee as an antic, that when dull
Thou may'st kill heavy time.—Look up, thou slave:
A woman's pity lodges by remorse:
I never knew a danger I did fear.
Think'st thou that honesty will save thee now
From ignominious death?

Joseph.

God knows, not I;
I never will be guilty of disgrace;
If it do come, I'll bear it as I've borne
Your burthens; sweat I may,—never complain.

Phraxanor.

Dry as a wild boar's tongue in honesty—
And yet that hath an essence tending to
Its savage growth. Thou shock of beaten corn!
Thou hollow pit, lacking a goodly spring,
Tempting the thirsty soul to come and drink,
Then cheating him with dust and barrenness!
Thou laughable affection of man's form!

Joseph.

Madam, you beat the air ; your sarcasm keen
Preceding your revenge touches me not ;
Your wrath still glances o' the dangerous side,
And hits yourself.

Phraxanor.

Are all these Canaanites
Like you ? ha !

Joseph.

An they were, 'twere no disgrace.

Phraxanor.

I'll prick my arm, and they shall suck the blood,
To make men of them—for a need, I trow.
Ah ! you poor temperate and drowsy drone—
You empty glass—you baulk to eyes, lips, hands—
Ha, ha ! I will command the masons straight
Hew you in stone and set you on the gate,
Hard by the public walk where dames resort ;
Therein you shall fool more admiring eyes
(A plague upon the embers in my throat),
For you fool'd mine, and I like company.
It is the proper stuff whereof you're made,
Your colour and your heat are counterfeit,
Like a stone image, fit to be admir'd,
But rather to be mock'd than to be lov'd—
There shall you stand, the mark of my contempt.

Joseph.

You do me bitter wrong—unlady-like—

A scourgeable, a scarlet-hooded wrong,
When thus you pack my shoulders with your shame.

Phraxanor.

Ha ! have I touch'd thee ? art thou sensible ?
I prythee do not fret, my pretty lute ;
I shall shed tears, sweet music, if thou fret.
Thou shalt be free, like a rare charmèd snake,
To range a woman's secret chamber thro'—
Here, take my mantle, gird it o'er thy loins,
And steep thy somewhat brownèd face in milk :
I have a sister, a young tender thing,
To her I will prefer thee, a she squire,
To brace her garments, and to bleach her back
With sweet of almonds. A dull parrot thou !
Tiring her idle ear, and gaping for
An almond for thy pains. May the huge snake
That worships on the Nile, enring and crush thee !

Joseph.

This may be well, but it affects not me.

Phraxanor.

Oh ! madam, do not fret—madam, I say.

Joseph.

Oh, peace ! you pass all bounds of modesty.

Phraxanor.

Pray write upon thy cap 'This is a man'—
A plague and the pink fever fall on thee !
I am thrown out : thou'st nettled me outright.—

Who knocks there? wait awhile, the door is fast—
Nay, stand thou here! I will not let thee pass.

Enter Attendant.

Attendant.

Madam, the noble Potiphar's return'd.

Joseph.

My business was to tell you of this thing,
But your great passion still o'erflooded it.

Phraxonor.

I'm sick of two extremes, both desperate. [Aside.
Tameness doth lodge in dove-cots in a farm;
Spleen, with wild eagles, in the mountain pines.
I'll purchase nothing of this pale tameness:
I cannot sue again without disgrace.—
Yet I would sooner conquer on my knee
Than yield me with a crown upon my head
To the blank issue of my foil'd desire.
I am unus'd to this weak tenderness,
This soft return where folly mocks itself:
With closèd eyes I laugh myself to scorn,—
Open I dote past life's identity.
My passive blood springs sudden to my heart,
Seeking for Joseph in each burning vein.
Oh! dream personified of waking sleep,
Enchaining charm of body and of mind,
Breaking all bounds, flying to either pole,
Twining for ever in a circling spell,—

Ah ! Joseph, all my fierce disgust lies dead :
At sight of thee I e'er return forlorn.
Oh, tyrant Love, thy tyranny is mine !
Bethink thee friend, be merciful in time, [Aloud.
Nor over cruel to thyself and me ;—
The past shall fade,—memory expire in hope!
The spark still burns of all this mighty fire,
And love possesses me, that I have lov'd.
The setting sun with fiery galaxy
O'erfloods the fulgent west with dying gaze,
And still I yearn to bathe in such a light.
There is a second childhood in departing love,—
No tenderness so keen as that adieu ;
The blood of Joseph ebbeth from my heart !—
My other self, if you will take my hand,
I'll whisper you hereafter.

Joseph.

Madam, no !

Phraxanor.

Oh ! fool, you tie a stone about your neck,
And cross the yawning gulf upon a reed.
Hark ! 'tis the main roars hoarsely underneath.

[A pause. PHRAXANOR kneels to JOSEPH in
apparent supplication.

Joseph.

Madam, for shame ! Rise, I beseech thee, rise!
Kneel to thy husband, and I'll kneel to thee.

[She springs to her feet.

Phraxanor.

By all our altars and their leaping flames,
The searching malice of our angry gods,
But I will be reveng'd upon thee, slave!
Could I have wrung from him a tardy 'yes' [*Aside.*
The echo of my laughter had been heard
Hence to the desert pyramids and back;
For now I loathe him in my inmost soul,—
The flame rejected by this wall of ice
Returns for ever to consume myself,
Withering in my own remorseful fire,
Baffled, besham'd, humiliated, lost;
But I will be reveng'd!——
This is a bitter silence for thee, slave ! [*Aloud.*
My mind is active.

Joseph.

Would your heart were so.

Phraxanor.

My heart, that was so red, is black as night;
I muse on the unfathom'd mystery
Of the profound profoundest of the sea,
A dwelling of eternal solitude,
Confine of life, and realm of mute despair,
A spell ne'er broken, save by monsters dire,
Unknown to man's imagination,
Prowling the desert of this liquid world.
For combat or for prey such prison must
Be found out, or invented cunningly,
The measure of my hatred and revenge.

By what fierce means I'll drive thee to thy grave,
Or shroud thy life to come in misery,
I will not speak ; so the discovery,
Being unsure, will work more bitterly.

Joseph.

Oh ! dangerous woman, where will all this end ?

Phraxanor.

Woman !—Woman to me !—

[She loosens a little dagger at her waist.]

Assuredly I shall lay hands on you—
A common insult in a common name !
Sir, I am Phraxanor, of royal blood,
The beautiful, the courted, the ador'd,
Who, for the first and last time in her life,
Hath vail'd her pride before a slave.—Ha ! Woman !
A word thy blood shall wash away.—He comes !—
An empty urn followeth in his train,
Whereon is writ, in crimson characters,
' Joseph the Canaanite, the slave of slaves,
The vilest of this country and his own.'
He comes ! He comes ! my injuries rejoice !
I turn my back on thee as on the dead.

Enter POTIPHAR and Attendants.

Phraxanor.

—Ah ! give me breath !

Potiphar.

How fares it with my lady ?

Do you rather choose to strike your gentle breast
With violence than press that breast to mine ?

Phraxanor.

You return merrily, my lord.

Potiphar.

Why not ?

I urg'd my horses onward for thy sake.

Phraxanor.

The bird doth whistle over hill and dale,
Leaving its roost for food and exercise,
And joyously it whistles back again ;
But all its mirth is turn'd into a moan
When in its nest the weasel is espied
Sucking its speckled eggs.

Potiphar.

Why, what is this ?

Some witch, or some magician has been here.
Your speech is idle, but your look is fierce.—
How is this ? Steward, is my household sound ?
I will not ask, for never at thy hands
Have I found aught but equal justice yet,
Duty, and due respect. Embrace me, madam.

Phraxanor.

Stand off ! impurity doth 'witch my form,
Which blood must wash away. I'm haunted here
With a loose demon waiting to be chain'd.

Potiphar.

What dost thou say ?

Phraxanor.

Listen. Stand forth, thou slave!—

Thou Hebrew bondman unto Potiphar,
I do forgive thee that thou ap'st the step
Of honesty, for thou hast frugal need
Of all the good belonging to thy soul,
And all the art that thou canst conjure up
To get thine evil drift accredited.

Potiphar.

I hop'd to find a steward of good trust,
A wholesome household of good government,
And a fair wife content and unaggriev'd.
These things I left; but here, alas! I find
Some perilous rottenness instead of peace.

Phraxanor.

Pray give me leave. Bondman, report thyself.
I do believe thy honesty so great
Unto this noble lord, thy master, here,
That of the stream of gold from the king's treasury,
Which thro' thy hands did course to other men's
Around the suburbs and the city mart,
No doit did ever stick unto thy palm
Tending to thy particular behoof;
Nor e'er did gild thy honest fingers more
Than in its passage through them; yea, I think
That thou hast prun'd his interest jealously,
Hast kept his cares still crouching at his feet,
And (rarity of servants) still hast made
His interest thine; and his fair name abroad

Hast dew'd as freshly as if all his shame
Should have been reap'd by thee. Is not this true ?
I do believe it. Speak,—and nothing fear.

Joseph.

This is a little—yet I do not see
Why you should wish to prattle of my good.

Phraxanor.

Right—right.

Joseph.

But since I have no cause to fear
Or any act or accident of mine,
My tongue shall show the record of my heart,
Just as my deeds did only want a name.
When I was brought a stranger to this land
And sold unto the chain of my dear lord,
Out of an honest bosom I besought
That in His mercy God would pity me,
And lift me up a little from the dust ;
Whereat this Master of the universe
Did turn my lord's eye in his servant's face ;
And he was pleas'd, and tied his trust on me,
E'en as a man descending in a pit
Doth brace his rope about the safest tree.
Fair trust begetteth confidence, for men
Do waste the precious treasures of the spring
Still looking onward to the spring to come :
Therefore my lord did hand me these his keys
That never yet had left his proper side,
And soundly slept upon my stewardship.

Nor ever yet hath act of mine arous'd
The peaceful slumber that he hath enjoy'd,
Nor spotted——

Phraxanor.

You grow tedious ; let me
Finish the goodly picture of your work.
Your trust was pure as silver, bright as flame,
Forg'd in your equity, fin'd in your truth,
Stubborn in honesty as stapled iron.
Your charity was wise, like soaking rain
That falleth in a famine on that ground
'That hath the seed lock'd up—so far all honour :
Your love and duty to my lord were like
A mine of gold—but out, alas ! the fault—
You fell in twain like to a rotten plank
When he was tempted in to trust his wealth—
There was no bottom to't, he broke his neck.
—Will *you* praise him, my honour'd lord ?

Potiphar.

Why so ?

Phraxanor.

Because he never must be prais'd again.
A howling dirge for ever in his ears
Buries this praise. Steward, give up thy keys.

Joseph.

Obedience ever was my fault, my lord.
Here I do lay them at your gracious foot:
If I did e'er deserve to lose them thus,

May they fall unto chains and hug me round
Like some vile reptile crushing out my life!

Phraxanor.

I have a mind to haul thee by the hair,
Singular idiot, that cannot fear—
My indignation, that should burn thee up,
Doth fall like fire on water. Tell me, thou slave,
Arise, and front my wrong'd nobility,
Nor slink in wonder on thy craven knees,
In what part of my body canst thou spy
The name impure? wherein do I look false?—
My lord—my lord—the man that you did love
Hath much abus'd me.

Potiphar.

Ha!—if it be so——

Phraxanor.

If!—

When Phraxanor has said there is no if.
Your doubt implied is all excusable,
And bred of his profound hypocrisy.
But hear us out: simplicity and truth
The steward knows command conviction.
Say I would change the vintage for the room,
Still in the passage I did find him there,
Like to a lobbied spaniel that mistakes
Some stranger for his owner; like that dog
He still would wind about my hasty step,
And feign as he would leap into my lap.
Whene'er I chanc'd to air me in the street,

Still was this steward going the same way.
Whene'er I call'd attendance from my slaves,
They were employ'd, and he straight started forth.
The chamber where you sleep he did invade,
But cries and threats yet held him in the slips
And scar'd his purpose from him.—If it be so !
Why on this spot, and at this very time
You take him laying shameful hands on me.

Potiphar.

Wherefore did you not give him to the guard ?

Phraxanor.

Aye, there it is : his art and guile are such
(Being more dangerous because unknown)
That I dar'd trust my honour in no hand
But my dear lord's ; and therefore I bore all
(Tho' somewhat ruffled) patient as I could.

Potiphar.

So honest and so vile? This is most strange.

Phraxanor.

Oh ! not at all—no whit—'tis nothing strange.
The fox doth never steal into the fold
Till he hath forecast all his premises.
The thief that scorns your money and is bent
To crop the blossom of your secret peace,
Comes crown'd with flowers like May, as sweet as June,
And with a mask stolen from the wardrobe of
Fair honesty, and glean'd of other men.
He is the adder both in sight and touch—

Beautiful malice, glistening, deadly wretch.
I will example you : a man so acts
Fair with himself and fairer still to you :
He passes all his offices and trust,
And gleaneth honour in each enterprise.
This may not be all honour in the main ;
Perchance his face is feign'd. He hath some end
Worth all this pains to him in answering.
Grant that a base man may live honestly ;
Wherein detect him, and how find him out ?
Why, when the secret end for which he works
Is laid unguarded 'fore his greedy eyes
He draws him to a point : and, let me ask,
Is not a woman mettle for this trail ?
And does not all this pompous virtue blind
Her lord's keen eye, engaging hers the while
To lodge him in her thought for his behalf ?
Am not I fair ? is not the steward good ?
Pleasing my lord with his fair services ?—
My lord, away ; the steward's goodness curds :
He casts lascivious eyes unto my bed ;
Lays nets about my feet, stuns my sick ears
With protestations and beseechings, urg'd
With oaths enough to undermine a tower ;
As tho' my lord were dead and in his grave,
Or loosely wiv'd.—Oh ! it is very plain.
Marvel not I am so completely learn'd
In all the meanness of this vicious course ;
I have had time to think upon the cause
Who bore the penalties.

Potiphar.

Away, away !

Speak not unto me. Oh! thou shameful boy,
Were it not for the virtue of my wife
Thou hadst wrung my heart in grief, with less remorse
Than vultures draw the entrails of their prey.
Thou most ignoble boy ! lowness, I see,
Be it e'er so cherish'd or exalted, will
Still turn to its own bias.—Wretched knave,
Thou dost abuse sweet nature in thy form ;
Proficient in low craft, not honesty—
Artful deceiver to all good men's eyes—
Bred, none know where, 'mongst wretched villanies,
And nurtur'd by the worst of human kind.
Thy father surely was some ruffian knave——

Joseph.

Cut me to pieces, or imprison me,
I will not say a word to grieve thine ear,
For I do love thee, sir, dear as my life—
But by the holy God who reigns above
I'll not stand tamely by, these arms unbound,
And hear my sire abus'd, for I love him
Dearer than the respect I owe to you.

Phraxanor.

Ah ! a filial virtue added to the rest.
Who was thy father, didst thou ever know ?
Or dost mistake some honest man for him ?

Joseph.

A man who was a herdsman in the vales

Of gentle Canaan, full of woods and streams ;
Who, thro' his industry and honest thrift,
Hath oxen, ploughs, and granaries, and tents,
Cattle, and bondmen, and a goodly flock
Of noble sons who honour his grey head ;
Wherein he feels more happy than a king,
Ruling of love, not power.

Phraxanor.

You were resolv'd,
Howe'er you love perfection in your sire,
To choose a certain and a sudden way
To find disgrace, and end your wretched life
Despis'd, unnoted, wicked, and forlorn.

Joseph.

Madam, pray peace. Oh ! is it not enough
That you do lead me in a silken string,
Like a young heifer to a sacrifice,
But you must goad my willingness along,
Not my delay ?

Phraxanor.

What means the slave ? I trow
This is some cunning trick to wind about.
I do not think that any honest man
Could e'er be sire to one so base as thou.

Joseph.

Still I am patient, tho' you're merciless.
Yet to speak out my mind, I do avouch
There is no city feast, nor city show,

The encampment of the king and soldiery,
Rejoicings, revelries, and victories,
Can equal the remembrance of my home
In visible imagination.

Even as he was I see my father now,
His grave and graceful head's benignity
Musing beyond the confines of this world,
His world within with all its mysteries.
What pompless majesty was in his mien,
An image of integrity creates,
Pattern of nature, in perfection.
Lo! in the morning when we issued forth,
The patriarch surrounded by his sons,
Girt round with looks of sweet obedience,
Each struggling who should honour him the most;
While from the wrinkles deep of many years,
Enfurrow'd smiles, like violets in snow,
Touch'd us with heat and melancholy cold,
Mingling our joy, with sorrow for his age :
There were my brothers, habited in skins ;
Ten goodly men, myself, and a sweet youth
Too young to mix in anything but joy ;
And in his hands each led a milk-white steer,
Hung o'er with roses, garlanded with flowers,
Laden with fragrant panniers of green boughs
Of bays and myrtle interleav'd with herbs,
Wherein was stor'd our country wine and fruit,
And bread with honey sweeten'd, and dried figs,
And pressèd curds, and choicest rarities,
Stores of the cheerless season of the year ;

While at our sides the women of our tribe,
With pitchers on their heads, fill'd to the brim
With wine, and honey, and with smoking milk,
Made proud the black-ey'd heifers with the swell
Of the sweet anthem sung in plenty's praise.
Thus would we journey to the wilderness,
And fixing on some peak that did o'erlook
The spacious plains that lay display'd beneath,
Where we could see our cattle, like to specks
In the warm meads, browsing the juicy grass,
There pitch our tent, and feast, and revel out,—
The minutes flying faster than our feet
That vaulted nimbly to the pipe and voice,
Making fatigue more sweet by appetite.
There stood the graceful Reuben by my sire,
Piping a ditty, ardent as the sun,
And, like him, stealing renovation
Into the darkest corner of the soul,
And filling it with light. There, women group'd,
My sisters and their maids, with ears subdued,
With bosoms panting from the eager dance,
Against each other lean'd; as I have seen
A graceful tuft of lilies of the vale
Oppress'd with rain, upon each other bend,
While freshness has stol'n o'er them. Some way off
My brothers pitch'd the bar, or plough'd for fame,
Each two with their two heifers harness'd fast
Unto the shaft, and labour'd till the sweat
Had crept about them like a sudden thaw.
Anon they tied an eagle to a tree,

And strove at archery; or with a bear
Struggled for strength of limb. These were no slaves—
No villain's sons to rifle passengers.—
The sports being done, the winners claim'd the spoil:
Or hide, or feather, or renown'd bow,
Or spotted cow, or fleet and pamper'd horse.
And then my father bless'd us, and we sang
Our sweet way home again. Oft I have ach'd
In memory of these so precious hours,
And wept upon those keys that were my pride,
And soak'd my pillow thro' the heavy night.
Alas! God willing, I'll be patient yet.

Phraxanor.

This must be seen to, it grows dangerous; [Aside.
The fool will steal away my husband's ears,
And mar my triumph. 'Tis a sweet report:
Thy kin, it seems, did never know of shame [Aloud.
Till thou didst earn it.

Joseph.

Madam, did you speak?

Phraxanor.

Dull minion! yes, I did. Thou hast the blot
Of all thy family: their infamy
Is thy sole portion, and thou bear'st it well.

Joseph.

Vex me no more: I bend unto your wrench;
Pray you rest satisfied.

Phraxanor.

How came it, sir,
Since you have gone so daintily about
That you were sold to our Egyptian whips,
Far from your boasted family and friends?
It argued not their love or deep regard
To covet coin before your company.—
Or were you, peradventure, stolen thence?

Joseph.

Madam, to save a blush, I cannot lie.
My brothers sold me to the Midianites.

Phraxanor.

Go to—whose fault was this; or theirs, or thine?

Joseph.

Both theirs and mine, if I may judge aright.

Phraxanor.

Ha! have I track'd you? Some foul practices,
Some evil, like this gross one of to-day,
Expell'd you forth of their fair company—
You did do vilely.

Joseph.

No, upon my life.
Compassion, not reproof, is all that's due
To me for this mischance.

Phraxanor.

Humph!—I do fear it.

Potiphar.

Ah, Joseph! wherefore hast thou done this thing?
My choler's melted into burning tears
Which rise in sadness from my grievèd heart.
I had no children, and the love I bore
To thee was all paternal, and in spite
Of the unnatural wrong, I cannot wring
From out my bosom all the rooted love,
Lest it should leave a sore and dangerous wound
Too near my heart. What's to become of thee?

Joseph.

No matter, my good lord; but talk not thus,
Or you will break my heart.

Potiphar.

Oh! fie—fie—fie!—

Joseph.

If I did ever wrong thee in an act,
In thought, or in imagination,
May I taste bread never again.—Oh! God!
Try me not thus: my infirmity is love.
I can be dumb and suffer, but must speak
When there's a strife of love between two hearts.

Phraxanor.

Ha! thou still wear'st thy heart upon thy tongue,
And paint'st the raven white with cunning words:
Slave, thou art over-bold, because thou think'st
The grossness of thine outrage seals my lips:
But thou shalt be deceiv'd; behold this chain:

Say, did it fall in twain of its own weight,

Or was it broken by thy violence?

Speak—liar! [*She plucks him by the beard.*]

Joseph.

Madam, try rather at my heart.

Potiphar.

Phraxanor, you forget your dignity.

Phraxanor.

My lord, my indented lips still taste of his.

Myrah, bring water here and wash my hand—

It is offended by this leprous slave.

Passion is privileg'd. Did you but feel

My wrong as it doth rankle in my breast

You'd cleave him to the girdle.

Potiphar.

You shall have

Full justice for the injury, ne'er doubt.—

How durst thou do as thou hast been accus'd?

Phraxanor.

Thou hast denied me: what hast thou to say?

Potiphar.

And couldst thou deal so shamefully by me?

Phraxanor.

Put him to that; aye, let him answer that.

Joseph.

I'm like a simple dove within a net,—

The more I strive, the faster I am bound.
My wit is plain and straight, not crookèd craft;
The sight that reacheth heaven tires in a lane.

Phraxanor.

You will not answer; 'tis the strangest knave
I ever met or heard of in my time:
His impudence downright amazes me.—
Slave! do you know you've given me the lie,
And laid my honour open to be scorn'd?
How long, I pray you, must I wait at hand
Till you will condescend to cast my crimes
And mar my honesty?

Joseph.

The truth is this:
The character my lady hath bestow'd
Is borrow'd of herself and fix'd on me
To feed her disappointment and revenge.
She would have tempted me, but I refus'd
To heap up shame on my so honour'd lord.

Phraxanor.

Ha, ha!—there is your steward, honour'd lord—
His master-piece of wit is shown at last.
Ha, ha!—I pray you now take no offence,
But let him go, and slip your slight revenge.
Now that the man is known I have no fear.
Thus cunning ever spoileth its own batch—
Doth it not, steward? Hold him still in trust—
But for this fault he were a worthy man.
I take my leave, my lord, and shall retire:

You'll find me in my chamber: linger not,
Unless your company should charm your stay,
Which I shall take unkind. Steward, farewell ;
For ever fare you well; and learn this truth—
When women are dispos'd to wish you well
Do not you trespass on their courtesy,
Lest in their deep resentment you lie drown'd,
As now you do in mine. I leave you, sir,
Without a single comfort in the world. [Exit.

Joseph.

God is in heaven, madam! with your leave.

Potiphar.

I have a mind to cut thee all to pieces——

Joseph.

Patience, dear lord ; thou wilt repent my blood.

Potiphar.

Or tear thee limb from limb, and strew thy bones
About the walk where executions are
Done in the city. Hark! sweet mercy's gate
Now jarreth in my breast to shut thee out,
A stranger thence for ever. Thou heldst my heart
In trust, but I am glad to find it is
Mine own again, since thou'dst have broken it.
For thy sake I will never trust to man,
Believe in gentle eyes, or honest brows,
Or years of service. If it please thine ear
(As being thy work of wit perchance it may)
Know thou hast broke my faith with the fair world,

And turn'd my eyes suspiciously upon
Most honest men: and ever from this hour
I do divorce thee, with the rest of men,
From my sore bosom,—looking upon all
As they did watch the moment to betray;
For I did right, yet wrong, in trusting thee.—
Go to thy dungeon, go. [Exit.

Joseph.

Ah! go thy ways.—
The love I bear thee, noble Potiphar,
And loss of thine, doth grieve me far beyond
This woman's witchcraft and my own disgrace.—
Come, put me underground: though not quite dead,
For hope and patience keep me company.
[Exit guarded.


END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*In a Prison.**Enter JOSEPH.**Joseph.*

THERE ever is a good side to be found
Even in a man's bad fortune : for that I,
Who am a prisoner and in disgrace,
Do keep the keys, and am the gaoler here,
Warder to mine own liberty and ease.
Integrity surmounteth accident;
Its grief is pure, and mix'd with charity,
Feeling for others more than for itself.
In this invisible armour men may stand
Within the grasp of danger and of death,
And from the profound bottom of the heart
Cry out content.—My lord's fair lady now,
With eyes as quick to trammel as betray,
Hath set her spell upon some other brow.—
I, guiltless, suffer; she triumphs guiltily:
Therein I am happy, fortunate, and glad.
I am condemn'd unjustly by my lord;
But I, thank God, do know my innocence,

And therein am I happy and content.
I rise with Heaven, although I fall with man.
Like music at a death, there is sweet pain
Within the core of griefs, however sad;
For retrospection is a precious shade,
And God hath taught us there are better things
Than any we can wail. That man rejects,
And casts his fortune in an ignorant grave,
Who thrusts his passion past his patience.
Learn to fear God, love honesty, and thrive—
Oh, there is physic in our injuries!
A crown angelic, mix'd in mortal thorns!
Say that you love some lady in her bloom,
And she hath set her heart another way,—
Still you do love yourself that you did love,
And count your riches by your precious loss;
And though you balm her memory with your tears,
It is a blessing that you still can weep,
And be enamour'd of ripe sufferance.—
Say that some man hath got a noble heart
Tied to the wheel whereon the nation works:
(Such slips there are, and such will ever be)—
And say that wheel doth work a jealous round,
Having no circle for the general good,
But the particular behoof alone
Of power abus'd, of grandeur, and renown;
Why such a ruddy heart must bear the strain,
Living on thought instead of action:
And it is true, that they do never break,
But, spite of pain, continual and severe,



Nourish them proudly, and do hug their griefs,
With wonderful affection to the end.
What sire hath lost his son, or son his sire,
But time hath made his grief a holy joy?
That which we lose, we mourn, but must rejoice
That we have ever had. Wise Providence
Doth star and split our sorrows severally,
So that we may not fall into despair.
If that the son be vicious, it is well
That a vile course hath had a speedy end,—
If virtuous, it is a balm that flows
Athrough the sorrow of the time to come.
I grieve that I have lost my father's house;
But how I joy to weep and think of him!
I grieve to think upon my brothers' sin;
But I do love my brothers past their sin.—
Look up, you men, in poverty and grief:
Weigh your deserts, amend the rottenness,
And all the goodness nourish in the sun:
Look out upon the world, and bow to Heaven,
And take your stand as you did mean to run
A true and prosperous race.—Remorseless men
Are neither fit to live nor fit to die;—
All others are within the pale of hope,
And cheerfulness and honesty will soon
Lead them to love long life, and love themselves
For virtue's sake.—What, ho! there—up—arise!

Enter Chief Butler and Chief Baker.

Chief Butler.

Good morrow, Joseph.

Chief Baker.

Why should we up? why rise?

Joseph.

Because the sun doth through the grating peer,
And on its beams ride hopes of better days.
The eye of God so sphereth round the world,
And penetrates to palaces and cells.

Chief Baker.

And you are merry that you see the sun
Which is shut from you!—Would that my conceits
Were fantasied like yours,—then any straw
Would serve for laughter and encourage hope.

Joseph.

Come—come—you are too dull—churlishly given.

Chief Baker.

Aye—I am given to a dungeon cell,
And, wonderful to you, do not rejoice.

Joseph.

And do you mumble o'er your just deserts?
What would you have? You pass from day to day
In sloth and idleness, which you do love;—
Were you sent forth to grind the public corn,
To split with wedges stubborn-grained wood,

Or task'd to some laborious exercise,
You then would loath that life, and groan for this
As a sweet pleasure and desir'd retreat.—
Oh ! you do bear a poison in your mind
That would not let you rest in Paradise.
Your discontent doth go a tortoise pace
And travels as it sleeps.—For shame—for shame!—
Have you done evil, swervèd from the man ?
And will you sink yourself below the beast,
And howl upon your fitting punishment ?
Pray you conceive a sober, thoughtful life
Is better worth than folly's restless round.
Make of your mind a world wherein to dwell ;
Your independence then is proof and wise ;
And sweet content may mock these rusty keys.—

Chief Baker.

I marvel much that, being a prisoner,
You keep the keys and yet respect the bolts,
The means that lock you from your liberty.

Joseph.

Because mine honesty is greater far
Than love of liberty. Though I were sure
That I should linger here till old and grey,
I would not break my trust or fly my fate.
The first is mean, and robs men of content ;
The last is cowardly, and lacking power.

Chief Baker.

Lend me the keys ; I'd answer thy rebuke
With opposite action.

Joseph.

No, stay here and mend.—

How is it you do look so sad to-day ?

Chief Butler.

I dream'd a dream, and it doth make me sad.
Like to a thistle in the autumn wind,
Each breath that smells of winter makes me shake,
And robs me of some down. That which doth touch
My estate, doth fright it; and this subtle dream
Hath struck me like to news that's suddenly brought
To one condemn'd to die—all hope—all fear—
And yet more fear than hope ; for he more fears
To die, than he did ever love to live :—
So fares it with my hopes of liberty :
I do more fear to stay within this place,
Than I shall love my liberty without.

Joseph.

Tell me thy dream. Great God doth often show
The secret path to good by such small means,
Advancing so His majesty on fate,
That men are masters of their destiny.
A thing like this might save a sinking world.
Whatever matters press against the heart,
Though e'er so little in thy judgment's eye,
Give them a sober ear. No good man's heart
Did ever yet betray him, nor prove false
To its possessor. Cunning, and craft, and guile,
Malice, and thirst of blood, and every ill,
Do emanate from passion and the head—
Passion, that walks the ward 'twixt heart and brain,

Like to a mutinous captain arm'd in wrath.
True hearts do never mix but in things good,
And are benumb'd, insensible, and cold
With any who do practise in foul vice;
Therefore obey its feelings and discuss them:
For human nature hath a curious way
In answering ends divine. Tell me thy dream—
I hope it tendeth to thy better cheer,
For I do love thee well.

Chief Butler.

Joseph, give ear !

Lo ! as I stood upon the barren ground
A vine crept suddenly from out the earth,
And into three fair branches spread itself,
And, climbing up, it did enrobe itself
In leaves and tendrils of the palest green.
And gradually they chequer'd o'er in hue
Of sodden yellow, and the hanging grapes,
That were as small and green as early tares,
Did swell and pulp them to a luscious round,
Lavish in purple richness ; over-bloom'd
With fragrant dust, as blue as plums in June—
And lo ! within my hand there was a cup,
And I did pluck a heavy bunch of grapes,
And forthwith press'd them into Pharaoh's cup—
And gave him, and he drank.

Joseph.

Glory to God !

Lo, you—I will unravel this your dream,
And glad your ears, and renovate your heart:—

The branches of the tree are three full days.
Within that time shall Pharaoh raise thine head,
And thou again shalt fill thy former place,
And hand his cup, and have thy stewardship.
Now when thou standest at great Pharaoh's side
I prythee think on him thou leav'st behind;
Make mention of me unto Pharaoh's ear:
Do not forget our bondage, in that hour;
Seek thou to do me good, and speak me fair,
For truly I am guiltless of the crime
For which I suffer this imprisonment.
A tissue of misfortunes is my life:
Stolen from my father in the Hebrew land
And sold into this country for hard coin,
I have no friend to help me,—only God
To speak to me, or listen to my griefs;
Wherefore that man who works me any good
Doth hate my evil fortune, and I love
Him like a brother.—So remember me.

Chief Baker.

The dream is good, and wisely it is solv'd.—
I too have dream'd my dream: the while I stood,
Three baskets white were balanc'd on my head;
The third being fill'd with meats of every kind,
Even such as Pharaoh's table us'd to bear;
And presently the wild birds did descend
And eat from out thereof.

Joseph.

Thy dream too hath

A mark'd interpretation—heavy doom!
The baskets are three days: in three days' space,
At Pharaoh's high command, thou shalt be hang'd
Upon a tree, where birds shall eat thy flesh.—
Good and bad fortune thus on either side
Teach me some gladness, that I'm not the last:
Leaving me hope that I may win the first—
Between them lies content.

SCENE II.—*Pharaoh's Palace.*

Enter PHARAOH, Officer, Attendants, *and* Guards.

Pharaoh.

These dreams do trouble me past sufferance:
Something most earnestly they do portend;
My spirit is perplex'd, yet dull as lead.—
Tedious anxiety and doubt, I see,
Bear no respect to kings.

Officer.

The magi all, as knowing your desire,
Are working at the scroll, and tracing out
By mysteries and crookèd subtleties
The meaning of this visitation.—
See where they come, but by their faces seem
As if their divination was at fault,
Or find it dangerous.—

Enter Magicians.

Pharaoh.

Now then, unfold
Briefly and plain your knowledge in mine ear;
For I am anxious, nor can brook delay—
Pharaoh commands!

First Magician.

All honour to the king!—
The aid of magic and the course of art
Have run their circle: but we cannot find
Within the mystic letters of our book
An answer to thy dream.

Pharaoh.

Fie on your beards!—
Fie on your gravity and silent lives,
Your figur'd robes, and antic mummary!—
I'll never trust you more.—What is all this?
You tell me 'tis your office to divine,
And, when I put a question of some pith,
Like stammering urchins cry, 'We do not know—
We cannot tell, it is not in the book.'—
Fie on it all! your craft is but abuse,
Or you disgrace it in your ignorance.—

Second Magician.

My lord the king doth judge his servants hardly.

Pharaoh.

Go—go—I do bespeak you very truly.—

What can I do? How shall I know this thing?—
Without the knowledge I shall never rest—
Yet where to gather it? Now, by my sword,
I'd hold that man as dearly as my crown
That could unfold me this perplexity.
I would exalt him, and would make him feel
What generosity a king can pay
To those whose wisdom teach him patience.

Chief Butler.

Pardon thy servant that he speaks unask'd.
I do remember me of heavy faults.
The chief of Pharaoh's bakers and myself
Did grievously offend our lord the king,
And in his justice he imprison'd us:
We each did dream a dream: there was a man,
A Hebrew youth, imprison'd in that ward;
To him we told our dreams, and he did straight
Divine them by interpretation,—
And as he did interpret, so the fact
Did come to pass.

Pharaoh.

Swift! swift! and fetch this man.—

The sweetest honey liveth in the weed;
And boastless wisdom often may be found
Where magic never came. Eager desire
Scorns nicety of means. The invisible winds
Do fly our heavy sails; and this proud pearl
Grew of the dullest fish of all the sea;
Great mountains may be hid within a vale;

And waking men yet stumble upon fate.
A drowning man did never scorn a straw ;
And I, a king, do catch at this small thread.—
Go some, and bid them haste.—Magicians, hear !
You that are like the image by the fount
Where water poureth from the gaping mouth,—
So fluent wisdom should stream forth of yours.—
How is it, being a king, that I have aches ?—
How is it, being a king, that I must die ?—
Since wisdom is your craft, we'll settle first
A simple truth that I have learn'd myself :
No man was ever great in wisdom yet
(For cunning is but as a rotten bridge)
That was not greater in his honesty.

First Magician.

Kings are kings over men :
Nature, a king o'er kings.

Pharaoh.

Oh, mince it not !—
I am in mind to hear the truth to-day.
We are the golden mockeries of our age,
And time doth look on us as other specks,
Filling a common space in stately tombs ;
And as a spirit hovering in the air
Through space doth muse upon our mortal acts
(Who, if the crown be off, knows not the king
From any officer), so future time
Doth look on us, or sees us not at all.
What is the greatest virtue of a king ?

Second Magician.

Justice.

Third Magician.

Mercy.

First Magician.

Humility.

Pharaoh.

The last is best.—

'Tis better governing the hearts of men
Than their sick brains.

Magicians.

My lord bespeaks him wise.

Pharaoh.

No, I have not humility enough.
I had much rather to be fed on quince
Than flatterèd, for I have been betray'd.
Your garments are your traitors, sages hoar:—
How gravity doth cover ignorance!
It were a crime in any meaner man
To think thee fool, because thy seeming's wise;
And yet my dream is scarcely cold, and thou
Canst not unlace it in thy proper craft.
Nay, do not wince, dost thou expect to find
Flatterers in kings? Be wise—and love the truth
Though it should lay thee open to the laugh;

For laughter is but second unto truth.—
Say you,—humility doth take no towers ;
It is the loveliest thing to give to friends,
But tames no dangers or fierce enemies.
How then am I, being a royal king,
Open to knives, besiegings, and attacks,
To wear thy cloak of sweet humility?—
When power confronts it, as it ever will,
It in its own example perisheth.

Magician.

It hath the art, my lord, to love itself
By loving every other thing that's good.
Humility, great king ! hath other names :
Its own is all angelical. On earth
It takes those names that ape the angel still.
In war it is call'd mercy ; and in peace
Its proper self.—In both 'tis a fix'd will, •
A soul of high resolve to put away
All spots which chequer truth. 'Tis pure from passion,
O'erflows of love and sympathy for good,—
Its modesty admits no precedence,
And groweth from the boundless truth within ;
Its justice weeps at its own punishments.
Its power is fortitude ; its will, offence
To every evil gnawing at the world.
It is the greatest virtue in a king,
Therefore, for Egypt's good, encourage it !

Enter JOSEPH.

Pharaoh.

How now?—the man—we'll talk of this again,—
His presence likes me.—Hebrew, I am told
That divination and unfoldings wise,
Spite of thy youth, do wait upon thy tongue.

Joseph.

'Tis not in me: and yet let Pharaoh speak;—
A peaceful answer God will give the king.

Pharaoh.

Lo! as I dream'd, I stood upon a bank :
Out from a river that did wash my feet
There did arise seven kine, all fat of flesh,
And in the meadow straight they took to feed ;
And then behold seven other kine came up,
Unlike the first, wither'd, and lean, and poor,
So wretched, that I never saw the like
In all the land of Egypt till that time.
Behold, the last did swallow up the first ;
Yet no man should have known it, for they still
Were lean and empty, hollow as before.
Then I awoke.—And lo! I dream'd again!
And seven ears did rise up from the ground,
All full of corn, and ripe, and fit to glean ;
And seven others rose up after them,
Husky and poor, and blighted by the wind ;
And those thin ears devour'd up the first,
Yet show'd no signs of fatness. This I told

To sages and magicians ; but none such
Can solve the meaning : if thou canst do so,
Great thy reward at Pharaoh's hand !

Joseph.

Oh king,
The Lord herein shows Pharaoh His intent.
Thy dreams are one.—The seven wholesome kine
Are seven years : the seven wholesome ears
Are seven years : behold the dreams are one.
And the ill-favour'd seven fleshless kine
Are seven years,—the seven blasted ears
Are still the same ; and they shall surely be
Seven years of famine. Lo ! thy dreams are told,
And it will even be as I have said.
And God is willing Pharaoh shall foreknow,
For seven years the fields shall yield forth grain
In such abundance as was never known ;
And after that for seven years the ground,
Sterile and arid, shall not bear a blade ;
And famine shall go out through all the land,
And plenty be forgot ; and grievous want
Hide in the hollow cheeks of famish'd men.
And, for thy dream was doubled unto thee,
God has establish'd it shall shortly be.
Therefore the king shall cull out some wise man
And set him over Egypt at this time,
And cause his officers to follow him ;—
And they shall gather up from out the land
The fifth part of its harvest from this waste

And fruitful produce that will soon ensue.
This shall they do through each of seven years,
And garner it, and hoard it in the sheds ;
And when the seven years of famine come,
Then shall it be as precious as man's life ;
And Egypt's king shall live, and all the land ;
Nor shall they perish in the general want.
This is the truth, oh king !

Pharaoh.

Wisdom I see
Has left our graver beards, and taken covert
In the tongue of youth. Where is a man like this
In whom the spirit supreme speaks audibly?
I promis'd largely to the man who should
Interpret this my dream, and all shall see
I will redeem my word. Hebrew, 'tis strange
Thy wisdom never yet did reach our ears.

Joseph.

Like the sea beast, the huge Leviathan,
Truth often swims at bottom of the world,
While dolphins play above his grainèd back :
So men o'erfigure truth.—The word of God
Worketh its secret way, and needs no help.
Like to a jewel (hid in desert sands),
Of wondrous lustre, as creation old,
That finds its way into a nation's eye—
A matchless excellence of priceless worth—
So precious truth doth jewel the fair world,
Or, buried, sleeps unnoted but of God.

Pharaoh.

Since thou foreknowest all this secret truth
None is so fit or worthy as thyself
To govern in the land. Over my house
Thou shalt be ruler ; as thou seest good.
All men shall bow, and only in the Throne
Will I be greater than thyself. This ring
I strip from mine to grace thine honour'd hand,
In token that all Egypt may behold
How dear is honesty unto the king,—
How precious wisdom !—You do not rejoice
Like one, methinks, so fortunate as you.
I see you do not guess I meditate,
If grief or care have rudely troubled you,
Or that injustice or harsh cruelty
Have meddled with your peace, yourself shall sit,
Judgment pronounce, and punishment award.

Joseph.

Ah. far from me resentment and revenge,
Returning injuries for benefits !
Provided that the king hath confidence
In his poor servant's just integrity,
Or praise or blame is but indifferent.

Pharaoh.

Close to my own apartment see him lodg'd,
In the same palace, under my own eye !

SCENE III.—*Another part of Pharaoh's Palace.**Enter two Officers and Magicians, severally.**First Officer.*

Oh, 'twas a sight ! These sinuous arms of mine
Would never let me 'plaud an idle show ;
And I have never slept a sleep so sound
As after battle with marauders fierce
In hoary wilderness or mountain cave :—
And yet I swear I sooner would peruse
A sight like this, than my own scorèd front,
Its gory honours in the plate of steel
Reflected of a newly vanquish'd foe.

Second Officer.

Ne'er did my eyes take in so brave a sight !—
Cloths of all hues, velvets, and softer silks,
Like argent skirted as the frizèd waves,—
Colours bright-glowing, harness of beaten gold,
And splendid tissue vieing with the sun,
Who, as though vex'd with envy, shot his fire
In ardent scorn, o'er-gilding all the host.

First Magician.

I pray thee, what was this ?

Second Officer.

The walls did groan.
The trees did bear more men than ever fruit.

No dangerous edge, but like a swallow perch'd,
Some rough Egyptian through his straining eyes
(Much like a hungry beggar at a feast)
Suck'd in magnificence.—Plenitude fed desire:
Appetite crav'd past both. No man did know
That was his house, for still it was o'errun
By genéral feet; all vacancies chok'd up.
Three parts o' the city emptied the livers out
And chok'd the fourth. It were an easy thing
For twenty men-at-arms to sack the thirds,
And take the other gazing. Age, youth, brown, fair,
Were heap'd-up spoils to wonder; faces were
Like stampèd coin, huddled in heaps to pay
A tribute to the sight.—There was a buzz
Vexing the passing breeze, much like to that
Whenas a man doth put his wary ear
Close to a hive of bees; and then a shout
That made old soldiers redden as they look'd
Into each other's thoughts.—Oh, it was rare!

Second Magician.

This new-found Joseph's triumph, I suppose.

First Magician.

Such boisterous clamour, and such throngèd joy,
Is violent waste of human action.
The clouds do ever mock the bravest show.
Splendour and glory are but folly cloak'd:
Wonder is ignorance; pomp, bright deceit;
Nightfall extinguisheth the garish show,

And then the man must think. But some there are
Whose mealy brains will sleep upon the fret,
And e'en be dazzled with it for a week,
As though the head were stuff'd with barrèd wheels,
Brightly revolving in contrarious ways.—
I have no patient ear to taste such trash.

First Officer.

A sneap,—a sneap,—carry your inky brow
And cloudy eye to those who love your caves,
Your nightly lamps, your silence, and your scrolls.
This your contempt is foolish, and not wise.
Come, come, I'll go about with you for this—
Your wisdom's like a giant of report,
That may be heard and yet is never seen :
Sometimes for proof you show his heavy club,
His bulky garments, or his sandal old ;
And map the hollow rock where he abides.
Just such an antic game your gravity
Plays off upon the ignorance of men.
Folly's allowance is the stock he owns :
For so much wisdom he accredits you ;
The odds ere ten to one between the two
The man is fool'd. We that are men of life,
Whose blood is purple with the lusty grape,
And purgèd with the scymitars of foes,
Have sharper wits, and travel and observe.
I can perceive some glimpse of wisdom in you,
Yet not so much as you pretend to own ;
Therefore your habit and your craft's a cheat.

Then what a monstrous man are you to rail
Upon this kingly festival to-day,
Because 'tis like your own deceit, and plays
On man's imagination!—I perceive
Your gravity is envious.—Go to—
'Tis not the show you hate,—it is the man,
Whose youthful wisdom and diviner sense
Have pluck'd your mantles up, and shown the hoof.
Why, man, by such a practice as this same,
You bray upon your own absurdity.
He who acknowledgeth a man that's wise,
Is counted wise in the acknowledgment:
He 'scapeth ridicule, and balms his name,
Though he do break his gall. If you will stay
And hear me prate a little on this show,
Then I may think you flatter not yourself:
If not, choke on your prejudice.

First Magician.

Not I.—

I've sometimes heard how kings have been deceiv'd:
Things that are easy said are hard to prove,
And craft can shape event to circumstance,
Though circumstance may shame it in event.
You of the sword oft make a gaudy cloak
Stand for the captain, who at issue fails.

First Officer.

Yea, many a coat is many an officer;
Like a tame leopard that doth lick his pride,

Which is his tawny and bespotted skin,—
Thus men of blood and men of supine thought
Do meet as brother fools when they pretend
To undeservèd knowledge, or to fame.
I do not tell you not to wear your cloak,
For man is faulty in convictions;
But I do tell you not to lay the blame
On others' folly till you purge your own.
And so, great type of wisdom, fare ye well.
[*Exeunt* Magicians.]

Second Officer.

'Faith, you have given his gravity a wrench.

First Officer.

Oh! hang a fellow with a curlèd lip,
Whose imodish form and blank morality
Do med'cine to his spleen and crouching pride!
These magi are a double-dealing race.

Second Officer.

Ha! What twin riders have just pass'd the gate?
Their horses' nimble heels do beat and bound
Fast as a ball that chafes towards the bourne.

First Officer.

This way they scour abreast, as they did think
Lightning was in the wind which they have left.

[*Enter two Egyptians.*

What, Pharaoh's page, and not at court today?

First Egyptian.

Is the scene over?

Second Egyptian.

Has the procession pass'd?

First Officer.

The sun is all the glory of today
That you are like to see. It is all done.

Second Egyptian.

I'm like to one who's dropp'd a precious rose
Which the smooth tide did give me hope to get;
I barely touch it with my fingers' ends
And then it sinks; so time hath hurried on
This goodly show, for which my great desire
Has almost crack'd my breath.

First Egyptian.

Tell us, I pray,
What fortune we have miss'd.

Second Officer.

Why, sir, this much :
Fancy you see all stuck together close
As many people as a dream would hold :
Then, sir, you have a multitude as thick
As flies on luscious honey newly spilt ;
All passive, downward, active at the head—
Behold observers.—In the royal path

Came maidens rob'd in white, enchain'd in flowers,
Sweeping the ground with incense-scented palms :
Then came the sweetest voices of the land,
And cried, ' Bow ye the knee ! '—and then aloud
Clarions and trumpets broke forth in the air :
After a multitude of men-at-arms,
Of priests, of officers, and horsèd chiefs,
Came the benignant Pharaoh, whose great pride
Was buried in his smile. I did but glimpse
His car, for 'twas of burnish'd gold. No eye
Save that of eagles could confront the blaze
That seem'd to burn the air, unless it fell
Either on sapphire or carbuncle huge
That riveted the weight. This car was drawn
By twelve jet horses, being four abreast,
And pied in their own foam. Within the car
Sat Pharaoh, whose bare head was girt around
By a crown of iron ; and his sable hair,
Like strakey as a mane, fell where it would,
And somewhat hid his glossy sun-brent neck
And carcanet of precious sardonyx.
His jewell'd armlets, weighty as a sword,
Clasp'd his brown naked arms—a crimson robe,
Deep edg'd with silver, and with golden thread,
Upon a bear-skin kirtle deeply blush'd,
Whose broad resplendent braid and shield-like clasps
Were boss'd with diamonds large, by rubies fir'd,
Like beauty's eye in rage, or roses white
Lit by the glowing red. Beside him lay
A bunch of popped corn ; and at his feet

A tamèd lion as his footstool crouch'd.
Cas'd o'er in burnish'd plates I, hors'd, did bear
A snow-white eagle on a silver shaft,
From whence great Pharaoh's royal banner stream'd,
An emblem of his might and dignity;
And as the minstrelsy burst clanging forth,
With shouts that broke like thunder from the host,
The royal bird with kindred pride of power
Flew up the measure of his silken cord,
And arch'd his cloud-like wings as he would mount,
And babble of this glory to the sun.
Then follow'd Joseph in a silver car,
Drawn by eight horses, white as evening clouds:
His feet were resting upon Pharaoh's sword;
And on his head a crown of drooping corn
Mock'd that of Ceres in high holiday.
His robes were simple, but were full of grace,
And (out of love and truth I speak him thus)
I never did behold a man less proud,
More dignified or grateful to admire.
His honours nothing teas'd him from himself;
And he but fill'd his fortunes like a man
Who did intend to honour them as much
As they could honour him.

First Egyptian.

Why, this was rare.

Second Officer.

Then came the honour'd elders of the land,
Whose sombre habits answer'd to their age,

Wove of the ancient woof which sibyls love ;—
Their faces as old chronicles were mapp'd
And furrow'd with an age of mystic thought ;
Their snowy hair that mingled with their beards
Flow'd o'er their shadowy forms in many a fold,
Covering their garments like a silvery cloud
At moonlight o'er some darksome sepulchre ;
Following the gorgeousness that went before,
Thus they crept on as night succeeds the day :
In their right hand they bore a charmed wand,
And in their left a dusky scroll o'erwrought
With hieroglyphics and deep mysteries :
Each one was follow'd by his sacred charge,
In silver cradles work'd with lotus flowers,
Wherein were shrin'd with reverential awe
Emblems of Egypt since her antique days
(As on her brazen pillars it is writ)
Coeval with creation's misty age,—
Those venerated old and mystic forms,
Sacred receptacles of Egypt's faith :
Then came devices work'd in various ways
That a fantastic fancy could invent,—
The crocodile and serpents of the Nile
Mail'd doubly in resplendent jewelry,
And chain'd with chains of gold.

First Egyptian.

I've travell'd much and many countries seen,
Frozen and arid, where whole nations swarm'd
E'en as they do to build our monuments,

Witness'd the crowning of most potent kings,
Their advent and their inhumation;
But this in gorgeous taste elaborate
Surpasses all;—more ! more ! I thirst to hear !

Second Officer.

But the chief sight, and far beyond the rest,
Was a vast platform ample as a town,
Wherein by matchless craftsmen had been set
A thousand springs:—and on as many wheels
It rollèd not, but glided undulant,
So that no shock could jar its precious freight,
Drawn by some hundred trainèd elephants
All hous'd in velvet and in cloth of gold,
And on it was bestow'd with wondrous art
Forest and rocky fastness, wood and glen,
Peopled with all that nature could bestow
Of savage beauty, beast or bird or fish.
Behold a mimic Nile appear'd to flow
From end to end, and its inhabitants
By snare or force from out the parent flood,
Monster or reptile, had been gather'd here;—
Their keepers, habited in caney sedge,
Diff'ring but little from their dang'rous charge,
With chain and club still kept a wary eye,—
While on an elevated stand a troop
Of chosen archers with a single aim
Stood ready, with a hundred arrows drawn,
To strike all danger with a sudden death.
Huge serpents wound about the sapling trees,

While others, charm'd, wander'd at liberty,
Or undulating in their graceful folds,
Follow'd a shepherd with his reedy pipe,
Proud of their tam'd and willing servitude,
Mark'd by the jewell'd collar round their necks.
Here plaintive syrens in their crystal caves,
With star-flower crowns and lotus garland tress'd
In their down-flowing and enrobing hair,—
There fabled men and women of the deep,
Deck'd in the secret treasures of the sea.
The mountains had been robb'd, the eagle's home
Rifled, and pillag'd was the vulture's hold.
The supple panther and white elephant,
The hoary lion with his ivory fangs,
The barrèd tiger with his savage eye,
The untam'd zebra, beasts from foreign lands,
Beauteous or rare, were with nice judgment rang'd.
Bowers there were, sweet shrubs and brilliant flowers,
And nymphs, and dance, and festival, and song,—
Then the ten thousand actors in this scene,
In costumes of all hues and qualities,
Each suited to the office that he held.
There was a man, if man he could be call'd,
Who had no age, being neither old nor young,
Chain'd by an iron girdle to a tree ;—
A giant monster, dwarf'd, deform'd, and grim,
Whose muscles seem'd to roll upon his bones,
That never knew an honest covering ;
And through his matted hair his kindling eyes
Loom'd on his destin'd mortal enemy :

The wondrous snowy brilliance of his teeth,
Perfection mocking his deformity,
Gleam'd through the swarthy freckles of his skin,
Bronz'd in a life's defiance to the sun.
On either side an Ethiopian youth,
Perfect in symmetry and supple grace,
With naked skin of satin ebony
Zon'd by a belt of emerald and gold,
Held one an antique ewer fill'd with wine;
The other a huge vermeille-fretted cup,
To serve the giant culprit's privilege,
And feed his courage for the coming fight.
Ferocious as his deed, all criminals
Were spotless in his brute comparison;—
Slave, he had slain his master while asleep,
And had devour'd his heart.
A fasting lion in a rocky den,
Disdaining other than the flesh of man,
And destin'd to devour him in his turn
In the arena when the fight was done,
Was chain'd before him, not so far apart
But that the mingling of their fetid breath
And fiery eyes returning glare for glare
Gave foretaste of defiance, blood for blood;—
Anon the famish'd monster beats the air,
And rearing o'er his prey his hideous roar,
Seems to shake Pharaoh and his mighty host.
Into his native den meanwhile the man,
Equally mad with courage and with wine,
Braves and defies, and with his sinewy arms

Throws forth to grapple with his horny hands,
Emboss'd and rigid in their iron strength,
All arm'd with nails yellow as eagle's claws
Prepar'd to plough his victim to the bone :
He laugh'd a hideous and cavern'd laugh,
As echo'd from some monster of the woods.
Grave soldiers doubted of the victory
The lion or the man.

Then in the midst of all rose high in air
A towering pagoda, on whose top
An ample platform of sweet cedar wood,
Reclin'd a monster frightful to behold,—
A dragon body with a human head.
His eyes were sapphires burning in their orbs,
And all his scales of massive jewelry
So artfully bestow'd that the sun's beams
Play'd on a thousand scintillating rays
Dazzling in their harmonious brilliancy ;
His hair of diamond sparkles threaded lithe ;
His teeth of pearls matchless in shape and size,
Pallid and pure, opaque, of the moon's tint
Seen through a white and soft unveiling cloud ;
His face incongruous ponderous iron-wood,
Marbled with yellow veins of native growth,
Wrinkled and old, and black as ebony,
Carv'd in a torment by fanatic hands,
In form and colour ghastly hideous,—
The man, the brute, the demon mystical ;—
And 'neath his gaping mouth his nether lip
Was pierc'd and drooping with a golden ring

Broad as your palm, besmear'd promiscuously
(Priceless defiance of condemn'd art)
With gems creation-born so primitive
That time, impatient at their latent growth,
Grew fretful and expos'd them to the light,—
Ransom of old from three barbaric kings,
Grand masterpiece indeed, ignoble strife
Of that once brilliant race undeified,
Of fallen angels forfeit of their wings.
Around the potent god a hundred priests
Burnt incense, and with bodies lowly curb'd
Utter'd his name with gravity and awe,
While on each stage a widen'd turret, throng'd
With magi of the temple, sumptuously
Adorn'd in all the splendour of their caste:
Following at intervals the signal given
By the high-priest, as suddenly inspir'd
These beat their gongs, and all the countless host
Turn'd to the beast adoring.—
Great Pharaoh reverently touch'd his front,
While Joseph's sadness struggled with a smile.
Such life and movement ne'er was seen before,
Sieges and single combats, eddy fights,
On mount or plain in swift succession came ;
And the imperial army, foot and horse,
Wag'd mimic war, but somewhat dangerous,
Rous'd by contagious ardour of the scene ;
And many a feud and private enmity
Had this day sanguinary issue found,
Were it not writ in crimson characters

On a gigantic banner snowy-white,
Wav'd ever to the trumpet's warning sound,—
' Mark ! He who sheds a drop of human blood
During this day of plenty and of peace
Shall by the royal archers of the king
Be put to sudden death. Joseph, the lord
And governor of Egypt, thus decrees
Glory and honour to his living God.'

SCENE IV.—*A Meadow.*

Enter JOSEPH attended, and Harvestmen severally.

Joseph.

Now, are the men at labour in the fields?

First Harvestman.

As thick as bees, great sir, and not one drone
Amongst them.

Joseph.

Let them lose no single grain.
Plenty sometimes proves coy, and like a maid
Who fears a waste because too easy won,
Will frown and turn upon your confidence :
Then thriftless prodigals do think on orts,
Envy your beggars, and o'er-beat the straw,
Where struggling grains are jewels.

First Harvestman.

I am come,
Commanded by your steward, to unfold

The issue of our labour. All the west
Of this great city, e'en from bound to bound,
Hath not a shed, or tent, or archèd roof,
Where lay our city stores, but it is gorg'd
Brim-full of weighty grain ; nay, not a crack
Or crevice doth remain of public holds
But it is chok'd with it, and yet men flock
With empty purses and with laden cars
Craving for coin, and sick at plenteousness.
I left some hundreds thronging by the way,
Out of all spirit that your steward paus'd
To purchase more till you had given command.

Joseph.

Go, lade thy asses with two sacks of coin :
Buy all thou canst, and do not 'bate in price,
But pay the equal sum that I have fix'd
For every measure ; and although these men
Will race to rid them of their future bread,
We will not therefore in our better sense
Take mean advantage of their ignorance.—
Besides, their coin must every piece come back
When their need presses.

First Harvestman.

But, my gracious lord,
What can we do with such a waste of corn
Unless we raise a mountain on the ground
And leave the dew and sun our harvestmen
To form a rind, and thus to roof itself ?

Joseph.

Call all the carpenters and builders round,
And over-pay them half their proper hire ;
And all the youth who have the strength to leap,
And all the old men that can touch the ground,
And let these last go out into the fields
And gather stover, rushes, reeds, and fern :
Command the first hew down the sapling oaks,
And bring them to the city, and there build
A granary to reach three thousand feet ;
And let the thatchers thatch it from the rain.
Cram that, and if the land still throws her fraught,
Then raise another.

First Harvestman.

I will see it done.

Joseph.

This officer shall go along with thee.
See that the men who labour in my rule
Are amply paid, according to their work,
At shut of eve. Without a metal spur,
That which I order will be sloven'd o'er.
The eye and appetite thus over-fed,
Will turn the stomach of their gratitude,
And Heaven's bounty will be scorn'd to waste :
A miner's eye is sick of swarthy gold.

First Harvestman.

The bidding of my lord shall be perform'd. [Exit.

Joseph.

The air is never cold, nor burning hot ;
And usual extremity is sunk
In temp'rate days, and nourishing moist nights.
Birds swarm, and flowers blow, as if all things
Yielded to some magician's fantasy ;
Laughter is heard wherever you can turn,
And men are fat as puttocks in a cage,
Fed choicely for the knife.—And such a turn
Would famine fain bestow on us withal—
E'en things of slothful life do feel the change ;
The crocodile hath left her slimy bed
Encradled in the rushes of the Nile,
And makes a journey over marsh and flat
To hide her early eggs. Fierce snakes do quit
The rooted bottoms of the lordly woods,
And prey in meadows. Eagles have been seen
To settle in the city, and the kids
And heifers do break through the pasture bound ;
A general and uncheck'd liberty,
Bred of this sudden change, doth tempt all things
To shun the habits of old circumstance.
Herein man's image too may be espied ;
As when a beggar finds a miser's hoard,
To right and left he scatters it away
Till he is once more brought unto a crutch ;
And men will sleep upon a dangerous ground
Nor dream of yawning earthquake underneath.
Great God doth jerk our judgments oftentimes—

Raises the fear, or punishes the fault—
But out, alas ! once more the cup is full,
And sudden we are drunk. Men, in the mass,
Buy dear experience to throw away.
This lean and frightful famine now at hand
Will shake our city ; some two seasons gone,
And then comes waste, and old abuse, and want.
So the great moral is thus cast away,
And wisdom in the public walk lies dead.
Men will be men, while God is merciful !

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Canaan, Jacob's Tent.*

Enter REUBEN, ASHER, JUDAH, NAPHTALI, and
DAN.

Reuben.

What's to be done ?

Asher.

Lie down and die.

Reuben.

Oft-times

The pregnant harvest at its early birth
Has so o'errun the measure of our need,
That the full bins have musted in the shed
For lack of use. Alas ! our famish'd want
Would fain be friendly with our former waste,
And give God thanks.

Judah.

Alas ! where will this end ?

Two seasons now are past, and we have look'd
With hollow eye upon the fruitless earth;
And look'd in vain; for not a single blade

From all the thousand grains we scatter'd forth,
Comes in the emerald livery of spring
To cheer our anxious and desponding sight.

Enter JACOB and BENJAMIN.

Jacob.

How fare my sons?

Naphtali.

Idly, against our wills.

Jacob.

God's will be done ! It is a grievous thing
For me and thee and all thy brethren here
To feel the lack of bread,—most pitiful.

Naphtali.

Come, and mark out our final resting place,
And make us coffins straight.

Jacob.

Despair is sin.

Naphtali.

It is as well to wrangle with despair,
As sigh to death with hope.—What hope have we ?
The wind doth whistle through our granaries
(Enwomb'd and hollow as a dead man's skull),
Lord of the empty space ; for the small beasts
Desert it as a thriftless tenement.
The paths that led to pastures and to fields

For want of use are over-laid with dust;
Old customs, too, that were our daily work
And daily bread, are bolted from our use
In the hard seasons. Spring doth blow the grain
Back in our faces ere it can be sown,
And autumn yields us ample crops of dust.
All savage things that we do kill for food
Are thrice as savage, being scant of food;
And leanness pays our danger.

Jacob.

Mark, oh Heaven'

Old Jacob's heart is wrung for all his tribe:
A heavy freight, wherein he doth forget
Himself.—Have mercy, then.

Naphtali.

What shall we do?

Judah.

Alas ! I know not; patience is worn out.
The weary months, like to a stubborn brood
Of disobedient children, still do swerve
From nature's docile rule, and mar themselves.
Heaven does not weep to see so sad a spring,
And therefore is she parchèd in her youth,
And summer smoulders like a smother'd fire,
And bakes the crusted earth. Rivers dry up;
The winter is all wind ; moist nourishment

Is suck'd up from the land; and barrenness,
In all its cruelty, mocks at man's need.

Enter SIMEON, LEVI, ZEBULUN, GAD, and ISSACHAR.

Simeon.

We shall be starv'd to death,—

Naphtali.

What further ill?

Zebulun.

Lo you ! we left ten cattle in the mead,
And nine have died of hunger.

Levi.

There is no mead;
But all the place that was a general swamp
Is as though struck by lightning, sing'd and burnt.

Dan.

Mountain or flat, low glen, or peering mound,
Hath cast its mantle for an umber gloom,
And summer's vestige only doth remain
In dying ivy or in holly sere.

Simeon.

Our cattle languish, bellowing for food:
And when they die, we lack the means to live.

Reuben.

Famine is like the demon of despair;
It swallows all the substance it can find,
Then preys on its own arms.

Zebulun.

Creatures of kin
We often see do feed upon their young;
Thus famine eats itself.

Gad.

I turn'd a mouse
From out its nest by chance—stor'd in the hold
With nuts, with acorns, almonds, and with rice :
' Herein (said I) man's lofty pride's pull'd down,
Even by a creature that doth live in straws.
Had all my brothers had but half thy wit
We should be full and frugal, sleek as thou;
Not like the empty lions howling here.'

Reuben.

Yea, man's chief lesson is extremity.
He never knows what precious comfort is
Till it is lost.

Judah.

How weary are our days
That us'd to pass in healthful exercise,
In pleasurable thrift, and sweet repast!
Our nights were like a minute thrown away—
A draught of balm unto a parchèd thirst
Exchang'd for renovation and fresh joy.
Now all our minutes, fledg'd with leaden wings,
Are like to notes struck from a domèd bell
By a vast giant with an iron club.
The time we held as musing vacancy

We find was sweet content; and all in vain
We try to touch the hour with cheerfulness
Which hangs about us like a brooding cloud.

Issachar.

Yea, who shall mend it? What's the best to do?

Jacob.

A general vengeance from the hand of God,
In heavy visitation on the land,
Is spread around : it is a bitter cup!
A little mercy at the bottom still
Was ever left for man's affliction.—
Arise, my sons : I cannot mend your wants,
But I do hear there is a certain man
Of great renown, who rules the far-off land
Where Pharaoh, the Egyptian, reigns as king.
Go, get ye up, and take your mules and sacks,
With money in your palms, and crave of him
To sell you corn, that ye and yours may live,
Nor linger thus in want. Go, every man,
Excepting Benjamin, my youngest boy;
Him I will keep, lest danger by the way
Should be enamour'd of his tender youth,
And rob me of his sight.

Naphtali.

Better we may,—
Much worse we cannot be.

Jacob.

Heaven prosper you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall.*

JOSEPH, *seated on a high seat somewhat apart :*

Officers, Citizens, *and* Attendants.

Joseph.

Time wendeth by us in eventful life
Even as the trees and houses seem to glide
As we pass by them in a rapid car:
But as the wind doth rob the seeded grass,
Lodging it on some mountain out of sight,
So in his passage Time doth steal away
The seeds of old remembrance, and but leaves
The fruitless husk of all our wealth of woe—
Of woe, indeed, for things of joy do die
Upon the action.—Joy is the grave of joy:
And all the past, that was so long a-doing,
Is swallow'd in the minute that's to come.
New hope still smiles to hear old memory,
In long perspective, tell the tale of woe,—
At best, joy touch'd with melancholy pain.
Just so do I forget my father's house,
Filling another place in this great world.
And now my grievèd heart is worn as smooth
As wounds that heal, and leave a tender scar.
Youth is soon trammell'd in new circumstance,
And man at best returneth to himself,
Or e'er his holy grief hath made him feel
Why God afflicts him. There's a precious door,

And through that door a glorious court in heaven,
Where I do hope to see my father's face,
And all our house, and shed no human tears.

Enter Steward.

Steward.

Great lord, the famine rageth in the land,
And the two barren seasons that are gone
Show us no hope, but, if they 'bate in strength,
Recoil with more effect in stubborn wrath.
The men are fain to give you any price
For food by which to live.

Joseph.

Be ye discreet
In distribution: so shall Pharaoh see
He did not choose an idle officer.
Leave nought to chance that wisdom may command.
Oh! love all goodly business for its end;
So shall thy motive ne'er be put to shift,
And thou shalt teach success to wait on thee;
For frugal plenty 'mid this general dearth
Did grow of such wise means, and kills sad want.
According to each separate household's need,
The aged, and the young, so measure forth
Enough to sustain life, and take the coin
They bring; but give no more than need requires.

[Exit Steward.]

*Enter SIMEON, REUBEN, ISSACHAR, DAN, JUDAH,
ZEBULUN, NAPHTALI, LEVI, GAD, and ASHER.*

Joseph.

Strangers ! What men are these ?—not Egypt born—
Great God ! they are my brothers—sure they're come
Driven from valèd tents in search of food.
My blood doth throng for passage to my heart,
And mounts again with an enforcèd flow,
Instinctive to look out upon itself,
Warming its kindred veins!—they are my brothers.

[Aside.

Reuben.

Great ruler, hail !

Joseph.

[Aside.

Ha ! that is Reuben's voice.

Reuben.

Vouchsafe to look upon thy servants' wants.

Judah.

Peace yet awhile—he heeds you not, but is
Steep'd in internal thinking: us he sees
Like one who tries to realize a dream,
Present, yet absent : some great subject has
O'erflooded his deep mind. His thought absorbs
His sight. The ardour of its bent is in
His eye, and beams on us, even as the sun
Looks out upon a lake !—therefore have peace,
Lest you offend the man, and raise his wrath.

Joseph.[*Aside.*

Have I, then, brothers? I have been so long
A shaft o'ershot into a foreign ground
That I have taken root and sprung to leaf,
And bear a foreign blossom on my boughs,
And they are strangers underneath my shade:
Yet they shall pluck of me the rarest fruit.—
The sight of them doth tug upon my heart,
And novel joy subdues my troubled frame.—
What men are these?

[*Aloud.**Reuben.*

From Canaan are we come
To beg my lord will sell us of his grain
That we and ours may live.

Joseph.

Nay—nay—not so.

I see that ye are not Egyptian men.
Spies are ye all, or wherefore do ye come?

Reuben.

We are no spies : thy servants come for corn.

Joseph.[*Aside.*

Ah! now I do remember of my dream—
I dream'd my father and my brethren all
Did bow before me—lo! now, and behold!
All but my father wait on me in fear—
Ah! doth old Israel still draw breath? my father!
My eye doth perfectly deliver him:

Wherefore, I will not ask, for fear the sad
Recording of his death should drive that hence,—
Then of the image and the substance too
I am bereav'd.—Howbeit, God's will be done!—
I say, to pry into the land you come, [Aloud:
As spies, to see its nakedness.—Tell me—
Have you a father?

Fudah.

Ruler in Egypt, yes:
The venerable patriarch still lives:
Thy servants are twelve brethren in the land.—
The youngest with our father sojourneth
Unto this day; and we are those who came
From Canaan to your Egypt to buy corn:
And one is not.

Joseph.

I see that you are spies.
Herein you shall be prov'd:—by Pharaoh's life,
Except your youngest brother come to you,
Hence you shall not depart.—Take them away.—

[*Excunt attended.*

Oh! what a treasure have I found this day,
And what a curious circle have we run!
God, through their hatred, hath made me their lord:
They sold me forth, and now they beg of me.
My heart is still the same, and I will deal
With justice to myself, though not to them.
Yea, we must dwell together, and some way
I must design to pluck them from the vale

Up the high mountain, where I keep my state,
And we will live in dearest fellowship.

SCENE III.—*A Prison.*

SIMEON, REUBEN, ISSACHAR, DAN, JUDAH, ZEBULUN,
NAPHTALI, LEVI, GAD, *and* ASHER.—JOSEPH *un-*
perceived.

Simeon.

Three days we've been in ward.

Issachar.

Were it the best
That we had died of famine in our tents,
Or that we wait upon this danger here ?
I'm much at odds.

Reuben.

We are unfortunate;
Surely some mischief will befall us here !

Dan.

Alas ! how cruel and unjust were we,
Even when we saw the anguish of his soul,
To sell our brother forth to dangerous hands.

Judah.

It was a hateful crime, and I do loathe
Myself whene'er I think on't ; so I will
Bear all mischance that may accrue to me,
As 'twere my just desert for that foul sin.

Levi.

Where'er he is, great God! have eyes on him.

Issachar.

It was an evil thing, and I repent.

Simeon.

So, Issachar, do I.

Reuben.

I told you so—

Would you had listen'd then to my complaint.
Said I not, 'Sin not ye against the child?'
But ye were deaf and stubborn,—would not hear,—
Wherefore behold his blood is on our heads;
For Heaven hath a memory for these things.

Issachar.

Ah! since I have had children of my own
My brother liveth much within my mind.

Judah.

Yea, what a coward it doth make a man!
For he who had the most to do in it
Would think him best if he had had the least.

Joseph.

Oh! let me find some shade wherein to weep,
For all my sorrows seem but as a day.
A little penitence doth quite absorb
An age of suffering—sweet penitence!
That as a holy flame doth burn away
The stubborn cord that ties us to ourselves. [*Exit.*]

Dan.

How mean a man becomes in his own eye
When anguish binds him fast to penitence !
To pity those on whom he trod before
And drove to the same anguish.

Judah.

Yea, 'tis true:

It is the way of men and hunters both.
(For human hunters differ but in this,—
One preys for the hide, the other for man's heart),
To stand and shoot their random shafts abroad:
Sometimes they hit and kill—more often wound,
And the poor maim'd doth languish in its pain:
So do men war on men with words or blows
More merciless than tigers of the cave.—
Ah ! misery to seek our brother's blood !

Re-enter JOSEPH, with Officers, Attendants, &c.

Joseph.

Albeit, men, I do suspect you spies,
Be wise: this do, and live; for I fear God.—
One of you shall be bound and kept in ward,
And you, the rest, shall lade your beasts with corn,
And travel to your home and give them food;
And when you bring your other brother back
I will release the bound, and you shall live.
And by the bringing of the youngest son
You shall be prov'd; for I do fear you much.—
Bind me this man. [SIMEON is bound.

Simeon.

Remember, brethren, that you leave me here.
Unless you bring my brother to this land
My blood will sure be spilt. [Exit.

Reuben.

We shall remember.

Judah.

Thy servants bow them even to the earth,
And beg my lord will deal with them as they
Shall prove to him. [Exeunt.

Joseph.

Come hither, officer :

Bring all their sacks, and give them of the best :
Send them provisions, and supply their wants ;
And each man's money put thou in the mouth
Of each man's sack ; and see them safely forth ;
[Exit Officer.

For it were strange that I, who scarce have found
My dearest kindred, my own proper flesh,
Should deal less proudly with them. Yet awhile,
And they will be return'd, and Jacob soon
(If God be willing), and his goodly tribe,
Enrich my anxious sight.—I long till then. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Jacob's Tent.*

Enter REUBEN, ZEBULUN, DAN, *and* NAPHTALI.

Reuben.

Our food is gone, and what are we to do ?
We may not go to this Egyptian lord
Without our brother; for he surely then
Will deal with us as spies.

Zebulun.

And that I fear
Will scarcely be ; for Jacob did deny,
In wrathful terms, our hardly-urg'd request
When first we did return into the land :
And therefore Simeon has in danger lodg'd
Until this hour.

Enter JACOB, BENJAMIN, JUDAH, *and* LEVI.

Jacob.

I say he shall not go.—
Wherefore bereave me of my children thus ?
Joseph is not, and Simeon is not,
And now ye will take Benjamin away.—
All these things are against me.

Reuben.

If I fail
To bring my brother back to you again,
Slay my two children.

Judah.

Thou sayest unto thy sons,
'Go forth, buy corn ; we famish.'—So we would ;
But that the man did solemnly command
We should not see his face until we brought
Our other brother down.

Dan.

Therefore, we say,
If thou wilt let him go with us, 'tis well ;
If not, we cannot go.

Jacob.

Why did you deal
So hardly with me as to tell the man
That I had yet another son at home ?

Judah.

The man did chide us, saying, 'Ye are spies,'
And often question'd us of our estate.
How could we know that he would say to us,
'Bring me your brother.'

Jacob.

Benjamin is all
That I have left of Rachel's children now.
Joseph is lost for ever from my eyes ;
And if you take this boy, and he should fall
In the way of danger as you go, you bring
My grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave.

Levi.

Brothers, it is decreed we stay and die.

Jacob.

Not so—not so.—Yet what am I to do?—
How was it that each man did find enclos'd
His money in his sack? Is it not strange
To send the money back to those who buy?—
And Simeon, too,—Simeon did go with you,
And he, you say, was made a prisoner.—
It is a dangerous thing : he shall not go !

Zebulun.

Why, then, we cannot go into the land.

Jacob.

Mischief will come if you do take the boy.

Zebulun.

And if we stay, both he and we must starve.

Jacob.

And is it nothing, to lose children thus ?

Naphtali.

One of two evils surely thou must choose ;
Either thyself, thy sons, and all thy tribe,
Must perish here about thy tent for want,
Or thou must send the boy down in our hand,
And we will bring back Simeon, and corn ;
And Benjamin, and all thy tribe shall live ;
And if we had not linger'd o'er this thing,
We had been down into the land, and back.

Judah.

Nay, let my father trust the lad with me ;

I will be bond and surety that he shall
Return to thee. And if I bring him not,
For ever be the blame upon my head,
And let my father shun me.

Jacob.

Take from out
Our scanty stores the dainties of the land,—
Of balm, of myrrh, of spices, and of nuts,
Almonds, and honey : and let every one
Take double money, and therewith the same
That was return'd before into his sack ;
For peradventure 'twas an oversight.
And also take your brother in your hand—
Arise, and go ; and God be merciful,
So that the man may send back Simeon
And Benjamin : for if I am bereav'd
Of all my children, then I am bereav'd !

Judah.

Fear not—
The man will know by this we are no spies,
And will return us Simeon to our hands ;
And, seeing we are better than he thought,
Treat us with courtesy.

Jacob.

Amen—amen !—

[*Exit.*

Enter ISSACHAR.

Fudah.

Ah, Issachar, there is blood upon thy brow !

Issachar.

Blood is more like to bead upon my brow
Than is a tear to tremble in my eye.
Oh ! that this famine were incorporate,
That I might wrestle with him for the fall.

Levi.

Where hast thou been these three hours, Issachar ?

Issachar.

Into the wilderness, o'er vale and mount,
To struggle with the panther for his heart.
Why do you blench, why do you stand at bay,
And tamely let this famine suck your blood ?
Man hath a touch of the great elements,—
In fierce distress he should o'erleap himself,
And ravage like an angel that is chaf'd ;
His spirit, being press'd as ours is now,
Should rage within him like a furnace clos'd :
Become rich fire to quench the wrath of fate,
Firm as the earth, like stubborn as the wind
That roars along the valley in the storm.
Yea, with repulsive power, like that which heaves
The sick Leviathan league after league,
Bruis'd, on the mountain backs of forkèd waves,—
Let us but think our former life hath been

Idle and womanish, and now begin
To play with danger as an exercise
Fitting our manhood, and our labouring breath.
Oh, power and fortitude, I will have food!
Why faint? why die? The eagles and their young,
The lion and the cub, still live as prey.
When not the bosom of the earth hath roots,
The trees bear bark to serve us for a need;
When there is nothing left us but the air
We can but die.

Dan.

There is some comfort yet.
We are to go to Egypt to buy corn,
Which the chief ruler sells.

Issachar.

Yea, anything
Rather than yield to this extremity.
Come to my tent, and browse upon the food.

SCENE V.—*Joseph's House.*

REUBEN, SIMEON, BENJAMIN, LEVI, JUDAH, ISSACHAR,
DAN, ZEBULUN, NAPHTHALI, GAD, and ASHER.

Zebulun.

Why should this lord command us to his house?

Naphthali.

He doth intend some evil unto us:

And for the money found within our sacks
I fear 'tis his design to fall on us
And claim our cattle, and sell us for slaves.

Fudah.

Yonder the steward standeth at the door.
I'll speak with him.

Enter Steward.

Oh, sir ! we are in fear
Lest that my lord be wrathful unto us.
In truth, we came at first to buy us food :
And lo ! it came to pass, that at the inn
We op'd our sacks, and in the mouth of each
We found our money in full weight restor'd.
Lo ! you ; we have it with us in our hands,
And other moneys have we brought besides
To buy us food : indeed we cannot tell
How that our money came into our sacks.

Steward.

Peace be to you ; fear not,—I had your money.

Simeon.

Yet we do fear, seeing that we are brought
Into the ruler's house.

Steward.

My lord did say :
' Go thou, release the man that is in ward, '
And bring him with these others from the hall

Into my house, and slay and make a feast ;
For I intend the men to dine with me.'
And therefore have I brought you.

Fudah.

It is strange !

Steward.

Look you, the ruler comes.

Enter JOSEPH, Attendants, Officers, &c.

Joseph.

So you are come again to buy more corn.
I did repent me that I thought you false,
And when I heard your brother was come down
Releas'd the man from ward.—You are no spies.

Simeon.

Thy servants all bow down unto my lord,
Like unto pines that stoop before the wind.

Fudah.

Our father, seeing that my lord was kind,
Sends this poor present, which we humbly lay
Low at thy foot.

Issachar.

The patriarch Israel,
Whose bulk doth bend beneath a weight of days—
Whose breast retreats, like to a hollow bank,
Inwrought by the long current of his years,—
Yea, even Jacob bids us bow to thee.

Joseph.

Ah! say you so? and is your father well—
The venerable man of whom you spake,—
And is he yet alive?

Judah.

My lord is pleas'd
To think upon his servants past desert :
Our father lives, and is in perfect health.

Joseph.

I have heard speak of Canaan : they say
It is a goodly place, and full of springs ;
That there are tents, and pastures, green retreats,
Wherein you shepherds lead a happy life.

Simeon.

It was, my lord; but famine and long drouth
Have marr'd its virtues.

Joseph.

Has it gone so hardly?

Simeon.

Enough to starve us.—Surely, if my lord
Had not been bountiful and sold us corn,
Old Israel and his sons, and all the tribe,
Had died without their graves.

Joseph.

Yea, this was much.
Yet you all live, you say—and who is this?

Q

Your younger brother that you told me of?
Come hither, boy,—let me peruse thy face.—
Who was thy mother?

Benjamin.

Rachel, my good lord.

My mother died before my memory
Had register'd her face within my mind,
But I have heard that she was beautiful;
And oftentimes my father talks of her
Till the large tears steal down his silver beard;
And oftentimes he mourneth for his son :—
She had another son, my brother, sir:
Somewhat of him I fairly can recall,
And of the doleful sorrow of the time
(My father shakes unto this very day),—
For it was said that he was strangely lost.

Issachar.

You do presume too far upon my lord.

Joseph.

Not much—not much—I can away with it.
Yea, God be merciful to thee, my son !
Methinks I've seen a face like thine before,
And such a voice I know I've often heard
In time of infancy ; therefore, good youth,
Though our estates do differ in some odds,
Our Egypt's custom shall be entertain'd—
I kiss thy cheek—yea, upon either side :
My courtesy is choice, but liberal.

Benjamin.

Oh! it will glad my father much to hear
Of your great kindness to his lovèd son.
Since I am Rachel's child and Joseph's brother,
There was a vast ado to bring me forth:
Old Jacob's heart was almost fit to burst—
But even then he patch'd it with a prayer.
For such, sir, is my father, even Jacob.

Joseph.

Deeply enshrin'd within my memory,
'Midst thoughts of early years, as God doth know,
Lives the remembrance of a man like this:
Therefore I'll love thee for thy father's sake.
The staff of such a man is honourable—
That is, if he be old and grasps a staff.

Benjamin.

My father, sir, is old.

Joseph.

Very infirm?

Benjamin.

Time verily hath eat into his frame,
But he is such a ruin as is cheer'd
By plants and blossoms creeping over it—
And such are his good spirits.

Joseph.

A shrewd youth!
I'd venture much thou hast thy mother's eyes.

Benjamin.

I have been told so, sir.

Joseph.

A blessing on them.—

Go in,—attend and show them to the hall.

Go, you, and sweeten water for their feet, [*Excunt.*

For I intend they shall eat bread with me.

Take of the richest scents of all my house,

And bring the customary bunch of herbs,

Of myrrh, of thyme, of rue, and lavender,

And sprinkle all their garments and their heads,

And give each one to wear it in his breast ;

And in all things observe respect to them.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Go you unto the hall and dress the board.

And he that is the youngest let him have

Five times of all the best beyond the rest.

Let them be set before me, face to face ;

And bring me of the choicest wine I have,

And richest fare.

[*Exit Steward.*

Oh! surely this will prove

Too great a trial! I am almost chok'd

With keeping back my tears.—Oh! great Nature,

I never did expect thou wouldst inflict

So deep a joy as this!—my heart will send

Its perfect feeling welling to my eyes—

The secret is too big for one frail breast!

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in Joseph's House.*

Enter an Officer and Steward severally.

Officer.

Thou art to furnish each man's sack with corn,
And in the mouth of that which is the boy's
Put thou this cup wherefrom my lord doth drink.
Mind that thou know it not: see to it straight,
For they have left the hall and take their leave.

Steward.

Fear not,—it shall be done, and secretly.

Officer.

This being done, and all the men gone forth,
Take thou some servants and go after them,
And speak unto them even in these words:
'Ye Canaanites, turn back unto my lord,
For he is wroth that you do thus return
Evil for good: which man hath got the cup?
Yea, even the cup that was upon the board,
In which my lord divineth and doth drink?
'This cup is taken, and it is with you.'
Then shall the men profess to thee the truth,
And strangely look into each other's face;
And each one, feeling his own honesty,
And for the general safety, will exclaim
'Yea, he that hath it let him even die.'
Then shall they all unlade and thou shalt search,

(Beginning at the eldest) in their sacks.
So in the end it will fall out, the cup
Shall be in the sack of him, the youngest born.
My lord doth say they will not yield him up,
But all of them come back again to him.

Steward.

Yea, this is very strange.

Officer.

No man doth know
The ruler's act until he find the end.
I never heard that he e'er did man wrong;
Therefore his subtlety is wise, not craft.
Have thou a care of this, for such a man
Fails in the practice when his trust is false.

Steward.

I am his steward and shall be diligent,
And love to do the thing that you command.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Hall in Joseph's House.*

JOSEPH, Officer, &c.—*Enter* REUBEN, SIMEON, LEVI,
JUDAH, ISSACHAR, ZEBULUN, DAN, NAPHTALI, GAD,
ASHER, *and* BENJAMIN.

Joseph.

Ah! wherefore has thou done this evil thing?
Wottest thou not that such a man as I

Can easily divine? Was it so well,
After my bounty and my goodness shown,
To fail as you have done?

Judah.

What shall we say?—
What can we speak, my lord? Behold, we kneel.
We are the bondmen of my lord, both we,
And he, the boy, with whom the cup was found.

Joseph.

Nay, God forbid that I should be so hard:
Only the man with whom the cup was found
Shall be my bondman; all the rest arise,
And go in peace unto your father's house.

Judah.

My lord is even bountiful in this;
Yet let your servant speak unto your ear,
Nor raise your anger, for you are indeed
Even as great as Pharaoh in the land.—
My lord did ask of us about our home,
Whether we had a father yet alive,
And of his children; when your servants said,
'Our sire is very old, and hath a son,
The only flower and comfort of his age;
A little one, whose brother is long dead,
And he alone is left of Rachel's sons;—
Wherefore his father loveth him as life.'

Simeon.

We all do love our father, sir, so much,

That we dare not return without the boy,
Lest we should lose him by a broken heart.

Judah.

Then said my lord, 'Bring down the boy to me
That I may set my eyes on him;' whereat
Your servants, stooping low unto you, said,
'The man is old, and he doth love the child,
And if we take him from him he will die;'
And lo! my lord was wroth, and did command
That we should bring the lad, or never dare
Set eyes upon his countenance again.
All this we told our father, and the corn
Was all consum'd before his patience came:
At length, sore press'd by famine and sharp want,
He did commit his life (which is his boy)
Unto our hands, and we did promise him
Never to ask a blessing at his hands
Until our brother should come back again.
And it shall come to pass, when he shall see
The lad is not with us, that he will die;
And we shall bring down our own father's hairs,
Grey as they are, with sorrow to the grave.
Therefore I pray my lord to let me stay,
A bondman to my lord, and let the lad
Go with his brethren forth instead of me;
And so our father shall not die, but live.

Reuben.

My lord will pardon me if I shall ask,
Hath he a father? then with our eyes behold

The awful pain it is to have a hand
In breaching of the comfort of his age ;
Or so to pave the way of circumstance,
That his own sons shall be the instruments
To lay him in his grave before his time.

Fudah.

Therefore be merciful to us, my lord,
And counsel us what is the best to do.
We fear to use our father cruelly.

Joseph.

Cause every one to leave me with these men.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Did you not say you had a brother lost,
Or dead?

Fudah.

Nay, he was lost, my lord. Perchance
He fell in danger, and is dead.

Joseph.

I am

Your brother—lo ! behold !—'tis I am he,—
Joseph, your brother !—And doth Israel live—
Our father, Jacob, the good, wise old man?
I cannot speak, for tears do wash my cheek,
And I have scarcely breath to welcome you.—
You cannot speak, for you are wrapp'd around
In strange confusion of fear, shame, and grief.
You do not know how I do joy once more
To look upon my brothers.—Nay, come near—

Come round about me—surely, I am he
That you did sell unto the Ishmaelite ;
But I am he that will not think of that.
God hath a sure and simple way, my friends,
In causing mortals to enact His will—
Yea, good doth come of evil ; I was sent
Out of my father's bosom to this land,
To cherish life ; and lo ! what hath betid !
Greatness and glory God hath given me :
Therefore grieve not, nor fret upon your act,
For I declare 'twas God who sent me forth.
Reuben and Judah, I am dash'd with joy—
Come, let me lean upon your shoulders.—Come—
Nay, do not weep—now in with me and talk.
I have much comfort for my brothers' ears,
And much to listen to.—Govern your hearts ;
I may not pluck of them, they are too ripe.—
Simeon, or Issachar, bring Benjamin
Along, and follow all about me close. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—*Jacob's Tent.*

Enter JACOB, REUBEN, ISSACHAR, ZEBULUN, JUDAH,
and BENJAMIN.

Jacob.

My mind doth fear to trust to your report,
Like one who newly finds a precious mine,
Which, in the sounding, proveth all a blank ;

And then the man dies, not for what is lost,
But what imagination did possess.
It were a dangerous thing for me, my sons,
To trust to such a blessèd dream as this,
And wake a common man.

Reuben.

Believe it true.

'Haste you,' saith he, 'go up and tell my sire
How God hath made me dear to Pharaoh's heart,
Lord of his house, and ruler in the land.'

Issachar.

And it is even so ; for men do flock
For orders and commands in all affairs,
And those, the highest that attend the king,
Do bow before his face.

Judah.

'Away,' saith he,
'And tell my father to come down to me'—
And here his voice did tremble in his throat,
And the large tears, which beam'd within the spheres
Of Rachel's eyes, colour'd and sweet like hers,
Were held by hope, and urgèd by desire,
Till, 'twixt the names of brethren and of father,
They shot their beds and fell upon my hand.

Reuben.

'Here shall ye live,' saith he, 'both ye and yours,
Your cattle and your herds ; for there are yet
To be five years of famine in the land,

Nor earing neither harvest shall be known.—
Go, tell my father of my glory here
In the Egyptian land, and what you see ;
And tarry not, but bring him hither straight,
That I may see my sire.'

Benjamin.

And then he wept
In such an agony upon my neck,
Almost to swooning ; kiss'd me on each cheek,
And these my brethren all, and sobb'd so loud
My heart ach'd at this music of sweet peace.

Zebulun.

All Pharaoh's house marvell'd at his distress ;
And when the king was told we were his kin,
He did command that we should lade our beasts,
And come to Canaan, and bring thee forth,
And ours, and all our household ; and he said,
' Regard not of your stuff ; for all the best
Of Egypt, yea, the fat of all the land
Is yours.'

Fudah.

And unto each of us he gave
Changes of raiment ; and to Benjamin,
Three hundred pieces and five changes more.

Issachar.

And even now there come upon the way
Ten asses, laden choicely for thy need.
And yonder thou canst see the waggons sent
To carry us and ours into the land.

Jacob.

Oh, God ! I find that Thou art ever just.
Let no man grieve again, but be resign'd ;
That which we see as ill,—God proveth good.

Enter SIMEON, DAN, NAPHTHAI, LEVI, GAD, *and*
ASHER.

Simeon.

Lo ! here are all the waggons and the food.

Jacob.

All that is nought ! Joseph, my son, doth live !
I will go down and see him ere I die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*A Field at Beersheba.*

JACOB *asleep, amidst great splendour.* *A Voice speaketh*
from above. *The wind dies away.*

Hear, Jacob !—I am He !—Thy father's God !
To go down into Egypt, fear thou not ;
For I will there make of thee a great nation.
Lo ! into Egypt will I go with thee ;
And I will surely bring thee up again :
Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes.

JACOB *riseth, and boweth down.*

Jacob.

Yea, I am confident and much rejoic'd.
I am not worthy of Thy grace, O God !
Who would not be a servant of the Lord's,

Who loveth men when they are grey and old?
And cheereth the sad heart, and pours His voice
Into our human ears? Spirit of God,
Who seest the evil things of Jacob's days
And art not wroth therewith, behold he bows,
Feeling the weight of so much goodness fall
All suddenly upon his aged head.
God's love's a tree of grace that never dies;
All men may pluck thereof, whose sight is clear
To look to heaven, His bright pavilion:—
It nourisheth the soul, and the red heart.—
Since God hath said it, surely I shall see
My goodly Joseph favour'd in His sight;
And from the tribe of Jacob shall arise
A famous nation, favour'd of the Lord.

Enter BENJAMIN.

Benjamin.

What, ho! father, arise—the morning breaks,
And all our tribe are eager to depart.

Jacob.

How fares my boy? is it the morning yet?
For darkness was but now upon the earth.

Benjamin.

The moon retir'd in black embattled clouds,
And 'twixt her passing and the morning's light
There was a sable pause. The birds are up,
And in the woodland, skirting 'round our tents,

With rich and mellow notes sing forth the morn,
As handmaids do, that bring the maid abroad
Early, before the splendour of the day
Shall see her wedded to some graceful youth.—
How did my father sleep?

Jacob.

Well—very well.—

The air is free and cool, and it bids fair
To be a cheerful day.

Benjamin.

The sun did sink
Amidst a gentle breeze, behind yon line
Of umber mountains, crowning their rude heads
With showers of light, of a mild roseate hue;
Not angry-hot, chequer'd with partial gloom,
As when in wrathful muteness he retires,
Foreboding suddenly of wind and storm.—
See, in transparent vapour veil'd he rises,
Shifting the huge grey clouds from out his path,—
Just as a giant, 'merging from a cave,
Rolleth the rocky barriers from his hold.
He burneth his own incense, for that mist
Is gather'd from the eastern mountain's brow,
Where it hath laid in drops of early dew,
Nurs'd in the fragrant laps of swathèd flowers:
Of such sweet moisture doth he make his bath.
What a fine Spirit is our father's God,
Who moulded all this subtle beauty forth!

Jacob.

Ah! ponder well on that, my Benjamin:
Thou'lt find the doer greater than the deed.

Benjamin.

Now he doth look like me, both young and strong:
But ere he sinks he will be like to thee,
Fading, my father, as we all must do.
Behold him rise again more fresh and bright,—
Not like a golden garment, that doth fret
From its frail brightness, being worn too oft—
Therein he is so high above our heads.
It is long since a morning like to this
Has cheer'd our drooping hopes; nor can it last;
For Joseph says, five years of famine yet
Will linger o'er the land.

Jacob.

Yea, God is good.

Benjamin.

Yet why should God put us to want and pain,
Seeing we can but moan, nor help ourselves?

Jacob.

A little evil doth instruct much good.
The mind of man is stubborn to control,
And must be scourg'd into obedience.
The Spirit of God would fain be friends with man,
But man presumeth on God's temperance,
And drives His angel from his threshold forth

That he may sink to grossness and to vice;
Therefore, lest man should fail into the beast
And quite destroy himself from off the earth,
God in His power and mercy doth compel,
Through sore affliction, that men's evil thoughts
Should be cast forth, seeing the pain they bring;
And that they should incline their ear to good.
Whereat the love of God descends on them
As it would woo them to respect themselves.
All this is mercy; for hard sufferance
Alone can curb and sway our wilfulness.
A moral given is worth ten thousand lives!—
Oh! think not, boy, that pestilence or plague
Is idle execution at God's hand;
He is Almighty Power, though great yet good.
It is a principle of power to feel
A portion of affliction, and our God
Can grieve. There's not a man His wrath doth bend,
But, ere He breaks him, He doth weigh his heart,
Hoping to find him worthy of that bliss
That honesty inherits.

Benjamin.

How say you, then?
I have not yet had years to do offence;
But save for him, my brother, I had starv'd.

Jacob.

Thy question is offence enough alone;
For it lacks faith, which is a boundless space.

Each man that doth wear flesh upon his bones,
Offendeth Heaven both by night and day.

Benjamin.

Why, then there is no hope to be belov'd.

Jacob.

Go to—go to—God's mercy is so great
That He accepts the will beyond the deed,
When that the will doth struggle to do well:—
How dost thou know that thou shouldst have been
starv'd?

Benjamin.

Father, five years of famine are to come :
No means to gain our food remain'd for us.

Jacob.

Could not the Power that made thy brother lord
And ruler over Egypt also make
The earth to gape and render food to us,
In spite of famine and the shade of death?—
Come hither, boy, and let me kiss thy cheek,—
How couldst thou say God would abandon thee?
He is the Father both of old and young,
And loveth us as I love thee, my boy.
Therefore do have a care thou ne'er again
Cast doubts upon His mercy and His power,
Lest that He should forget thee. I am prone
To think—nay, I am well convinc'd of it,
(Therefore look to it, and be virtuous)—
That God is scrupulous to shield or grieve,

According to men's goodness, or their vice.
The evils and the passions we allow
To get the better of the heart and blood,
Do plague us to the allowance of our fault;
Whilst, like thy brother, those we practise on,
According to their meekness and content,
Do wear a happy crown compar'd to them.—
Nay, do not weep—I did not mean it thus.
See that in future thou dost honour God.
Yea, Lord, these tears I dedicate to Thee.—
Come, sit upon my knee,—I will unfold
The nature of God's goodness unto me.
My father, Isaac, bless'd me in his age,
And sent me forth from Esau, by the way
That leads to Padan-Aram: for he said,
'Thou shalt not take a Canaanite to wife.'
And lo! I journey'd onward to the well
Of fruitful Haran, where I met withal
Thy mother Rachel, whom I did espouse,—
Yea, her whom God has taken to His rest:
But, ere I came, I gather'd me some stones
And laid me down to rest upon the plain,
For it was dark; and when I was asleep
A vision came upon me from the clouds:
There was a silence almost to be felt,
And lo! a mist was clearing from the land;
And all the air, and all the herbage round,
Was of sere umber colour, like to that
Which in the deepest shade of autumn dwells,
And mingled with the colour of my dream.

And lo! there was a ladder on the earth,
The top of which did reach unto the heavens,
In faint obscurity; and angels bright,
Like stars in ether veil'd, descended it,
And did ascend, glancing the heavy shade
With saffron-fire, such as the morning sheds.
And all the place did brighten at the top,
For God did stand there in His majesty;
And I, who slumber'd at the gloomy foot,
Did feel God's voice descend unto my ear.
Said He, 'Behold I am the Lord, the God
Of Abraham, thy father, and the God
Of Isaac. And the land whereon thou liest,
On thee will I bestow it and thy seed.
Countless thy seed shall be as is the dust,
And thou shall spread abroad into the west,
The east, the north, yea even to the south:
In thee and all thy seed for evermore
My blessing on the families shall fall.
I am with thee, and I will keep thee safe
In all those places whither thou shalt go,
And bring thee back into this land again.
I will not leave thee until I have done
All that which I have spoken unto thee.'
Then the same deadly silence did ensue,
And all this shade and brightness was engloom'd
And veil'd in utter darkness from my sight.
And as I woke my joints did shake with dread;
For sure, said I, the Lord was in this place,
And I did know it not. This is God's house,—

The gate of heaven is here. And in the morn
I took my pillows up, of gather'd stones,
And rais'd a pillar, and pour'd oil thereon,
And made an oath, vowing that if the Lord
Would be with me, and keep me in the way,
And give me bread, and raiment to put on,
So I might come unto my father's house
In peace once more, that God should ever be
My Lord and God.—Now mark herein, my son,
How far He doth o'erpay His servant's worth.
He did exalt me unto wealth and ease,
Gave me a numerous and goodly tribe,
And ever hath been bountiful to me.
Thy brother he hath raisèd from a slave
To be a lord and prophet, and to save
Our lives, amongst a million, from this wreck
Which He has seen it wise to bring about.
He promis'd us we should increase and thrive,
And be a mighty nation: and behold,
Even now He doth prepare us for His will,
And brings us up to Egypt. Therefore, boy,
See that thou love His ways, and worship Him;
That also thou and thine, when I am dead,
May be belov'd and nourish'd in the land.

Benjamin.

I shall lay up within my memory
The counsels of my father, and fear God.

Jacob.

Why, that is well ; and thou shalt reap the fruit.

The tribe of Israel shall multiply;
Their breath be sweet with honey, and their teeth
Whiten'd with milk, and their lips red with wine;
The vines they pluck of by the wells shall grow,
And spread their trails luxuriously for them;
And plenty they shall have as they fear God.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*A Vale in Goshen.*

Enter JUDAH and JOSEPH'S Steward, meeting.

Steward.

All hail to Joseph's brother!

Judah.

His steward, I think?

Steward.

Your countenance lives in my memory.—
An unfamiliar face is sometimes tied
About the neck of our remembrances
By something that affects our sympathies,—
Subtle in act, and entering the heart
By some peculiar passage that it holds.—
The sweetest evening, and the fairest star,
That ever I remember to have seen,
Pass'd in my early youth, with one that's dead,
In thought, and vow, and fine reflection,
Of what in future was to be our lot,—

It lives within my mind, a fadeless dream,
Wherein I see once more the deep blue sky,
And taste the fragrance of the jasmine bower,
And feel the mellow beauty of the scene,
And overcount each precious thought and act
That the vast tomb hath swallow'd.—Even so,
Your face is graven on my memory
Because I saw your brother and yourself
Weep in eachother's arms; a thousand since
Have pass'd me and re-pass'd me, yet no one
Do I remember.

Fudah.

Dust and travel, join'd
To the long sitting of our jaded mules,
Make any change a luxury: sit down
Beside me on this verdant shady bank,
And straight unfold into my eager ear
The bearing of the ruler and his health.

Steward.

If that impatience be a malady
(Seeing that Time, like a vile subtle leech
Who plays the tyrant as his power decays,
Still with his medicine doth increase desire
As the relief draws near),—then is he ill.

Fudah.

You do bespeak him with a loving tongue.

Steward.

Each man who serveth him excels his trust,

And strives for love and honour more than thrift:
All his high servants their own masters are,
For he requires each one should proudly keep
His independence, in his office done,
As for the people's good, and general weal,
Not as for him. Bondmen he has not one,
Nor slaves, but what are kept for humble tasks,
As hewing wood, and drawing at the well,
Which would disgrace the worst of all the rest.

Fudah.

He is a proper lord, and we shall soon
See him in Egypt.

Steward.

Not so late as that,
For he is come to pitch his scarlet tent
In Goshen's vale; because, saith he (his tongue
Being rich with honey'd joy), in mellow tone,
'The bearded Israel, Patriarch of his tribe,
The son of Isaac, sire of Benjamin,
The rever'd father of my favour'd self,
Comes with his people, and his remnant years,
To fill the sight and touch of me his son;
And 'midst the comforts of the Egyptian land
(Far from the famine-eaten Canaan)
Thank God, and live.' Therewith he stoop'd and
leap'd
Into his iron car; the charioteer,
Noting his haste, halloo'd the fretful steeds;
And he and all his host are coming down

Into this hollow vale. I had command
To outride the slow procession o'er the hills,
And greet the agèd Jacob in these words:
'Young Joseph, thy dear son, is coming on
To fill his father's arms. Praise be to God!'

Judah.

I, as the herald of our father's tribe,
Was sent before to greet my brother's love,
And tell him of his joy and anxious eye
To see his new-found son.

Steward.

We to our charges!—
I hear the cymbal singing in the wind,
And they approach amain. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE XI.—*The Vale.*

*Enter JACOB and his Tribe, JOSEPH, Brethren,
Officers, Attendants, &c.*

Jacob.

Stand farther back—again, let me behold thee.—
Ah!—hast thou pass'd so many dismal years
Expos'd to Fate's compulsive action,
Naked to chance, unfriended, and forlorn,
And I was glad and happy!

Joseph.

This is not well.—
I live, and am not dead; and God, you see,
Has honour'd me beyond my patience.

Jacob.

True—true.—But I am sick with love : behold,
As a pomegranate, shaken by the wind,
Strewing its mellow fruit with autumn's hand ;
So has my ripen'd joy been shower'd down ;
And I am weak in body and in mind ;
My joy did make me tremble, and I fear'd
It would uproot my manhood, spurs and all.

Joseph.

Lean upon me.

Jacob.

Yea, I am better now ;
But your old hearts are ever ripe to death.
I have not wept my fill.

Joseph.

Take courage, pray,
My father : lo ! thy beard is soak'd with tears.

Jacob.

Never more precious dew from heaven fell
Than those rare drops that mingle in my beard.—
Silence did strive to suffocate my heart,
But sobs still vented life. Such an embrace,
Great God, must touch Thy love !

Joseph.

No more—be patient!

Jacob.

Ah! Rachel's child! yet in thy manly face
I do behold thy lambency in youth;
And the proud coat of many colours, made
By these old doting hands, I still can see
O'erwav'd by thy young curls.

Joseph.

Behold me chang'd.

Now I am lord of chariots, and of horse,
Of men-at-arms, and second to the king;
Full of command and power.

Jacob.

Yea, it is much.—

Didst thou reward, in thy prosperity,
Those who were kind to thee when thou wert low?
Didst overpay their love? I hope thou didst,
For they did do my office—my good child!—

Joseph.

Alas! alas! virtue that hath no power
To bring its own pretensions into light,
Feeds upon orts, and dies without a grave:
For all the world neglects it in its life,
And it ascends to God, embalm'd with tears.

Jacob.

Come, let us change the talk—we must all bear;

I bore the loss of thee : yea, let it pass.—
 There are now fled upon a nimble wing
 A many years since I did hold thee thus :
 Yet I do know thee well.—Joseph, art sure
 This mighty king will not be wroth with thee,
 That I have brought my tribe into the land ?
 And yet, why ask ?—thou'rt wise—belov'd of all.
 Come, let us go ; and I will ride beside
 Thee in thy car.—Speak !—Let me hear thy voice.

Joseph.

So thou shalt, father.

Jacob.

Joseph, art thou ill ?

Thou lookest very pale.

Joseph.

Behold me smile.

Jacob.

Come,—that is well.—Benjamin, take my staff ;
 I'll lean upon thy brother :—'tis a bright day.
 I said I would come down into the land,
 See thee, and die.—I would fain live a little !—

[*Excunt.*

THE END.



CHATTO & WINDUS'S

List of Books.





ON BOOKS AND BOOK-BUYERS.

BY JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

"I say we have despised literature; what do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the bookshelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now, a good book contains such food inexhaustibly: it is provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such a trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wiser people forget that if a book is worth reading it is worth buying."—SESAME AND LILIES, OR KINGS' TREASURES.



[March, 1876.]



A List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

CHATTO & WINDUS,

74 & 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.



ADVERTISING, A HISTORY OF, from the Earliest Times. Illustrated by Anecdotes, Curious Specimens, and Biographical Notes of Successful Advertisers. By HENRY SAMPSON. Crown 8vo, with Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

"We have here a book to be thankful for. Among the many interesting illustrations is a photographed copy of the *Times* for January 1st, 1783, which may be easily read by means of a magnifying glass. We recommend the present volume, which takes us through antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the present time, illustrating all in turn by advertisements—serious, comic, roguish, or downright rascally. The chapter on 'swindles and hoaxes' is full of entertainment; but of that the volume itself is full from the first page to the last."—*Athenæum*.

ÆSOP'S FABLES TRANSLATED into HUMAN NATURE.

By C. H. BENNETT. Crown 4to, 24 Plates beautifully printed in Colours, with descriptive Text, cloth extra, gilt, 6s.

"For fun and frolic the new version of *Æsop's Fables* must bear away the palm. There are plenty of grown-up children who like to be amused; and if this new version of old stories does not amuse them they must be very dull indeed, and their situation one much to be commiserated."—*Morning Post*.

ARTEMUS WARD, COMPLETE.—The Works of CHARLES FARRER BROWNE, better known as ARTEMUS WARD. With fine Portrait, facsimile of Handwriting, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"The author combines the powers of Thackeray with those of Albert Smith. The salt is rubbed in with a native hand—one which has the gift of tickling."—*Saturday Review*.

AS PRETTY AS SEVEN, and other Popular German Stories.

Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 100 Illustrations by RICHTER. Small 4to, green and gold, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

"These tales are pure and healthful; they will shed over childhood a rosy light, and strew the path with stars and flowers, the remembrance of which will last through life."—*Preface*.

ASTLE ON WRITING.—THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF WRITING, as well Hieroglyphic as Elementary, Illustrated by Engravings taken from Marbles, Manuscripts, and Charters, Ancient and Modern; also Some Account of the Origin and Progress of Printing. By THOMAS ASTLE, F.R.S., F.A.S., late Keeper of Records in the Tower of London. Royal 4to, half-Roxburghe, with 33 Plates (some Coloured), price £1 15s. A few large Paper copies, roy. folio, half-Roxburghe, the Plates altogether unfolded, £3 3s. "The completest work on the subject of writing in this or any other language."

BAKER.—CLOUDS IN THE EAST: Travels and Adventures on the Perso-Turkoman Frontier. By VALENTINE BAKER. With Maps and Illustrations, coloured and plain, from Original Sketches. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 18s. *[In the press.]*

BANKERS, A HANDBOOK OF LONDON; with some Account of their Predecessors, the Early Goldsmiths; together with Lists of Bankers, from the Earliest London Directory, printed in 1677, to that of the London Post-Office Directory of 1876. By F. G. HILTON PRICE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

BARDSLEY'S OUR ENGLISH SURNAMES: Their Sources and Significations. By CHARLES WARREN BARDSLEY, M.A. SECOND EDITION, revised throughout, considerably Enlarged, and partially rewritten. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

"Mr. Bardsley has faithfully consulted the original mediæval documents and works from which the origin and development of surnames can alone be satisfactorily traced. He has furnished a valuable contribution to the literature of surnames, and we hope to hear more of him in this field."—*Times*.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES BY BRITISH ARTISTS: A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries. In Two Series. The FIRST SERIES including Examples by WILKIE, CONSTABLE, TURNER, MULREADY, LANDSEER, MACLISE, E. M. WARD, FRITH, Sir JOHN GILBERT, LESLIE, ANSDALL, MARCUS STONE, Sir NOEL PATON, FAED, EYRE CROWE, GAVIN, O'NEIL, and MADOX BROWN. The SECOND containing Pictures by ARMYTAGE, FAED, GOODALL, HEMSLEY, HORSLEY, MARKS, NICHOLLS, Sir NOEL PATON, PICKERSGILL, G. SMITH, MARCUS STONE, SOLOMON, STRAIGHT, E. M. WARD, and WARREN. All engraved on Steel in the highest style of Art. Edited, with Notices of the Artists, by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A. Price of each Series, imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt and gilt edges, 21s. *Each Volume is Complete in itself.*

"This book is well got up, and good engravings by Jeens, Lumb Stocks, and others, bring back to us pictures of Royal Academy Exhibitions of past years."—*Times*.

BLAKE'S WORKS.—A Series of Reproductions in Facsimile of the Works of WILLIAM BLAKE, including the "Songs of Innocence and Experience," "The Book of Thel," "America," "The Vision of the Daughters of Albion," "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "Europe, a Prophecy," "Jerusalem," "Milton," "Urizen," "The Song of Los," &c. These Works will be issued both coloured and plain. *[In preparation.]*

"Blake is a real name, I assure you, and a most extraordinary man he is, if he still be living. He is the Blake whose wild designs accompany a splendid edition of Blair's 'Grave.' He paints in water-colours marvellous strange pictures—visions of his brain—which he asserts he has seen. They have great merit. I must look upon him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age."—CHARLES LAMB.

BLANCHARD'S (Laman) POEMS. Now first Collected. Edited, with a Life of the Author (including numerous hitherto unpublished Letters from Lord LYTTON, LAMB, DICKENS, ROBERT BROWNING, and others), by BLANCHARD JERROLD. Crown 8vo, with a Vignette Portrait, cloth extra, 9s.

"His humorous verse is much of it admirable—sparkling with genuine *esprit*, and as polished and pointed as Præd's."—*Scotsman*.

"As Addison and Steele reflected their own generations, so has Laman Blanchard in his sketches mirrored forth the variable and motley peculiarities of the present day: they have but to be read to be admired."—*Sun*.

BLEWITT.—THE ROSE AND THE LILY: A Story. By Mrs. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT. With a Frontispiece designed and etched by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Small 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, price 6s. *[In the press.]*

BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON; or, Ten Days' Entertainment. Translated into English, with Introduction by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A. F.S.A. With Portrait, and STOTHARD's beautiful Copperplates. Crown 8vo cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

BOUDOIR BALLADS: Vers de Société. By J. ASHBY STERRY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. *[In preparation.]*

BRAND'S OBSERVATIONS ON POPULAR ANTIQUITIES, chiefly Illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS. A New Edition, with fine full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d. *[In the press.]*

"Anyone who will read, on each respective day, the chapter which belongs to it, will, when he has got through the volume, have a better notion of what English history is than he will get from almost any other work professedly named a 'history.'"—*Quarterly Review.*

BRET HARTE'S CHOICE WORKS in Prose and Poetry. With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW, Portrait of the Author, and 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"Not many months before my friend's death, he had sent me two sketches by a young American writer (Bret Harte), far away in California ('The Outcast of Poker Flat,' and another), in which he had found such subtle strokes of character as he had not anywhere else in late years discovered; the manner resembling himself, but the matter fresh to a degree that had surprised him: the painting in all respects masterly, and the wild rude thing painted a quite wonderful reality. I have rarely known him more honestly moved."—FORSTER'S *Life of Dickens.*

BREWSTER'S (Sir David) MARTYRS OF SCIENCE. A New Edition, in small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with full-page Portraits, 4s. 6d.

BREWSTER'S (Sir David) MORE WORLDS THAN ONE, the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian. A New Edition, in small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with full-page Astronomical Plates, 4s. 6d.

"There does certainly exist a wide-spread desire to know, so far as can be known, the extent of God's living, responsible creation. The planet which we inhabit is but one vessel in the midst of a fleet sailing on through the vast ocean of space, under convoy of the sun. Far on the distant horizon what seem to be a great many other convoy ships appear, though such is their remoteness that even our best glasses enable us to know very little regarding them. But in the vessels of the same group as ourselves, we see evolutions similar to those which our own ship performs—we see them maintain relations similar to our own to the great guardian vessel in the midst—we see them regulated by her in all their movements, and that when night falls dark most of them have their sets of lanterns hoisted up to give them light; and there is a desire among us to know somewhat respecting the crews of these neighbouring vessels of ours, and whether—as we all seem bound on a common voyage—the expedition, as it is evidently under one and the same control, may not have a common purpose or object to accomplish."—HUGH MILLER.

BRIC-À-BRAC HUNTER (The); or, Chapters on Chinaman. By Major H. BYNG HALL. With Photographic Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, full gilt (from a special and novel design), 10s. 6d.

"This is a delightful book. His hints respecting marks, texture, finish, and character of various wares will be useful to amateurs. By all who are interested in chinamania will be most warmly appreciated—a very amusing and chatty volume." *Standard.*

BRILLAT SAVARIN'S PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE. Translated into English, with an Introduction and Notes. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. *[In the press.]*

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Edited by Rev. T. SCOTT. With 17 beautiful Steel Plates by STOTHARD, engraved by GOODALL; and numerous Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect—the dialect of plain working men—was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. . . . We are not afraid to say that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the 'Paradise Lost,' the other, the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"—MACAULAY.

BYRON'S (Lord) LETTERS AND JOURNALS. With Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE. A Reprint of the Original Edition, newly revised, complete in a thick Volume of 1060 pp., with Twelve full-page Plates. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"We have read this book with the greatest pleasure. Considered merely as a composition, it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. . . . The style is agreeable, clear, and manly, and, when it rises into eloquence, rises without effort or ostentation. Nor is the matter inferior to the manner. It would be difficult to name a book which exhibits more kindness, fairness, and modesty."—MACAULAY, in the *Edinburgh Review*.



CANOVA'S WORKS IN SCULPTURE AND MODEL-LING. 150 Plates, exquisitely engraved in Outline by MOSES, and printed on an India tint. With Descriptions by the Countess ALBRIZZI, a Biographical Memoir by CICOGNARA, and Portrait by WORTHINGTON. A New Edition. Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt, gilt edges, 31s. 6d.

"The fertility of this master's resources is amazing, and the manual labour expended on his works would have worn out many an ordinary workman. The outline engravings are finely executed. The descriptive notes are discriminating, and in the main exact."—*Spectator*.

"A very handsome volume. . . . The graceful designs of the original are rendered by the engraver with exquisite fidelity. As a gift-book, the volume deserves to be placed beside the 'Outlines' of a very kindred genius—Flaxman."—*Graphic*.

CARTER'S ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE OF ENGLAND.

Including the Orders during the British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman Eras; and also under the Reigns of Henry III. and Edward III. Illustrated by 103 large Copperplate Engravings, comprising upwards of Two Thousand Specimens. Edited by JOHN BRITTON. Royal folio, half-morocco extra, £2 8s.

"Mr. Carter was the first to point out to the public the right way of delineating and representing the component and detached parts of the old buildings of England. His national work on Ancient Architecture occupied him in drawing, etching, arranging, and publishing, more than twenty years. It is highly valuable."—JOHN BRITTON.

CATLIN'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CONDITION OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS, written during Eight Years of Travel and Adventure among the Wildest and most Remarkable Tribes now existing. Containing 360 Coloured Engravings from the Author's original Paintings. Two Vols. imperial 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, the Plates beautifully printed in Colours, £3 3s.

"One of the most admirable observers of manners who ever lived among the aborigines of America."—HUMBOLDT'S *Cosmos*.

CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN PORTFOLIO. Containing Hunting Scenes, Amusements, Scenery, and Costume of the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and Prairies of America, from Drawings and Notes made by the Author during Eight Years' Travel. A series of 31 magnificent Plates (6 now first published), beautifully coloured in facsimile of the Original Drawings exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. With Letterpress Descriptions, imperial folio, half-morocco, gilt, £7 10s.

CHAMBERLAINE'S IMITATIONS OF DRAWINGS FROM THE GREAT MASTERS in the Royal Collection. Engraved by BARTOLOZZI and others. 74 fine Plates, mostly tinted; including, in addition, "Ecce Homo," after GUIDO, and the scarce Series of 7 Anatomical Drawings. Imperial folio, half-morocco, gilt edges, £5 5s.

CLAUDE, BEAUTIES OF, containing 24 of his choicest Landscapes, beautifully Engraved on Steel, by BROMLEY, LUPTON, and others. With Biographical Sketch and Portrait. Royal folio, in a portfolio, £1 5s.

CLAUDE'S LIBER VERITATIS. A Collection of 303 Prints after the Original Designs of CLAUDE. Engraved by RICHARD EARLOM. With a descriptive Catalogue of each Print, Lists of the Persons for whom, and the Places for which, the original Pictures were first painted, and of the present Possessors of most of them. London: published by Messrs. Boydell and Co., Cheapside. Printed by W. Bulmer and Co., Cleveland Row, 1777. Three Vols. folio, half-morocco extra, gilt edges, £10 10s.

COLMAN'S HUMOROUS WORKS.—Broad Grins, My Night-gown and Slippers, and other Humorous Works, Prose and Poetical, of GEORGE COLMAN. With Life and Anecdotes by G. B. BUCKSTONE, and Frontispiece by HOGARTH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"What antic have we here, in motley livery of red and yellow, with cap on head, and dagger of lath in hand? It is the king's jester, a professed droll, strangely gifted in all grimace, who pulls faces, and sells grins by the yard. For the impudent joke he has scarcely an equal."—*Westminster Review*.

CONEY'S ENGRAVINGS OF ANCIENT CATHEDRALS, Hôtels de Ville, Town Halls, &c., including some of the finest Examples of Gothic Architecture in France, Holland, Germany, and Italy. 32 large Plates, imperial folio, half-morocco extra, £3 13s. 6d.

CONSTABLE'S GRAPHIC WORKS. Comprising 40 highly finished Mezzotinto Engravings on Steel, by DAVID LUCAS; with descriptive Letterpress by C. R. LESLIE, R.A. Folio, half-morocco, gilt edges, £2 2s.

COTMAN'S ENGRAVINGS OF THE SEPULCHRAL BRASSES IN NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK. With Letterpress Descriptions, an Essay on Sepulchral Memorials by DAWSON TURNER, Notes by Sir SAMUEL MEYRICK, ALBERT WAY, and Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and copious Index. New Edition, containing 173 Plates, two of them illuminated. Two Volumes, small folio, half-morocco extra, £6 6s.

"Cotman's work on Sepulchral Brasses is by far the most important work on the subject."—DAWSON TURNER.

COTMAN'S ETCHINGS OF ARCHITECTURAL REMAINS, chiefly Norman and Gothic, in various Counties in England, but principally in Norfolk, with Descriptive Notices by DAWSON TURNER, and Architectural Observations by THOMAS RICKMAN. Two Vols. imperial folio, containing 240 spirited Etchings, half-morocco, top edges gilt, £8 8s.

COTMAN'S LIBER STUDIORUM. A Series of Landscape Studies and Original Compositions, for the Use of Art Students, consisting of 48 Etchings, the greater part executed in "soft ground." Imperial folio, half-morocco, £1 11s. 6d.

CREASY.—MEMOIRS OF EMINENT ETONIANS; with Notices of the Early History of Eton College. By Sir EDWARD CREASY, Author of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." A New Edition, brought down to the Present Time, with 13 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"A new edition of *Creasy's Etonians* will be welcome. The book was a favourite a quarter of a century ago, and it has maintained its reputation. The value of this new edition is enhanced by the fact that Sir Edward Creasy has added to it several memoirs of Etonians who have died since the first edition appeared. The work is eminently interesting."—*Scotsman*.

CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC ALMANACK. Complete in Two SERIES: The FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With 2000 Woodcuts and Steel Engravings by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, two very thick volumes, 15s.; or, separately, 7s. 6d. per volume.

CUSSANS' HANDBOOK OF HERALDRY. With Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS.: Rules for the Appointment of Liveries, Chapters on Continental and American Heraldry, &c. &c. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. Illustrated with 360 Plates and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt and emblazoned, 7s. 6d.

CUSSANS' HISTORY OF HERTFORDSHIRE. A County History, got up in a very superior manner, and ranging with the finest works of its class. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. Illustrated with full-page Plates on Copper and Stone, and a profusion of small Woodcuts. Parts I. to X. now ready, 21s. each.

"The amount of labour Mr. Cussans bestows to obtain original information is immense; his anxiety for accuracy is intense, and the painstaking care with which he investigates statements and peruses old documents is remarkable. The result of his industry is a work abounding in new and curious information. It differs from 'Clutterbuck' in this respect, that whereas that well-patronised and expensive book had most care and attention bestowed on the first volume—(that part of Hertfordshire where the author resided)—each successive portion of Mr. Cussans' history is manifestly an improvement on the earlier portions. Nothing can ever repay the author for the very great care, pains, and time he has devoted to this work, which must have been truly a labour of love to him; but he has sure reward in the esteem of those who can appreciate aright earnestness, diligence, and perseverance in the accomplishment of a useful and valuable object."—*Herts Guardian*.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF COSTUME; or, A Dictionary of Dress—Regal, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military—from the Earliest Period in England to the reign of George the Third. Including Notices of Contemporaneous Fashions on the Continent, and preceded by a General History of the Costumes of the Principal Countries of Europe. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, Somerset Herald. To be Completed in Twenty-four Parts, quarto, at Five Shillings each, profusely illustrated by Coloured and Plain Plates and Wood Engravings.—A Prospectus will be sent upon application.

[In course of publication.]

"There is no subject connected with dress with which 'Somerset Herald' is not as familiar as ordinary men are with the ordinary themes of everyday life. The gathered knowledge of many years is placed before the world in this his latest work, and, when finished, there will exist no work on the subject half so valuable. The numerous illustrations are all effective—for their accuracy the author is responsible; they are well drawn and well engraved, and, while indispensable to a proper comprehension of the text, are satisfactory as works of art."—*Art Journal*.

"These numbers of a Cyclopædia of Ancient and Modern Costume give promise that the work, when complete, will be one of the most perfect works ever published upon the subject. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and would, even without the letterpress, render the work an invaluable book of reference for information as to costumes for fancy balls and character quadrilles. . . . Beautifully printed and superbly illustrated."—*Standard*.

"Those who know how useful is Fairholt's brief and necessarily imperfect glossary will be able to appreciate the much greater advantages promised by Mr. Planché's book."—*Athenæum*.

BIBDIN'S (T. F.) **BIBLIOMANIA**; or, Book-Madness: A Bibliographical Romance. With numerous Illustrations. A New Edition, with a Supplement, including a Key to the Assumed Characters in the Drama. Demy 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 21s.; a few Large Paper copies, half-Roxburghe, the edges altogether uncut, at 42s.

"I have not yet recovered from the delightful delirium into which your 'Bibliomania' has completely thrown me. Your book, to my taste, is one of the most extraordinary gratifications I have enjoyed for many years. You have glued me down to two hundred pages at a sitting, and I can repeat the pleasure without losing it." —ISAAC DISRAELI.

DEMOCRACY (THE). A Novel. By WHYTE THORNE. Three Vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d.

DIXON.—WHITE CONQUEST: AMERICA IN 1875. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON. Two Vols. 8vo, cloth extra, 30s.

"The best written, most instructive, and most entertaining book that Mr. Dixon has published since 'New America.'" —*Athenaeum*.

"'White Conquest' is no whit inferior to the author's other writings; indeed, in some respects it may be said to be superior. It has all the old brilliancy of description, the same sense of humour, and the wonderful accumulation of facts, historical and otherwise, to which Mr. Hepworth Dixon has accustomed his admirers; and besides these merits the volumes acquire an additional charm from the fact that they deal with romantic and comparatively unknown regions; and a special value, because they deal with the gravest of modern social problems." —*Morning Post*.

DRURY'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF FOREIGN ENTOMOLOGY.

Containing, in 150 beautifully Coloured Plates, upwards of 600 Exotic Insects of the East and West Indies, China, New Holland, North and South America, Germany, &c. With important Additions and Scientific Indexes, by J. O. WESTWOOD, F.L.S. Three Vols. 4to, half-morocco extra, £5 5s.

"Drury's work has not been surpassed in beauty and accuracy of execution by any of the sumptuous efforts of the present day." —*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

DUNRAVEN'S (Earl of) THE GREAT DIVIDE: A Narrative of Travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the Summer of 1874. With Maps and numerous striking full-page Illustrations by VALENTINE W. BROMLEY. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 18s.

"There has not for a long time appeared a better book of travel than Lord Dunraven's 'The Great Divide.' . . . The book is full of clever observation, and both narrative and illustrations are thoroughly good." —*Athenaeum*.

"A jolly, rollicking narrative of adventure and sport, mixed up with a great deal of useful information concerning one of the most interesting regions in the American continent." —*Nature*.

"Under the title of 'The Great Divide' the Earl of Dunraven tells a pleasant tale of an excursion, half as hunter, half as tourist, to the region first made known a year or two ago to the world as the 'marvellous country of the Yellowstone.' . . . The reader will find in Lord Dunraven the most genial and unaffected of guides; while, on more serious matters, the Indian question, &c., his book, in its light way, has some claims to rank as an authority." —*Graphic*.

EARLY ENGLISH POETS. Edited, with Introductions and copious Notes, by the Rev. A. B. GROSART. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s. per Volume; a few Large Paper copies (only so printed), at 12s. The following are now ready:

THE WORKS OF GILES FLETCHER. One Vol.

THE WORKS OF SIR JOHN DAVIES. Two Vols.

"Mr. Grosart has spent the most laborious and the most enthusiastic care on the perfect restoration and preservation of the text; and it is very unlikely that any other edition of the poet can ever be called for. . . . From Mr. Grosart we always expect and always receive the final results of most patient and competent scholarship." —*Examiner*.

To be followed by

ROBERT HERRICK.
SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

JOHN DONNE.
And others.

EMANUEL ON DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES;

Their History, Value, and Properties; with Simple Tests for ascertaining their Reality. By HARRY EMANUEL, F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations, Tinted and Plain. A New Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s.

EMERSON'S NEW WORK.—LETTERS & SOCIAL AIMS.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
 "His method of work is that of great thinkers. Gradually he absorbs and assimilates whatever science or history can furnish, and slowly and reflectively he gives us the result of his thoughts."—*Athenæum*.

"Will be eagerly welcomed by his numerous admirers on both sides of the Atlantic. . . . These latest essays and lectures of the American sage contain the matured fruits of earnest and deep thought wrapt up in language always clear and incisive, often happily epigrammatic. They present the author's ripest opinions on literature and society. Every part of the work breathes the free air which belongs to a free country, and is redolent of hope and youth. The happy knack which Emerson always possessed of illustrating his meaning by apposite anecdotes has not failed him in his old age; and in these pages light is often flashed upon an obscure or abstruse proposition from a pithy and pointed story. Without any pedantic show of learning, every page bears witness to the author's wide, one might almost say encyclo ædic, acquaintance with the literature of all ages and of all races. Not only has Emerson been a great reader, but he has, so to speak, got at the very innermost core of the books which he has devoured."—*Scotsman*.

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY. Demy 8vo, cloth extra (uniform binding), Illustrated :—

D'Arblay's (Madame) Diary and Letters. Edited by her Niece, CHARLOTTE BARRETT. A New Edition, illustrated by numerous fine Portraits engraved on Steel. Four Vols. 8vo., cloth extra, 36s.

Grammont (Count), Memoirs of. By ANTHONY HAMILTON. A New Edition, with a Biographical Sketch of Count Hamilton, numerous Historical and Illustrative Notes by Sir WALTER SCOTT, and 64 Copperplate Portraits by EDWARD SCRIVEN. 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.

Maxwell's Life of the Duke of Wellington. Three Vols. 8vo, with numerous highly finished Line and Wood Engravings by Eminent Artists. Cloth extra, gilt, £1 7s.

Montagu's (Lady Mary Wortley) Letters and Works. Edited by Lord WHARNCLIFFE. With important Additions and Corrections, derived from the Original Manuscripts, and a New Memoir. Two Vols. 8vo, with fine Steel Portraits, cloth extra, 18s.

Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called "THE MAGNIFICENT." A New and much improved Edition. Edited by his Son, THOMAS ROSCOE. Demy 8vo, with Portraits and numerous Plates, cloth extra, 9s.

Roscoe's Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth. Edited by his Son, THOMAS ROSCOE. Two Vols. 8vo, with Portraits and numerous Plates, cloth extra, 18s.

Saint-Simon (Memoirs of the Duke of), during the Reign of Louis the Fourteenth and the Regency. Translated from the French and Edited by BAYLE St. JOHN. A New Edition. Three Vols. 8vo., cloth extra, 27s.

Walpole's (Horace) Anecdotes of Painting in England. With some Account of the principal English Artists, and incidental Notices of Sculptors, Carvers, Enamellers, Architects, Medallists, Engravers, &c. With Additions by Rev. JAMES DALLAWAY. Edited, with Additional Notes, by RALPH N. WORNUM. Three Vols. 8vo, with upwards of 150 Portraits and Plates, cloth extra, £1 7s.

Walpole's (Horace) entire Correspondence. Chronologically arranged, with the Prefaces and Notes of CROKER, Lord DOVER, and others; the Notes of all previous Editors, and Additional Notes by PETER CUNNINGHAM. Nine Vols. 8vo, with numerous fine Portraits engraved on Steel, cloth extra, £4 1s.

Walpole's (Horace) Royal and Noble Authors of England, Scotland, and Ireland; with Lists of their Works. A New Edition, Annotated, considerably Enlarged, and brought down to the Present Time. Illustrated by nearly 200 Copperplate Portraits. Six Vols. 8vo, cloth extra. [*In preparation.*]

ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE (The): A Practical Guide to all interested in Selecting or Building a House, with full Estimates of Cost, Quantities, &c. By C. J. RICHARDSON. Third Edition. With nearly 600 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

FAIRHOLT.—TOBACCO: Its History and Associations; including an Account of the Plant and its Manufacture; with its Modes of Use in all Ages and Countries. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. A New Edition, with Coloured Frontispiece and upwards of 100 Illustrations by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"A very pleasant and instructive history of tobacco and its associations, which we cordially recommend alike to the votaries and to the enemies of the much-maligned but certainly not neglected weed. . . . Full of interest and information."—*Daily News*.

"A delightful reprint. . . . A more complete and dainty book on a subject which some still think unsavoury it would not be easy to call to mind."—*Graphic*.

FARADAY'S CHEMICAL HISTORY OF A CANDLE. Lectures delivered to a Juvenile Audience. A New Edition, Edited by W. CROOKES, Esq., F.C.S., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

FARADAY'S VARIOUS FORCES OF NATURE. A New Edition, Edited by W. CROOKES, Esq., F.C.S., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

"For many years the English public had the privilege of listening to the discourses and speculations of Professor Faraday, at the Royal Institution, on Matter and Forces; and it is not too much to say that no lecturer on Physical Science, since the time of Sir Humphrey Davy, was ever listened to with more delight. The pleasure which all derived from the expositions of Faraday was of a somewhat different kind from that produced by any other philosopher whose lectures we have attended. It was partially derived from his extreme dexterity as an operator: with him we had no chance of apologies for an unsuccessful experiment—no hanging fire in the midst of a series of brilliant demonstrations, producing that depressing tendency akin to the pain felt by an audience at a false note from a vocalist. All was a sparkling stream of eloquence and experimental illustration. We would have defied a chemist loving his science, no matter how often he might himself have repeated an experiment, to feel uninterested when seeing it done by Faraday."—W. CROOKES.

FIGUIER'S PRIMITIVE MAN: A Popular Manual of the prevailing Theories of the Descent of Man as promulgated by DARWIN, LYELL, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, HUXLEY, E. B. TYLOR, and other eminent Ethnologists. Translated from the last French edition, and revised by E. B. T. With 263 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 9s.

"An interesting and essentially popular resumé of all that has been written on the subject. M. Figuiér has collected together the evidences which modern researches have accumulated, and has done this with a considerable amount of care. He endeavours to separate the inquiry respecting Primitive Man from the Mosaic account of Man's creation, and does not admit that the authority of Holy Writ is in any way questioned by those labours which aim at seeking the real epoch of Man's first appearance upon earth. . . . An interesting book, with 263 illustrations, of which thirty are full-page engravings, confessedly somewhat fanciful in their combinations, but which will be found on examination to be justified by that soundest evidence, the actual discovery of the objects of which they represent the use."—*Athenæum*.

FINGER-RING LORE: Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. Earliest Notices; Superstitions; Ring Investiture, Secular and Ecclesiastical; Betrothal and Wedding Rings; Ring-tokens; Memorial and Mortuary Rings; Posy-Rings; Customs and Incidents in Connection with Rings; Remarkable Rings, &c. &c. By WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A. With Hundreds of Illustrations of Curious Rings of all Ages and Countries. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. [*In the press.*]



ELL AND GANDY'S POMPEIANA; or, The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii. With upwards of 100 Line Engravings by GOODALL, COOKE, HEATH, PYE, &c. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 18s.

GEMS OF ART: A Collection of 36 Engravings, after Paintings by REMBRANDT, CUIP, REYNOLDS, POUSSIN, MURILLO, TENIERS, CORREGGIO, GAINSBOROUGH, NORTHCOTE, &c., executed in Mezzotint by TURNER, BROMLEY, &c. Folio, in Portfolio, £1 11s. 6d.

GILBERT (W.S.), ORIGINAL PLAYS by: "A Wicked World," "Charity," "Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion," "Trial by Jury," &c. One Vol. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

"His workmanship is in its way perfect; it is very sound, very even, very well sustained, and excellently balanced throughout."—*Observer*.

"A book which not only the modern playgoer, but those who do not frequent the theatre, can read with equal pleasure."—*Era*.

"Mr. Gilbert has done well and wisely to publish in a collected form some of his best plays. The *Palace of Truth* and *Pygmalion* may be read and enjoyed as poems by persons who have never entered the walls of a theatre."—*Standard*.

GILLRAY'S CARICATURES. Printed from the Original Plates, all engraved by Himself between 1779 and 1810; comprising the best Political and Humorous Satires of the Reign of GEORGE THE THIRD, in upwards of 600 highly spirited Engravings. Atlas folio, half-morocco extra, gilt edges, £7 10s.—There is also a Volume of SUPPRESSED PLATES, atlas folio, half-morocco, 31s. 6d.—Also, a VOLUME OF LETTERPRESS DESCRIPTIONS, comprising a very amusing Political History of the Reign of GEORGE THE THIRD, by THOS. WRIGHT and R. H. EVANS. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.; or half-morocco, £1 1s.

GILLRAY, THE CARICATURIST: The Story of his Life and Times, and Anecdotal Descriptions of his Engravings. Edited by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. With 83 full-page Plates, and numerous Wood Engravings. Demy 4to, 600 pages, cloth extra, 31s. 6d.

"High as the expectations excited by this description [in the Introduction] may be, they will not be disappointed. The most inquisitive or exacting reader will find ready gathered to his hand, without the trouble of reference, almost every scrap of narrative, anecdote, gossip, scandal, or epigram, in poetry or prose; that he can possibly require for the elucidation of the caricatures."—*Quarterly Review*.

GOSSE (Edmund W.)—KING ERIK: A Tragedy. With a Vignette by W. B. SCOTT. Small 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

"The author's book, *On Viol and Flute*, displayed such a remarkable ear for music, such a singular poetic interpretation of flowers and trees, and such-like children of Flora, and, above all, such a distinct and individual poetic savour, that it would have been a pity indeed had these good gifts been wasted in any wrong direction. In this case there is happily no cause for such pity. We have seldom seen so marked an advance in a second book beyond a first. . . . The faults of *King Erik* are but slight matters; its merits are solid, and of a very high order."—*Academy*.

GOSSE (Edmund W.)—ON VIOL AND FLUTE. Second Edition. With a Vignette by W. B. SCOTT. Small 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

GREENWOOD'S NEW NOVEL.—DICK TEMPLE. By JAMES GREENWOOD. Three Vols. crown 8vo, 31s. 6d. [In the press.]

GREENWOOD'S (James) LOW-LIFE DEEPS: An Account of the Strange Fish to be found there; including "The Man and Dog Fight," with much additional and confirmatory evidence: "With a Tally-Man," "A Fallen Star," "The Betting Barber," "A Coal Marriage," &c. With illustrations in tint by ALFRED CONCANEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"The book is interesting reading. It shows that there are many things in London life not dreamt of by most people. It is well got up, and contains a number of striking illustrations."—*Scotsman*.

GREENWOOD'S WILDS OF LONDON ; Descriptive Sketches, from Personal Observations and Experience of Remarkable Scenes, People, and Places in London. By JAMES GREENWOOD, the "Lambeth Casual." With 12 Tinted Illustrations by ALFRED CONNAN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"Mr. James Greenwood presents himself once more in the character of 'one whose delight it is to do his humble endeavour towards exposing and extirpating social abuses and those hole-and-corner evils which afflict society.'"—*Saturday Review*.

GOLDEN LIBRARY. Square 16mo (Tauchnitz size), cloth extra, price 2s. per Volume.

Book of Clerical Anecdotes :
The Humours and Eccentricities of
"the Cloth."

Byron's Don Juan.

Carlyle (Thomas) on the Choice
of Books. With a Memoir. [1s. 6d.]

Godwin's (William) Lives of
the Necromancers.

Holmes's Autocrat of the
Breakfast Table. With an Introduction
by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Holmes's Professor at the
Breakfast Table.

Hood's Whims and Oddities.
Both Series Complete in One Volume,
with all the original Illustrations.

Irving's (Washington) Tales of
a Traveller.

Irving's (Washington) Tales of
the Alhambra.

Jesse's (Edward) Scenes and
Occupations of Country Life; with
Recollections of Natural History.

Lamb's Essays of Elia. Both
Series Complete in One Vol.

Leigh Hunt's Essays: A Tale
for a Chimney Corner, and other Pieces.
With Portrait, and Introduction by
EDMUND OLLIER.

"A series of excellently printed and carefully annotated volumes, handy in size, and altogether attractive."—*Bookseller*.

GOLDEN TREASURY OF THOUGHT. An Encyclopædia of
Quotations from Writers of all Times and all Countries. Selected and Edited by
THEODORE TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, and gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

GRIMM.—GERMAN POPULAR STORIES. Collected by the
Brothers GRIMM, and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. Edited, with an Introduction,
by JOHN RUSKIN. With 22 Illustrations after the inimitable designs of
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Both Series Complete. Square crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.; gilt
leaves, 7s. 6d.

"The illustrations of this volume . . . are of quite sterling and admirable art, of a class precisely parallel in elevation to the character of the tales which they illustrate; and the original etchings, as I have before said in the Appendix to my 'Elements of Drawing,' were unrivalled in masterfulness of touch since Rembrandt (in some qualities of delineation, unrivalled even by him). . . . To make somewhat enlarged copies of them, looking at them through a magnifying glass, and never putting two lines where Cruikshank has put only one, would be an exercise in decision and severe drawing which would leave afterwards little to be learnt in schools."—*Extract from Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN.*

Mallory's (Sir Thomas) Mort
D'Arthur: The Stories of King Arthur
and of the Knights of the Round
Table. Edited by B. M. RANKING.

Pascal's Provincial Letters. A
New Translation, with Historical
Introduction and Notes, by T.
M'CRIE, D.D., LL.D.

Pope's Complete Poetical
Works.

Roohefoucauld's Maxims and
Moral Reflections. With Notes, and
an Introductory Essay by SAINTS-
BEUVE.

St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia,
and the Indian Cottage. Edited, with
Life, by the Rev. E. CLARKE.

Shelley's Early Poems and
Queen Mab, with Essay by LEIGH
HUNT.

Shelley's Later Poems: Laon
and Cythna, &c.

Shelley's Posthumous Poems,
the Shelley Papers, &c.

Shelley's Prose Works, includ-
ing a Refutation of Deism, Zastrozzi,
St. Irvyne, &c.

White's Natural History of
Selborne. Edited, with additions, by
THOMAS BROWN, F.L.S.

GUYOT'S EARTH AND MAN; or, Physical Geography in its Relation to the History of Mankind. With Additions by Professors AGASSIZ, PIERCE, and GRAY. With 12 Maps and Engravings on Steel, some Coloured, and a copious Index. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 4s. 6d.

LAKE'S (T. GORDON) NEW SYMBOLS: Poems. By the Author of "Parables and Tales." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"The entire book breathes a pure and ennobling influence, shows welcome originality of idea and illustration, and yields the highest proof of imaginative faculty and mature power of expression."—*Athenaeum*.

HALL'S (Mrs. S. C.) SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER.

With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood, by DANIEL MACLISE, Sir JOHN GILBERT, W. HARVEY, and G. CRUIKSHANK. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"The Irish sketches of this lady resemble Miss Mitford's beautiful English Sketches in 'Our Village,' but they are far more vigorous and picturesque and bright."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

HARRIS'S AURELIAN: A Natural History of English Moths and

Butterflies, and the Plants on which they feed. A New Edition. Edited, with Additions, by J. O. WESTWOOD. With about 400 exquisitely Coloured Figures of Moths, Butterflies, Caterpillars, &c., and the Plants on which they feed. Small folio, half-morocco extra, gilt edges, £3 13s. 6d.

HAWKER (MEMORIALS OF THE LATE REV. ROBERT

STEPHEN), sometime Vicar of Morwenstow, in the Diocese of Exeter. Collected, arranged, and edited by the Rev. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.C.L., Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth. With Photographic Portrait, Pedigree, and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s.

HAYDON'S (B. R.) CORRESPONDENCE & TABLE-TALK.

With a Memoir by his Son, FREDERIC WORDSWORTH HAYDON. Comprising a large number of hitherto Unpublished Letters from KEATS, WILKIE, SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, KIRKUP, LEIGH HUNT, LANDSEER, HORACE SMITH, Sir G. BEAUMONT, GOETHE, Mrs. SIDDONS, Sir WALTER SCOTT, TALFOURD, JEFFREY, Miss MITFORD, MACREADY, Mrs. BROWNING, LOCKHART, HALLAM, and others. With 23 Illustrations, including Facsimiles of many interesting Sketches, Portraits of HAYDON by KEATS and WILKIE, and HAYDON'S Portraits of WILKIE, KEATS, and MARIA FOOTE. Two Vols., 8vo, cloth extra, 36s.

"As a defence of the painter's character and career the work before us will possibly meet with as much criticism as approval; but there can, we think, be no question of its interest in a purely biographical sense, or of its literary merit. The letters and table-talk form in themselves a most valuable contribution to the social and artistic history of the time, and would be very welcome even without the memoir which precedes them."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The volumes are among the most interesting produced or likely to be produced by the present season."—*Examiner*.

"One of the most moving histories that has been published in modern days. . . . Haydon's case has never before been fairly laid before the public; the man has never been shown as he was in truth, through the medium of his correspondence, his diaries, sayings and actions. . . . Charming correspondence, and still more charming table-talk."—*Morning Post*.

"Here we have a full-length portrait of a most remarkable man. . . . His son has done the work well—is clear and discriminating on the whole, and writes with ease and vigour. Over and above the interest that must be felt in Haydon himself, the letters afford us the opportunity of studying closely many of the greatest men and women of the time. . . . We do not hesitate to say that these letters and table-talk form a most valuable contribution to the history of art and literature in the past generation. The editor has selected and arranged them with uncommon judgment, adding many notes that contain *ana* and anecdotes. Every page has thus its point of interest. The book will no doubt have a wide audience, as it well deserves."—*Nonconformist*.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS; Upwards of 430 Engravings of Rare Prints. Comprising the Collections of RODD, RICHARDSON, CAULFIELD, &c. With Descriptive Text to every Plate, giving a brief outline of the most important Historical and Biographical Facts and Dates connected with each Portrait, and references to original Authorities. In Three Vols., royal 4to, half-morocco, full gilt back and edges, price £7 7s.

THE ORIGINAL HOGARTH.

HOGARTH'S WORKS. ENGRAVED BY HIMSELF. 153 fine Plates, with elaborate Letterpress Descriptions by JOHN NICHOLS. Atlas folio, half-morocco extra, gilt edges, £7 10s.

"I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman who, being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered, 'Shakespeare'; being asked which he esteemed next best, answered 'Hogarth.'"—CHARLES LAMB.

HOLBEIN'S PORTRAITS OF THE COURT OF HENRY

THE EIGHTH. A Series of 84 exquisitely beautiful Tinted Plates, engraved by BARTOLOZZI, COOPER, and others, and printed on Tinted Paper, in imitation of the Original Drawings in the Royal Collection at Windsor. With Historical Letterpress by EDMUND LODGE, Norroy King of Arms. Imperial 4to, half-morocco extra, gilt edges, £5 15s. 6d.

"A very charming, costly, and captivating performance."—DIBDIN.

HOLBEIN'S PORTRAITS OF THE COURT OF HENRY VIII.

CHAMBERLAINE'S Imitations of the Original Drawings, mostly engraved by BARTOLOZZI. London: printed by W. BULMER & Co., Shakespeare Printing Office, 1792. 92 splendid Portraits (including 8 additional Plates), elaborately tinted in Colours, with Descriptive and Biographical Notes, by EDMUND LODGE, Norroy King of Arms. Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt edges, £20.

"* The graceful and delicate colouring preserves all the effect of the original highly-finished drawings, and at the same time communicates an enchanting animation to the features. Not more than ten of the subjects are included in 'Lodge's Portraits,' and still fewer are to be found in any other collection.

HOOD'S (Thomas) CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Verse.

Including the CREAM OF THE COMIC ANNUALS. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and over Two Hundred original Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"Not only does the volume include the better-known poems by the author, but also what is happily described as 'the cream of the Comic Annuals.' Such delicious things as 'Don't you smell Fire?' 'The Parish Revolution,' and 'Huggins and Duggins,' will never want readers."—*Graphic*.

"The volume, which contains nearly 800 pages, is liberally illustrated with facsimile cuts of Hood's own grotesque sketches, many of them pictorial puns, which always possess a freshness, and never fail to raise a genuine laugh. We have here some of Hood's earlier attempts, and his share of the 'Odes and Addresses to Great People.' Then we have the two series of 'Whims and Oddities,' which ought to be prescribed for nervous and hypochondriacal people: for surely more mirth was never packed into the same compass before, more of the rollicking abandonment of a rich, joyous humour, or more of the true geniality of nature which makes fun so delightful and leaves no after-taste of unkindness in the mouth. 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies' will be found here in unabridged form, together with 'Hero and Leander,' a number of 'Minor Poems,' among which we meet with some very pretty fancies—the well-known 'Retrospective Review,' and 'I Remember, I Remember'—Hood's contributions to the *Gem*, including 'The Dream of Eugene Aram,' 'The Cream of the Comic Annuals'—in itself a fund of merriment large enough to dispel the gloom of many a winter's evening—and the 'National Tales.' This is a fair representative selection of Hood's works, many of which have been hitherto inaccessible except at high prices. Most of the best known of his comic effusions—those punning ballads in which he has never been approached—are to be found in the liberal collection Messrs. Chatto & Windus have given to the public."—*Birmingham Daily Mail*.

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY

HOOD'S (Tom) HUMOROUS WORKS. Edited, with a Memoir, by his Sister, FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 6s. [*In the press.*]

HOOD'S (Tom) FROM NOWHERE TO THE NORTH POLE: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. By TOM HOOD. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES. Square crown 8vo, in a handsome and specially-designed binding, gilt edges, 6s.

"Poor Tom Hood! It is very sad to turn over the droll pages of 'From Nowhere to the North Pole,' and to think that he will never make the young people, for whom, like his famous father, he ever had such a kind, sympathetic heart, laugh or cry any more. This is a birthday story, and no part of it is better than the first chapter, concerning birthdays in general, and Frank's birthday in particular. The amusing letterpress is profusely interspersed with the jingling rhymes which children love and learn so easily. Messrs. Brunton and Barnes do full justice to the writer's meaning, and a pleasant result of the harmonious co-operation of author and artist could not be desired."—*Times*.

HONE'S SCRAP-BOOKS: The Miscellaneous Collections of WILLIAM HONE, Author of "The Table-Book," "Every-Day Book," and "Year-Book": being a Supplement to those works. With Notes, Portraits, and numerous Illustrations of curious and eccentric objects. Crown 8vo. [*In preparation.*]
"He has deserved well of the naturalist, the antiquarian, and the poet."

HOOK'S (THEODORE) CHOICE HUMOROUS WORKS, including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons-mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With a new Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illust. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"His name will be preserved. His political songs and *jeux d'esprit*, when the hour comes for collecting them, will form a volume of sterling and lasting attraction; and after many clever romances of this age shall have sufficiently occupied public attention, and sunk, like hundreds of former generations, into utter oblivion, there are tales in his collection which will be read with even a greater interest than they commanded in their novelty."—J. G. LOCKHART.

HOPE'S COSTUME OF THE ANCIENTS. Illustrated in upwards of 320 Outline Engravings, containing Representations of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Habits and Dresses. A New Edition. Two Vols., royal 8vo, with Coloured Frontispieces, cloth extra, £2 5s.

"The substance of many expensive works, containing all that may be necessary to give to artists, and even to dramatic performers and to others engaged in classical representations, an idea of ancient costumes sufficiently ample to prevent their offending in their performances by gross and obvious blunders."

HORNE.—ORION. An Epic Poem, in Three Books. By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. With Photographic Portrait. TENTH EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s.

"Orion will be admitted, by every man of genius, to be one of the noblest, if not the very noblest poetical work of the age. Its defects are trivial and conventional, its beauties intrinsic and supreme."—EDGAR ALLAN POE.



ITALIAN MASTERS (DRAWINGS BY THE): Autotype Facsimiles of Original Drawings. With Critical and Descriptive Notes by J. COMYNS CARR. Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt. [*In preparation.*]

JARDINE'S (Sir Wm.) **NATURALIST'S LIBRARY.** 42 vols. fcap. 8vo, illustrated by over 1200 Coloured Plates, with numerous Portraits and Memoirs of eminent Naturalists, half (imitation) calf, full gilt, top edges gilt, £9 9s.; or, separately, red cloth extra, 4s. 6d. per Vol., as follows:—

Vols. 1 to 4. British Birds; 5. Sun Birds; 6 and 7. Humming Birds; 8. Game Birds; 9. Pigeons; 10. Parrots; 11 and 12. Birds of West Africa; 13. Fly Catchers; 14. Pheasants, Peacocks, &c.; 15. Animals—Introduction; 16. Lions and Tigers; 17. British Quadrupeds; 18 and 19. Dogs; 20. Horses; 21 and 22. Ruminating Animals; 23. Elephants, &c.; 24. Marsupialia; 25. Seals, &c.; 26. Whales, &c.; 27. Monkeys; 28. Insects—Introduction; 29. British Butterflies; 30. British Moths, &c.; 31. Foreign Butterflies; 32. Foreign Moths; 33. Beetles; 34. Bees; 35. Fishes—Introduction, and Foreign Fishes; 36 and 37. British Fishes; 38. Perch, &c.; 39 and 40. Fishes of Guiana; 41. Smith's Natural History of Man; 42. Gould's Humming Birds.

"The book is perhaps the most interesting, the most beautiful, and the cheapest series ever offered to the public."—*Athenaeum*.

JENNINGS' (Hargrave) THE ROSICRUCIANS: Their Rites and Mysteries. With Chapters on the Ancient Fire and Serpent Worshipers, and Explanations of Mystic Symbols in Monuments and Talismans of Primeval Philosophers. Crown 8vo, with 300 Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

JOSEPHUS (The Works of). Translated by WHISTON. Containing both the "Antiquities of the Jews," and the "Wars of the Jews." Two Vols. 8vo, with 52 Illustrations and Maps, cloth extra, gilt, 14s.

"This admirable translation far exceeds all preceding ones, and has never been equalled by any subsequent attempt of the kind."—LOWNDEN.

KAVANAGH—**THE SILVER FISH,** and other Fairy Stories. By BRIDGET and JULIA KAVANAGH. With Thirty Illustrations by J. MOYR SMITH. Small 8vo, cloth, full gilt, 6s. [*In the press.*]

KINGSLEY'S (Henry) FIRESIDE STUDIES. Two Vols. crown 8vo, 21s.

* * * *The titles of the Essays contained in these volumes are as follows:—THE FATHERS OF THE SPECTATOR—TWO OLD SUSSEX WORTHIES—AN OLD-FASHIONED MEMBER—THE MASTER OF THE "MERMAID"—THE FATHER OF IRREGULAR DRAMA—FLETCHER AND BEAUMONT—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.*

KINGSLEY'S (Henry) NEW NOVEL.—THE GRANGE GARDEN. Three Vols. crown 8vo, 31s. 6d. [*Nearly ready.*]

LAMB'S (Charles) **COMPLETE WORKS,** in Prose and Verse, reprinted from the Original Editions, with many pieces now first included in any Edition, and Notes and Introduction by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and facsimile of a page of the "Essay on Roast Pig."

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"The genius of Mr. Lamb, as developed in his various writings, takes rank with the most original of the age. As a critic he stands *facile princeps* in the subject he handled. Search English literature through, from its first beginnings until now, and you will find none like him. There is not a criticism he ever wrote that does not directly tell you a number of things you had no previous notion of. In criticism he was indeed, in all senses of the word, a discoverer—like Vasco Nunez or Magellan. In that very domain of literature with which you fancied yourself most variously and closely acquainted, he would show you 'fresh fields and pastures new,' and these the most fruitful and delightful. For the riches he discovered were richer than they had lain so deep—the more valuable were they, when found, that they had eluded the search of ordinary men. As an essayist, Charles Lamb will be remembered in years to come with Rabelais and Montaigne, with Sir Thomas Browne, with Steele and with Addison. He unites many of the finest characteristics of these several writers. He has wisdom and wit of the highest order, exquisite humour, a genuine and cordial vein of pleasantry, and the most heart-touching pathos. In the largest acceptation of the word, he is a humanist."—JOHN FORSTER.

LAMB (Mary and Charles) : THEIR POEMS, LETTERS, and REMAINS. With Reminiscences and Notes by W. CAREW HAZLITT. With HANCOCK's Portrait of the Essayist, Facsimiles of the Title-pages of the rare First Editions of Lamb's and Coleridge's Works, and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

"Must be consulted by all future biographers of the Lambs."—*Daily News*.

"Very many passages will delight those fond of literary trifles; hardly any portion will fail in interest for lovers of Charles Lamb and his sister."—*Standard*.

LANDSEER'S (Sir Edwin) ETCHINGS OF CARNIVOROUS ANIMALS. Comprising 38 subjects, chiefly Early Works, etched by his Brother THOMAS or his Father, with Letterpress Descriptions. Royal 4to, cloth extra, 15s.

LAMONT.—YACHTING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS; or, Notes of Five Voyages of Sport and Discovery in the Neighbourhood of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. By JAMES LAMONT, F.G.S., F.R.G.S. Author of "Seasons with the Sea-Horses." Edited, with numerous full-page Illustrations, by WILLIAM LIVESAY, M.D. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Maps and numerous Illustrations, 18s.

"After wading through numberless volumes of icy fiction, concocted narrative, and spurious biography of Arctic voyagers, it is pleasant to meet with a real and genuine volume. . . . He shows much tact in recounting his adventures, and they are so interspersed with anecdotes and information as to make them anything but wearisome. . . . The book, as a whole, is the most important addition made to our Arctic literature for a long time."—*Athenaeum*.

"Full of entertainment and information."—*Nature*.

"Mr. Lamont has taken a share distinctively his own in the work of Arctic discovery, and the value of his labours as an 'amateur explorer' is to be attributed to the systematic manner in which he pursued his investigations, no less than to his scientific qualifications for the task. . . . The handsome volume is full of valuable and interesting information to the sportsman and naturalist—it would be difficult to say which of the two will enjoy it most."—*Scotsman*.

LEE (General Robert) : HIS LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS. By his Nephew, EDWARD LEE CHILDE. With Steel-plate Portrait by JENNS, and a Map. Post 8vo, 9s.

"A valuable and well-written contribution to the history of the Civil War in the United States."—*Saturday Review*.

"As a clear and compendious survey of a life of the true heroic type, Mr. Child's volume may well be commended to the English reader."—*Graphic*.

LIFE IN LONDON; or, The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom. With the whole of Cruikshank's very Droll Illustrations, in Colours, after the Originals. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

LINTON'S (Mrs. E. Lynn) JOSHUA DAVIDSON, Christian and Communist. SIXTH EDITION, with a New Preface. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

"In a short and vigorous preface, Mrs. Linton defends her notion of the logical outcome of Christianity as embodied in this attempt to conceive how Christ would have acted, with whom He would have fraternised, and who would have declined to receive Him, had He appeared in the present generation."—*Examiner*.

LOST BEAUTIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. An Appeal to Authors, Poets, Clergymen, and Public Speakers. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.

LONDON.—WILKINSON'S LONDINA ILLUSTRATA; or, Graphic and Historical Illustrations of the most Interesting and Curious Architectural Monuments of the City and Suburbs of London and Westminster (now mostly destroyed). Two Vols. imperial 4to, containing 207 Copperplate Engravings, with historical and descriptive Letterpress, half-bound morocco, top edges gilt, £5 5s.

* * *An enumeration of a few of the Plates will give some idea of the scope of the Work:*—St. Bartholomew's Church, Cloisters, and Priory, in 1393; St. Michael's, Cornhill, in 1421; St. Paul's Cathedral and Cross, in 1616 and 1656; St. John's of Jerusalem, Clerkenwell, 1660; Bunyan's Meeting House, in 1687; Guildhall, in 1517; Cheapside and its Cross, in 1547, 1585, and 1641; Cornhill, in 1599; Merchant Taylors' Hall, in 1599; Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, in 1612 and 1647; Alleyne's Bear Garden, in 1614 and 1647; Drury Lane, in 1792 and 1814; Covent Garden, in 1732, 1794, and 1809; Whitehall, in 1638 and 1697; York House, with Inigo Jones's Water Gate, circa 1626; Somerset House, previous to its alteration by Inigo Jones, circa 1600; St. James's Palace, 1660; Montagu House (now the British Museum) before 1685, and in 1804.

LONGFELLOW'S PROSE WORKS, Complete. Including "Ouire Mer," "Hyperion," "Kavanagh," "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and "Driftwood." With Portrait and Illustrations by VALENTINE BROMLEY. 800 pages, crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS. With numerous fine Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"Longfellow, in the 'Golden Legend,' has entered more closely into the temper of the Monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labour to the analysis."—RUSKIN.

"We shall only say that he is the most popular of American poets, and that this popularity may safely be assumed to contain in itself the elements of permanence, since it has been fairly earned, without any of that subservience to the baser tastes of the public which characterises the quack of letters. His are laurels honourably gained and gently worn. Without comparing him with others, it is enough if we declare our conviction that he has composed poems which will live as long as the language in which they are written."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MAGNIFICENT GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS. (THE FAMOUS FRASER PORTRAITS.) With Notes by the late WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D. Edited, with copious Additional Notes, by WILLIAM BATES, B.A. The volume contains 83 CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAITS, now first issued in a complete form. Demy 4to, cloth gilt and gilt edges, 31s. 6d.

"One of the most interesting volumes of this year's literature."—*Times*.

"Deserves a place on every drawing-room table, and may not unfitly be removed from the drawing-room to the library."—*Spectator*.

MADRE NATURA versus THE MOLOCH OF FASHION.

By LUKE LIMNER. With 32 Illustrations by the Author. FOURTH EDITION, revised and enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.

"Agreeably written and amusingly illustrated. Common sense and erudition are brought to bear on the subjects discussed in it."—*Lancet*.

MAGNA CHARTA. An exact Facsimile of the Original Document in the British Museum, printed on fine plate paper, nearly 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, with the Arms and Seals of the Barons emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Price 5s. A full Translation, with Notes, on a large sheet, 6d.

MARK TWAIN'S CHOICE WORKS. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations. 700 pages, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

MARK TWAIN'S PLEASURE TRIP on the CONTINENT of EUROPE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

MARSTON'S (Dr. Westland) DRAMATIC and POETICAL WORKS. Collected Library Edition, in Two Vols. crown 8vo, 18s.

"'The Patrician's Daughter' is an oasis in the desert of modern dramatic literature, a real emanation of mind. We do not recollect any modern work in which states of thought are so freely developed, except the 'Torquato Tasso' of Goethe. The play is a work of art in the same sense that a play of Sophocles is a work of art; it is one simple idea in a state of gradual development."—*Times*.

MARSTON'S (Philip Bourke) SONG TIDE, and other Poems. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

"This is a first work of extraordinary performance and of still more extraordinary promise. The youngest school of English poetry has received an important accession to its ranks in Philip Bourke Marston."—*Examiner*.

MARSTON'S (P. B.) ALL IN ALL: Poems and Sonnets. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

"Many of these poems are leavened with the leaven of genuine poetical sentiment, and expressed with grace and beauty of language. A tender melancholy, as well as a penetrating pathos, gives character to much of their sentiment, and lends it an irresistible interest to all who can feel."—*Standard*.

MEYRICK'S PAINTED ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANCIENT

ARMS AND ARMOUR: A Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour as it existed in Europe, but particularly in England, from the Norman Conquest to the Reign of Charles II.; with a Glossary, by Sir S. R. MEYRICK. New and greatly improved Edition, corrected throughout by the Author, with the assistance of ALBERT WAY and others. Illustrated by more than 100 Plates, splendidly illuminated in gold and silver; also an additional Plate of the Tournament of Locks and Keys. Three Vols. imperial 4to, half-morocco extra, gilt edges, £10 10s.

"While the splendour of the decorations of this work is well calculated to excite curiosity, the novel character of its contents, the very curious extracts from the rare MSS. in which it abounds, and the pleasing manner in which the author's antiquarian researches are prosecuted, will tempt many who take up the book in idleness, to peruse it with care. No previous work can be compared, in point of extent, arrangement, science, or utility, with the one now in question. 1st. It for the first time supplies, to our schools of art, correct and ascertained data for costume, in its noblest and most important branch—historical painting. 2nd. It affords a simple, clear, and most conclusive elucidation of a great number of passages in our great dramatic poets—ay, and in the works of those of Greece and Rome—against which commentators and scholiasts have been trying their wits for centuries. 3rd. It throws a flood of light upon the manners, usages, and sports of our ancestors, from the time of the Anglo-Saxons down to the reign of Charles the Second. And lastly, it at once removes a vast number of idle traditions and ingenious fables, which one compiler of history, copying from another, has succeeded in transmitting through the lapse of four or five hundred years.

MEYRICK'S ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANCIENT

ARMS AND ARMOUR. 154 highly finished Etchings of the Collection at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire, engraved by JOSEPH SKELTON, with Historical and Critical Disquisitions by Sir S. R. MEYRICK. Two Vols. imperial 4to, with Portrait, half-morocco extra, gilt edges, £4 14s. 6d.

"We should imagine that the possessors of Dr. Meyrick's former great work would eagerly add Mr. Skelton's as a suitable illustration. In the first they have the history of Arms and Armour; in the second work, beautiful engravings of all the details, made out with sufficient minuteness to serve hereafter as patterns for artists or workmen."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

MUSES OF MAYFAIR: Vers de Société of the Nineteenth Century. Including Selections from TENNYSON, BROWNING, SWINBURNE, ROSSETTI, JEAN INGLOW, LOCKER, INGOLDSBY, HOOD, LYTTON, C.S.C., LANDOR, AUSTIN DOBSON, HENRY LEIGH, &c. &c. Edited by H. CHOLMONDLEY-FENNELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.



LD DRAMATISTS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Vignette
Portraits, price 6s. per vol.

Ben Jonson's Works.

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Lieut. Col. F. CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols.

Vol. III. the Translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Marlowe's Works. Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Chapman's (George) Complete

Works. Now first Collected. Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones; Vol. II. the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE;

Massinger's Plays. From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. With the addition of the Tragedy of "Believe as You List." Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

O'SHAUGHNESSY'S (Arthur) AN EPIC OF WOMEN, and other Poems. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

O'SHAUGHNESSY'S LAYS OF FRANCE. (Founded on the "Lays of Marie.") Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

O'SHAUGHNESSY'S MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT: Poems and Songs. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"It is difficult to say which is more exquisite, the technical perfection of structure and melody, or the delicate pathos of thought. Mr. O'Shaughnessy will enrich our literature with some of the very best songs written in our generation."—*Academy*.



PLUTARCH'S LIVES, Complete. Translated by the LANGHORNES. New Edition, with Medallion Portraits. In Two Vols. 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

"When I write, I care not to have books about me; but I can hardly be without a 'Plutarch.'"—MONTAIGNE.

POE'S (Edgar Allan) CHOICE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS. With BAUDELAIRE'S "Essay." 750 pages, crown 8vo, Portrait and Illustrations, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"Poe's great power lay in writing tales, which rank in a class by themselves, and have their characteristics strongly defined."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

"Poe stands as much alone among verse-writers as Salvator Rosa among painters."—*Spectator*.

PROUT, FATHER.—THE FINAL RELIQUES OF FATHER

PROUT. Collected and edited, from MSS. supplied by the family of the Rev. FRANCIS MAHONY, by BLANCHARD JERROLD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Portrait and Facsimiles, 12s. 6d.

"We heartily commend this handsome volume to all lovers of sound wit, genuine humour, and manly sense."—*Spectator*.

"Sparkles all over, and is full of interest. Mahony, like Sydney Smith, could write on no subject without being brilliant and witty."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"A delightful collection of humour, scholarship, and vigorous political writing. It brings before us many of the 'Fraser' set—Maginn, Dickens, Jerrold, and Thackeray. Maginn described himself better than any critic could do, when he wrote of himself as 'an Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt.'"—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

"It is well that the present long-delayed volume should remind a younger generation of his fame. . . . The charming letters from Paris, Florence, and Rome . . . are the most perfect specimens of what a foreign correspondence ought to be."—*Academy*.



ICCADILLY NOVELS (The): Popular Stories by the Best

Authors. Crown 8vo, carefully printed on creamy paper, and tastefully bound in cloth for the Library, price 6s. each.

WILKIE COLLINS.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and F. A. FRASER.

ANTONINA.

Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and ALFRED CONCANEN.

BASIL.

Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and M. F. MAHONEY.

THE DEAD SECRET.

Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and H. FURNISS.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and A. CONCANEN.

THE MOONSTONE.

Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.

HIDE AND SEEK.

Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and M. F. MAHONEY.

MAN AND WIFE.

Illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL.

POOR MISS FINCH.

Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.

MISS OR MRS. P.

Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and HENRY WOODS.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

Illustrated by DU MAURIER and C. S. R.

THE FROZEN DEEP.

Illustrated by DU MAURIER and M. F. MAHONEY.

MY MISCELLANIES.

With Steel Portrait, and Illustrations by CONCANEN.

THE LAW and THE LADY.

Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and S. HALL.

"Like all the author's works, full of a certain power and ingenuity. . . . It is upon such suggestions of crime that the fascination of the story depends. . . . The reader feels it his duty to serve to the end upon the inquest on which he has been called by the author."—*Times*, in review of "The Law and the Lady."

"The greatest master the sensational novel has ever known."—*World*.

E. LYNN LINTON.

PATRICIA KEMBALL.

With Frontispiece by DU MAURIER.

"A very clever and well-constructed story, original and striking, and interesting all through. A novel abounding in thought and power and interest."—*Times*.

"Displays genuine humour, as well as keen social observation. Enough graphic portraiture and witty observation to furnish materials for half-a-dozen novels of the ordinary kind."—*Saturday Review*.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

THE EVIL EYE, AND OTHER STORIES.

Illustrated by THOMAS R. MACQUOID and PERCY MACQUOID.

"For Norman country life what the 'Johnny Ludlow' stories are for English rural delineation, that is, cameos delicately, if not very minutely or vividly wrought, and quite finished enough to give a pleasurable sense of artistic ease and faculty. A word of commendation is merited by the illustrations."—*Academy*.

HENRY KINGSLEY.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

"Quite sufficient plot and enough originality to form a charming story."—*Echo*.

FLORENCE MARRYAT.

OPEN! SESAME!

Illustrated by F. A. FRASER.

"A story which arouses and sustains the reader's interest to a higher degree than, perhaps, any of its author's former works. . . . A very excellent story."—*Graphic*.

PICCADILLY NOVELS, *continued.*

MRS. OLIPHANT.

WHITELADIES. With Illustrations by A. HOPKINS & H. WOODS.

"Is really a pleasant and readable book, written with practical ease and grace."
—*Times*.

JAMES PAYN, Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS. | **WALTER'S WORD.** Illus-
Illustrated by J. MOYR SMITH. | trated by J. MOYR SMITH.

"His novels are always commendable in the sense of art. They also possess another distinct claim to our liking: the girls in them are remarkably charming and true to nature, as most people, we believe, have the good fortune to observe nature represented by girls."—*Spectator*.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW. With Illustrations.

"Mr. Trollope has a true artist's idea of tone, of colour, of harmony; his pictures are one, and seldom out of drawing; he never strains after effect, is fidelity itself in expressing English life, is never guilty of caricature."—*Fortnightly Review*.

T. A. TROLLOPE.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND; and other Stories.

"The indefinable charm of Tuscan and Venetian life breathes in his pages."—*Times*.

"Full of life, of interest, of close observation, and sympathy. . . . When Mr. Trollope paints a scene, it is sure to be a scene worth painting."—*Saturday Review*.

JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife."

BOUND TO THE WHEEL. | **ONE AGAINST THE**
GUY WATERMAN. | **WORLD;** or, Reuben's War.

Authors of "Gideon's Rock" and "Abel Drake's Wife."

THE LION IN THE PATH: An Historical Romance.

"A carefully written and beautiful story—a story of goodness and truth, which is yet as interesting as though it dealt with the opposite qualities. . . . The author of this really clever story has been at great pains to work out all its details with elaborate conscientiousness, and the result is a very vivid picture of the ways of life and habits of thought of a hundred and fifty years ago. . . . Certainly a very interesting book."—*Times*.

OUIDA.

Uniform Edition, crown 8vo, red cloth extra, 5s. each.

FOLLE FARINE.

IDALIA: A Romance.

CHANDOS: A Novel.

UNDER TWO FLAGS.

TRICOTRIN.

CECIL CASTLEMAINE'S
GAGE.

HELD IN BONDAGE.

PASCAREL: Only a Story.

PUCK: His Vicissitudes, Adventures, &c.

A DOG OF FLANDERS.

STRATHMORE.

TWO LITTLE WOODEN
SHOES.

SIGNA.

"Keen poetic insight, an intense love of nature, a deep admiration of the beautiful in form and colour, are the gifts of Ouida."—*Morning Post*.

PUGIN'S ARCHITECTURAL WORKS:—

Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture. Illustrated by 10 large Etchings. Small 4to, cloth extra, 5s.

Examples of Gothic Architecture, selected from Ancient Edifices in England. 225 fine Engravings by L. E. KRUX, with descriptive Letterpress by E. J. WILLSON. Three Vols. 4to, half-morocco, gilt back, £3 13s. 6d.

Floriated Ornaments. 31 Plates handsomely printed in Gold and Colours, with introductory Letterpress, royal 4to, half-morocco, £1 16s.

Gothic Ornaments. 90 Plates, by J. D. HARDING and others. Royal 4to, half-morocco, £1 16s.

Ornamental Timber Gables. 30 Plates. Royal 4to, half-mor., 18s.

Specimens of Gothic Architecture, from Ancient Edifices in England. 114 Outline Plates by L. E. KRUX and others. With descriptive Letterpress and Glossary by E. J. WILLSON. Two Vols., 4to half-mor., £1 16s.

True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture. With 87 Illustrations. Small 4to, 10s. 6d.

PURSUIVANT OF ARMS (The); or, Heraldry founded upon Facts. A Popular Guide to the Science of Heraldry. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq., Somerset Herald. To which are added, Essays on the BADGES OF THE HOUSES OF LANCASTER AND YORK. With Coloured Frontispiece, five full-page Plates, and about 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

ABELAIS' WORKS. Faithfully translated from the French, with variorum Notes, and numerous Characteristic Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 700 pages, 7s. 6d.

ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY; or, A List of the Principal Warriors who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066-7. Printed on fine plate paper, nearly three feet by two, with the principal Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Price 5s.

ROLL OF CAERLAVEROCK, the Oldest Heraldic Roll; including the Original Anglo-Norman Poem, and an English Translation of the MS. in the British Museum. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A. The Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. In 4to, very handsomely printed, extra gold cloth, 12s.

ROWLANDSON (Thomas): HIS LIFE AND TIMES; The History of his Caricatures, and the Key to their Meaning. With very numerous full-page Plates and Wood Engravings. Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt and gilt edges, 31s. 6d. *[In preparation.]*

SALA (George Augustus) ON COOKERY IN ITS HISTORICAL ASPECT. With very numerous Illustrations by the AUTHOR. Crown 4to, cloth extra, gilt. *[In preparation.]*

SANDWICH (Dr.) OF KARS.—MINSTERBOROUGH. An English Tale. By HUMPHRY SANDWICH, C.B., D.C.L. Three Vols. crown 8vo, 31s. 6d.

SEVEN GENERATIONS OF EXECUTIONERS.

SANSON FAMILY. Memoirs of the, compiled from Private Documents in the possession of the Family (1688-1847), by HENRI SANSON. Translated from the French, with an Introduction by CAMILLE BARRÈRE. Two Vols. 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.

"A faithful translation of this curious work, which will certainly repay perusal,—not on the ground of its being full of horrors, for the original author seems to be rather ashamed of the technical aspect of his profession, and is commendably reticent as to its details, but because it contains a lucid account of the most notable *causes célèbres* from the time of Louis XIV. to a period within the memory of persons still living. . . . The Memoirs, if not particularly instructive, can scarcely fail to be extremely entertaining."—*Daily Telegraph.*

SHAKESPEARE.—THE LANSDOWNE EDITION. Beautifully printed in red and black, in small but very clear type. Post 8vo, with engraved facsimile of DROSHOUT's Portrait, and 37 beautiful Steel Plates, after STOTHARD, cloth extra, gilt, gilt edges, 18s.

SHAKESPEARE, THE SCHOOL OF. Including "The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley," with a New Life of Stucley, from Unpublished Sources; "A Warning for Fair Women," with a Reprint of the Account of the Murder; "Nobody and Somebody;" "The Cobbler's Prophecy;" "Histriomastix;" "The Prodigal Son," &c. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by R. SIMPSON, Author of "An Introduction to the Philosophy of Shakespeare's Sonnets." Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra. *[In the press.]*

SHAKESPEARE.—THE FIRST FOLIO. Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Original Copies. London, Printed by ISAAC IAGGARD and ED. BLOUNT, 1623.—An exact Reproduction of the extremely rare Original, in reduced facsimile by a photographic process—ensuring the strictest accuracy in every detail. Small 8vo, hf. Roxburghe, 10s. 6d. *A full Prospectus will be sent upon application.*

"To Messrs. Chatto & Windus belongs the merit of having done more to facilitate the critical study of the text of our great dramatist than all the Shakespeare clubs and societies put together. A complete facsimile of the celebrated First Folio edition of 1623 for half-a-guinea is at once a miracle of cheapness and enterprise. Being in a reduced form, the type is necessarily rather diminutive, but it is distinct as in a genuine copy of the original, and will be found to be as useful and far more handy to the student than the latter."—*Athenaeum*.

"SECRET OUT" SERIES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, profusely illustrated, price 4s. 6d. each.

Art of Amusing: A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. 300 Illustrations.

Hanky-Panky: Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

Magician's Own Book: Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from Actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

Magic no Mystery: Tricks with Cards, Dice, Balls, &c., with fully descriptive Directions; the Art of Secret Writing; the Training of Performing Animals, &c. With Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Illusts.

Merry Circle (The): A Book of New Intellectual Games and Amusements. By CLARA BELLEW. Numerous Illustrations.

Secret Out: One Thousand Tricks with Cards, and other Recreations; with entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. 300 Engravings.

SLANG DICTIONARY (The): Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. AN ENTIRELY NEW EDITION, revised throughout, and considerably enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s. 6d.

"We are glad to see the Slang Dictionary reprinted and enlarged. From a high scientific point of view this book is not to be despised. Of course it cannot fail to be amusing also. It contains the very vocabulary of unrestrained humour, and oddity, and grotesqueness. In a word, it provides valuable material both for the student of language and the student of human nature."—*Academy*.

"In every way a great improvement on the edition of 1864. Its uses as a dictionary of the very vulgar tongue do not require to be explained."—*Notes and Queries*.

"Compiled with most exacting care, and based on the best authorities."—*Standard*.

SHAW AND BRIDGENS' DESIGNS FOR FURNITURE, with Candelabra and Interior Decoration. 60 Plates, royal 4to, half-morocco £11s.; Large Paper, imperial 4to, the Plates Coloured, half-morocco, £2 8s.

SHAW'S ILLUMINATED WORKS:—

Ancient Furniture, drawn from existing Authorities. With Descriptions by Sir S. R. MEYRICK. 4to, 74 Plates, half-morocco, £1 11s. 6d.; or, with some Plates Coloured, 4to, half-morocco, £2 2s.; Large Paper copies, Impl. 4to, all the Plates extra finished in opaque Colours, half-morocco extra, £4 14s. 6d.

Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages, from the Seventh to the Seventeenth Centuries. 94 Plates, beautifully Coloured, a profusion of Initial Letters, and Examples of Curious Ornament, with Historical Introduction and Descriptive Text. Two Vols. imperial 8vo, half-Roxburghe, £5 5s.; large paper copies, the whole illuminated in body-colours, heightened with gold and silver, £14 14s.

Luton Chapel: A Series of 20 highly-finished Line Engravings of Gothic Architecture and Ornaments. Imperial folio, India Proofs, half-morocco, £2 8s.

Illuminated Ornaments of the Middle Ages, from the Sixth to the Seventeenth Century. Selected from Missals, MSS., and early printed Books. 66 Plates, carefully coloured from the Originals, with Descriptions by Sir F. MADDEN, Keeper of MSS., Brit. Mus. 4to, half-Roxburghe, £3 13s. 6d.; Large Paper copies, the Plates beautifully finished with opaque Colours and illuminated with Gold, imperial 4to, half-Roxburghe, £7 7s.

Ornamental Metal Work: A Series of 50 Copperplates, several Coloured. 4to, half-morocco, 18s.

Encyclopædia of Ornament. Select Examples from the purest and best Specimens of all kinds and all Ages. 4to, 59 Plates, half-morocco, £1 1s.; Large Paper copies, imperial 4to, with all the Plates Coloured, half-morocco, £2 12s. 6d.

SHERIDAN'S COMPLETE WORKS, with Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, printed from the Original Editions, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, Jokes, Puns, &c.; with a Collection of Sheridaniana. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with 10 full-page Tinted Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

"Whatever Sheridan has done, has been, *par excellence*, always the *best* of its kind. He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal), the *best* drama (the Duenna), the *best* farce (the Critic), and the *best* address (Monologue on Garrick); and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country."—BYRON.

"The editor has brought together within a manageable compass not only the seven plays by which Sheridan is best known, but a collection also of his poetical pieces which are less familiar to the public, sketches of unfinished dramas, selections from his reported witticisms, and extracts from his principal speeches. To these is prefixed a short but well-written memoir, giving the chief facts in Sheridan's literary and political career; so that with this volume in his hand, the student may consider himself tolerably well furnished with all that is necessary for a general comprehension of the subject of it."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

SILVESTRE'S UNIVERSAL PALÆOGRAPHY; or, A Collection of Facsimiles of the Writings of every Age. Containing upwards of 300 large and beautifully executed Facsimiles, taken from Missals and other MSS., richly Illuminated in the finest style of art. A New Edition, arranged under the direction of Sir F. MADDEN, Keeper of MSS., Brit. Mus. Two Vols. atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt, £31 10s.

Also, a Volume of HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS, by CHAMPOLLION FIGEAC and CHAMPOLLION, Jun. Translated, with Additions, by Sir F. MADDEN. Two Vols. royal 8vo, half-morocco, gilt, £2 8s.

"This great work contains upwards of three hundred large and beautifully executed facsimiles of the finest and most interesting MSS. of various ages and nations, illuminated in the highest style of art. The cost of getting up this splendid publication was not far from £20,000."—*Alibone's Dictionary*.

"The great work on Palæography generally—one of the most sumptuous works of its class ever published."—*Chambers's Encyclopædia*.

SIGNBOARDS: Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With nearly 100 Illustrations. SEVENTH EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"Even if we were ever so maliciously inclined, we could not pick out all Messrs. Larwood and Hotten's plums, because the good things are so numerous as to defy the most wholesale depredation."—*The Times*.

SMITH'S HISTORICAL AND LITERARY CURIOSITIES: Containing Facsimiles of Autographs, Scenes of Remarkable Events, Interesting Localities, Old Houses, Portraits, Illuminated and Missal Ornaments, Antiquities, &c. 4to, with 100 Plates (some Illuminated), half-morocco extra, £2 5s.

SMOKER'S TEXT-BOOK. By J. HAMER, F.R.S.L. Exquisitely printed from "silver-faced" type, cloth, very neat, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

SOWERBY'S MANUAL OF CONCHOLOGY: A Complete Introduction to the Science. Illustrated by upwards of 650 etched Figures of Shells and numerous Woodcuts. With copious Explanations, Tables, Glossary, &c. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 15s.; or, the Plates beautifully Coloured, £1 8s.

"Sowerby has illustrated the conchological system of Lamarck in a very useful and popular manner; and has not only suggested many judicious improvements, but has defined several new genera with judgment and precision."—SWAINSON.

STEDMAN'S (Edmund Clarence) VICTORIAN POETS: Critical Essays. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

"The book is, on the whole, generous and enlightened, and bears the stamp of unflinching honesty. . . . Mr. Stedman has not approached his task in a light spirit, nor without the preparation of due pains and culture."—*Academy*.

"We ought to be thankful to those who do critical work with competent skill and understanding, with honesty of purpose, and with diligence and thoroughness of execution. And Mr. Stedman, having chosen to work in this line, deserves the thanks of English scholars by these qualities and by something more; . . . he is faithful, studious, and discerning."—*Saturday Review*.

STOTHARD'S MONUMENTAL EFFIGIES OF GREAT BRITAIN, from William I. to Henry VIII., selected from our Cathedrals and Churches. With Historical Description and Introduction, by JOHN KEMPE, F.S.A. A NEW EDITION, with a large body of Additional Notes by JOHN HEWITT. Imperial 4to, containing 150 beautifully finished full-page Engravings and Nine Vignettes, all Tinted, and some Illuminated in Gold and Colours, half-morocco, £9 9s.; Large Paper, royal folio, with all the coats of arms illuminated in gold and colours, and the plates very carefully finished in body-colours, heightened with gold in the very finest style, half-morocco, £15 15s.

"No English library should be without this unique and important publication. Charles Stothard is the model which every antiquarian artist must follow, if he wishes to excel. His pencil was always guided by his mind, and we may safely assert that no one ever united equal accuracy and feeling."—*Quarterly Review*

"It is only in the beautiful work on Monumental Effigies, by Stothard, that everything has been done which fidelity and taste could effect."—SHAW.

STOW'S SURVEY OF LONDON. Edited by W. J. THOMS, F.S.A. A New Edition, with Copper-plate Illustrations, large 8vo, half-Roxburghe, price 9s.

"Carefully reproduced."—*Quarterly Review*.

STRUTT'S DRESSES AND HABITS OF THE ENGLISH, from the Establishment of the Saxons in Britain to the Present Time. With an Historical Inquiry into every branch of Costume, Ancient and Modern. New Edition, with Explanatory Notes by J. R. PLANCHÉ, Somerset Herald. Two Vols. royal 4to, with 153 Engravings from the most Authentic Sources, beautifully Coloured, half-Roxburghe, £6 6s.; or the Plates splendidly Illuminated in Silver and Opaque Colours, in the Missal style, half-Roxburghe, £15 15s.

STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummers, Shows, Processions, Pageants, and Pompous Spectacles, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. With 140 Illustrations. Edited by WILLIAM HONE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.—A few LARGE PAPER COPIES, uniform with the "Dresses," with an extra set of Copperplate Illustrations, carefully Coloured by hand, from the Originals, 50s.

"The amusing pages of Strutt entitle his memory to great respect; and, borrowing the idea of Dr. Johnson, I will boldly affirm that he who wishes to be informed of the curious and interesting details connected with Ancient Manners and Customs, Costumes, Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities, must devote his days and his nights to the volumes of Strutt."—*Dublin's Decameron*.

STRUTT'S REGAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES OF ENGLAND: Authentic Representations of all the English Monarchs, from Edward the Confessor to Henry the Eighth; with many Great Personages eminent under their several Reigns. New Edition, with critical Notes by J. R. PLANCHÉ, Somerset Herald. Royal 4to, with 72 Engravings from Manuscripts, Monuments, &c., beautifully Coloured, half-Roxburghe, £3 3s.; or the Plates splendidly Illuminated in Gold and Colours, half-morocco, £10 10s.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW POEM.

ERECHTHEUS: A Tragedy. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"The harmony of all the parts is perfect. . . . Our *Erechtheus* is as living to us now as it could have been to an Athenian. . . . To such altitudes, rarely scaled by the feet of poets in the modern age, has he ascended. . . . *Erechtheus* is, in truth, a masterpiece . . . a poem which appeals to men of all nations and of all times."—*Academy*.

"Matured thought and ripened power are brought to the task of reclothing oldables. Our extracts, copious as they are, fail to convey an idea of the sustained strength and beauty of the entire work, which we are inclined to rank as Mr. Swinburne's masterpiece."—*Athenæum*.

"Mr. Swinburne has written nothing near so good as this since he wrote '*Atalanta in Calydon*.' . . . It would be difficult, in our opinion, to find a nearer approach to the terse and weighty dialogue of the Sophoclean tragedy than Mr. Swinburne gives us in the dialogue of his play. Exquisite sweetness and melody."—*Spectator*

MR. SWINBURNE'S OTHER WORKS.

Queen Mother and Rosamond.
Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

Atalanta in Calydon. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Chastelard. A Tragedy. Fcap. 8vo, 7s.

Poems and Ballads. Fcap. 8vo, 9s.

Notes on "Poems and Ballads." 8vo, 1s.

Essays and Studies. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Songs before Sunrise. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Bothwell: A Tragedy. Two Vols. crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

George Chapman: An Essay. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Songs of two Nations: DIRÆ, A SONG OF ITALY, ODE ON THE FRENCH REPUBLIC. Crown 8vo, 6s.

William Blake: A Critical Essay. With Facsimile Paintings, Coloured by Hand, after Drawings by BLAKE and his Wife. Demy 8vo, 16s.

Also,

Rossetti's (W. M.) Criticism upon Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads." Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

SWIFT'S CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in the Original Edition of "Gulliver's Travels." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"The 'Tale of a Tub' is, in my apprehension, the masterpiece of Swift; certainly Rabelais has nothing superior, even in invention, nor anything so condensed, so pointed, so full of real meaning, of biting satire, of felicitous analogy. The 'Battle of the Books' is such an improvement of the similar combat in the *Lutrin* that we can hardly own it as an imitation."—HALLAM.

"In humour and in irony, and in the talent of debasing and defiling what he hated, we join with the world in thinking the Dean of St. Patrick's without a rival."—LORD JEFFREY.

"Swift's reputation as a poet has been in a manner obscured by the greater splendour, by the natural force and inventive genius, of his prose writings; but, if he had never written either the 'Tale of a Tub' or 'Gulliver's Travels,' his name merely as a poet would have come down to us, and have gone down to posterity, with well-earned honours."—HAZLITT.

SYNTAX'S (Dr.) THREE TOURS, in Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With the whole of ROWLANDSON'S droll full-page Illustrations, in Colours, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN. Medium 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

DOMSON'S SEASONS, and CASTLE of INDOLENCE.

With a Biographical and Critical Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and over 50 fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

THACKERAYANA: Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by a profusion of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, depicting Humorous Incidents in his School-life, and Favourite Characters in the books of his everyday reading. Large post 8vo, with Hundreds of Wood Engravings and Five Coloured Plates, from Mr. Thackeray's Original Drawings, cloth, full gilt, gilt top, 12s. 6d.

"It would have been a real loss to bibliographical literature had copyright difficulties deprived the general public of this very amusing collection. One of Thackeray's habits, from his schoolboy days, was to ornament the margins and blank pages of the books he had in use with caricature illustrations of their contents. This gave special value to the sale of his library, and is almost cause for regret that it could not have been preserved in its integrity. Thackeray's place in literature is eminent enough to have made this an interest to future generations. The anonymous editor has done the best that he could to compensate for the lack of this. He has obtained access to the principal works thus dispersed, and he speaks, not only of the readiness with which their possessors complied with his request, but of the abundance of the material spontaneously proffered to him. He has thus been able to reproduce in facsimile the five or six hundred sketches of this volume. They differ, of course, not only in cleverness but in finish; but they unquestionably establish Thackeray's capability of becoming, if not an eminent artist, yet a great caricaturist. A grotesque fancy, an artistic touch, and a power of reproducing unmistakable portraits in comic exaggerations, as well as of embodying ludicrous ideas pictorially, make the book very amusing. Still more valuable is the descriptive, biographical, and anecdotal letters, which gives us a great accumulation of biographical information concerning Thackeray's works, reading, history, and habits. Without being a formal biography, it tells us scores of things that could scarcely have come into any biography. We have no clue to the sources of information possessed by the editor. Apparently he has been a most diligent student of his hero, and an indefatigable collector of scraps of information concerning his entire literary career. We can testify only to the great interest of the book, and to the vast amount of curious information which it contains. We regret that it has been published without the sanction of his family, but no admirer of Thackeray should be without it. It is an admirable addendum, not only to his collected works, but also to any memoir of him that has been, or that is likely to be, written."—*British Quarterly Review*.

THORNBURY'S (Walter) HISTORICAL AND LEGENDARY BALLADS AND SONGS. Illustrated by J. WHISTLER, JOHN TENNIEL, A. F. SANDYS, W. SMALL, M. J. LAWLESS, J. D. WATSON, G. J. PINWELL, F. WALKER, T. R. MACQUOID, and others. Handsomely printed, crown 4to, cloth extra, gilt and gilt edges, 21s.

"Mr. Thornbury has perceived with laudable clearness that one great requisite of poetry is that it should amuse. He rivals Goethe in the variety and startling incidents of his ballad-romances; he is full of vivacity and spirit, and his least impassioned pieces ring with a good out-of-doors music of sword and shield. Some of his mediæval poems are particularly rich in colour and tone; the 'Lady Witch,' 'John of Padua,' and, above all, 'The Jester's Moral,' are admirable cabinet pictures. The old Norse ballads, too, are worthy of great praise. Best of all, however, we like his Cavalier songs; there is nothing of the kind in English more spirited, masculine, and merry."—*Academy*.

"Will be welcomed by all true lovers of art. . . . We must be grateful that so many works of a school distinguished for its originality should be collected into a single volume."—*Saturday Review*.

"Who has not thrilled over such songs as 'Trample, trample, went the roan,' or 'The death of King Warwolf' ?—and who needs to be told that the illustrations are above price when they are by such men as Tenniel, Sandys, Whistler, and the lamented Fred Walker? The book is beautifully got up."—*Morning Post*.

TOURNEUR'S (Cyril) COLLECTED WORKS, including a unique Poem, entitled "The Transformed Metamorphosis;" and "Laugh and Lie Down; or, The World's Folly." Edited, with Critical Preface, Introductions, and Notes, by J. CHURTON COLLINS. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d. [*In the press.*]

TURNER'S (J. M. W.) LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE. Founded upon Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and Fellow-Academicians. By WALTER THORNBURY. New Edition, entirely rewritten and considerably enlarged. With numerous Illustrations. Two Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra. [*In the press.*]

TURNER GALLERY (The): A Series of Sixty Engravings from the Principal Works of JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER. With a Memoir and Illustrative Text by RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. Handsomely half-bound, India Proofs, royal folio, £10; Large Paper copies, Artists' India Proofs, elephant folio, £20.—*A Descriptive Pamphlet will be sent upon application.*

"To those whose memories are old enough to go back through any considerable portion of Turner's life, or who may have seen the majority of the pictures he painted during so many years of loving labour, it will be at once manifest that no better selection could have been made of paintings which could be got at by any reasonable means. Many of his grandest productions are in this series of engravings, and the ablest landscape engravers of the day have been employed on the plates; among which are some that we feel assured, Turner himself would have been delighted to see. These proof impressions constitute a volume of exceeding beauty, which deserves to find a place in the library of every man of taste. The number of copies printed is too limited for a wide circulation, but, on that account, the rarity of the publication makes it the more valuable.

"A series of engravings from Turner's finest pictures, and of a size and quality commensurate with their importance, has not till now been offered to the public; nor, indeed, could it have been produced but for the glorious legacy bequeathed to the country. During his lifetime he exercised supreme control over his works, and would allow none to be engraved but what he chose; the large sums, moreover, paid to him for 'touching the proofs,' which he considered equivalent to what he would have received for copyright, acted almost as a prohibition to such engravings getting into the hands of any but the opulent.

"It is not too much to affirm that a more beautiful and worthy tribute to the genius of the great painter does not exist, and is not likely to exist at any future time."—*Art Journal*.


TIMBS' CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE IN LONDON. With ANECDOTES of its FAMOUS COFFEE HOUSES, HOSTELRIES, and TAVERNS. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.


"The book supplies a much-felt want. The club is the avenue to general society at the present day, and Mr. Timbs gives the *entrée* to the club. The scholar and antiquary will also find the work a repertory of information on many disputed points of literary interest, and especially respecting various well-known anecdotes, the value of which only increases with the lapse of time."—*Morning Post*.

TIMBS' ENGLISH ECCENTRICS and ECCENTRICITIES: Stories of Wealth and Fashion, Delusions, Impostures and Fanatic Missions, Strange Sights and Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folks, Men of Letters, &c. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. With nearly 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"The reader who would fain enjoy a harmless laugh in some very odd company might do much worse than take an occasional dip into 'English Eccentrics.' The illustrations are admirably suited to the letterpress."—*Graphic*.

TROLLOPE'S (Anthony) THE WAY WE LIVE NOW. Illustrated Library Edition. Two Vols. 8vo, cloth extra, with 40 full-page Plates, 12s. See also "Piccadilly Novels."

 **AGABONDIANA; or, Anecdotes of Mendicant Wanderers** through the Streets of London; with Portraits of the most Remarkable, drawn from the Life by JOHN THOMAS SMITH, late Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum. With Introduction by FRANCIS DOUCE, and Descriptive Text. With the Woodcuts and the 32 Plates, from the original Coppers. Crown 4to, half-Roxburghe, 12s. 6d.

 **ALTON AND COTTON, ILLUSTRATED.—THE COMPLETE ANGLER;** or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation: Being a Discourse of Rivers, Fish-ponds, Fish and Fishing, written by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Original Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, K.C.M.G. With the 61 Plate Illustrations, precisely as in Pickering's two-volume Edition. Complete in One Volume, large crown 8vo, cloth antique, 7s. 6d.

"Among the reprints of the year, few will be more welcome than this edition of the 'Complete Angler,' with Sir Harris Nicolas's Memoirs and Notes, and Stothard and Inskipp's illustrations."—*Saturday Review*.

"As a book, the volume before us is neatly trimmed and winsome to the eye. There is room for it in the world among its predecessors, and in the getting up the publishers have done it every justice."—*Academy*.

WELLS' JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN: A Dramatic Poem. By CHARLES WELLS. With an Introductory Essay by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Crown 8vo, with Vignette Portrait, cloth extra, 9s.

"The author of 'Joseph and his Brethren' will some day have to be acknowledged among the memorable men of the second great period in our poetry. . . . There are lines even in the overture of his poem which might, it seems to me, more naturally be mistaken even by an expert in verse for the work of the young Shakspeare, than any to be gathered elsewhere in the fields of English poetry."—SWINBURNE.

"In its combination of strength and delicacy, in sweet liquid musical flow, in just cadence, and in dramatic incisiveness of utterance, the language throughout keeps closer to the level of the Elizabethan dramatists than that of any dramatist of subsequent times. . . . Mr. Swinburne does not praise the character of Phraxanor over-much when he places it only behind the Cleopatra of Shakspeare, and adds that all women in literature after these two seem coarse or trivial when they touch on anything sensual. A poet has been saved from oblivion, and the present and future by a work they could ill afford to lose."—*Athenæum*.

1

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY.

WARRANT TO EXECUTE CHARLES I. An exact Facsimile of this important Document, with the Fifty-nine Signatures of the Regicides, and corresponding Seals, on paper to imitate the Original, 22 in. by 14 in. Price 2s.

WARRANT TO EXECUTE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. An exact Facsimile of this important Document, including the Signature of Queen Elizabeth and Facsimile of the Great Seal, on tinted paper, to imitate the Original MS. Price 2s.

WILD'S CATHEDRALS. Select examples of the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Ages; arranged in Two Series (the First FOREIGN, the Second ENGLISH). Each Series containing Twelve fine Plates, mounted upon Cardboard, and carefully Coloured, after the Original Drawings by CHARLES WILD. In a portfolio, £4 4s. each series.

"These splendid plates are unequalled, whether bound as a volume, treasured in a portfolio, or framed for universal admiration."—*Athenæum*.

WILSON'S AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY; or, Natural History of the Birds of the United States; with the Continuation by Prince CHARLES LUCIAN BONAPARTE. NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION, completed by the insertion of above One Hundred Birds omitted in the original Work, and Illustrated by valuable Notes, and Life of the Author, by Sir WILLIAM JARDINE. Three Vols., 8vo, with a fine Portrait of WILSON, and 103 Plates, exhibiting nearly four hundred figures of Birds accurately engraved and beautifully printed in Colours, cloth extra, gilt, £3 3s. Also, a few Large Paper copies, quarto, with the Plates all carefully Coloured by hand, at £6 6s.

"The History of American Birds by Alexander Wilson is equal in elegance to the most distinguished of our own splendid works on Ornithology."—CUVIER.

"With an enthusiasm never excelled, this extraordinary man penetrated through the vast territories of the United States, undeterred by forests or swamps, for the sole purpose of describing the native birds."—LORD BROUGHAM.

"By the mere force of native genius, and of delight in nature, he became, without knowing it, a good, a great writer."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

WRIGHT'S CARICATURE HISTORY of the GEORGES (House of Hanover). With 400 Pictures, Caricatures, Squibs, Broad-sides, Window Pictures, &c. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"Emphatically one of the liveliest of books, as also one of the most interesting. Has the twofold merit of being at once amusing and edifying."—*Morning Post*.

WRIGHT'S HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF THE GROTESQUE IN ART. LITERATURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A. Profusely Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Large post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

"Almost overwhelms us with its infinite research. Mr. Wright dexterously guides the reader to a full survey of our English caricature, from its earliest efforts to the full-blown blossoms of a Rowlandson or a Gillray. The excellent illustrations of Mr. Fairholt add greatly to the value of the volume."—*Graphic*.

"A very amusing and instructive volume."—*Saturday Review*.





